★ PHOTOPLAY

April
25
CENTS

Walter Winchell
writes the
W-DOWN ON
OLLYWOOD

•

Barbara Stanwyck
tells
HY SHE WON'T
MARRY
BERT TAYLOR

Ginger
Rogers

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VOL. LI. No. 4 APRIL, 1937

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

The Movies Can Break Us . . . . . Bernarr Macfadden 4
Why I Am Going Back to the Screen . . . . Frederick James Smith 14
The All Star Story of the Cocoanut Grove (First Installment) . Jack Smalley 21
Barbara Stanwyck Tells Why She Won't Marry Robert Taylor Walter Ramsey 24
Walter Winchell Writes the Low-down on Hollywood 26
For Hal Roach and Horse 28
Marriage Is No Gamble When It's Love . . . . . Anthony Curtis 31
Even Blue Blood Couldn't Stop Jane Wyatt . . . . Reginald Taviner 36
An Outline of Astaire 42
Her Adopted Children Remade Gracie Allen's Life . . . Dora Albert 45
Until Death Did Them Part . . . . . Sara Hamilton 48
Lining Up Their Lines 50
The Adventurous Life of Spencer Tracy (Final Installment) . . Howard Sharpe 56
Hollywood Honeymoon (Third Installment) . . . . . Foster Collins 72
Beauty Miracles Are Handmade . . . . . Madame Sylvia 74

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets 6
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 8
Close Ups and Long Shots 11
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood 30
On the Air in Hollywood . . . . . Muriel Babcock 46
The Shadow Stage 52
We Cover the Studios . . . . . James Reid 58
Photoplay Fashions . . . . . Kathleen Howard 61
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop . . Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck 71
Fashion Letter for April . . . . . Kathleen Howard 77
Ask the Answer Man 78
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue 116

On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Photograph by James N. Doolittle

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The Movies Can Break Us

SONJA HENIE

WE are supposed to be educated in schools, and though the home may be a great enlightening force, the moving pictures stand out over and above all other factors.

They can revolutionize public taste in a decade. "Popeye" has started all the children eating spinach. The demand of movie directors for slenderness has turned some of our stars into emaciated neutrals.

When Dietrich came to this country she was supplied with the curves that the Germans applaud, but after going through the dietetic requirements at Hollywood, straight lines and knobby bones destroyed much of the vital phases of her feminine allurement.

Dainty simpering neutrals sometimes play the parts of heroines—big six-foot "he men" are often made to fall in love with slenderized femininity which resembles their ten-year-old daughters. Such unnatural mating is disgusting to real human instincts

BUT we bow down in admiration to the producers of the picture "One in a Million." Here we have a heroine whose overflowing vitality is the source of joyous delight. She is a poem on skates, an inspiring song from iceland. She outdoes the panther in grace and suppleness. There, indeed, is femininity at its very best—life, animation, beauty and gorgeous force that moves with such ease, and uncanny skill that no musical accompaniment is needed.

It is the glorification of such heroines that is brought into being through vitalizing exercise in the open air that gives one a wholesome uplift.

THE exotic love affairs of faded out beauties whose femininity has been impaired by years of dissipation should not mar the screen of today. Censorship should never be associated with moving pictures, but those who create them should be dominated by normal instincts.

Anemic, slenderized types should never be glorified.

A dainty figure may be desired by a fat woman, but there is nothing to admire in "bone-racks." Kipling's sarcastic slam at femininity "a rag, and a bone, and hank of hair," is not so much out of place in some of our movies in which indulgence and dissipation have removed every semblance of the charm and allurement which was originally capitalized.

THE movies can make or break this country—they can make us laugh or cry. They should glorify that which is best in human nature—not only strong types of "he manhood" but vital and beautiful types of womanhood.

The alluring physical loveliness represented by Sonja Henie should be exalted to the skies. If our young girls could be inspired with the desire to follow her example in building magnificent supple bodies, it would not only mean health and strength that would make them dynamic specimens of fascinating womanhood, but they would be better sweethearts and wives.

THERE would be happier homes and fewer divorces if such an influence could enter the lives of youthful femininity.

Reinarr Macfadden

A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

BRILLIANT BEAUTY! GORGEOUS GIRLS! SPARKLING SPLENDOR!

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Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
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Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

'LOU BROCK
Associate Producer

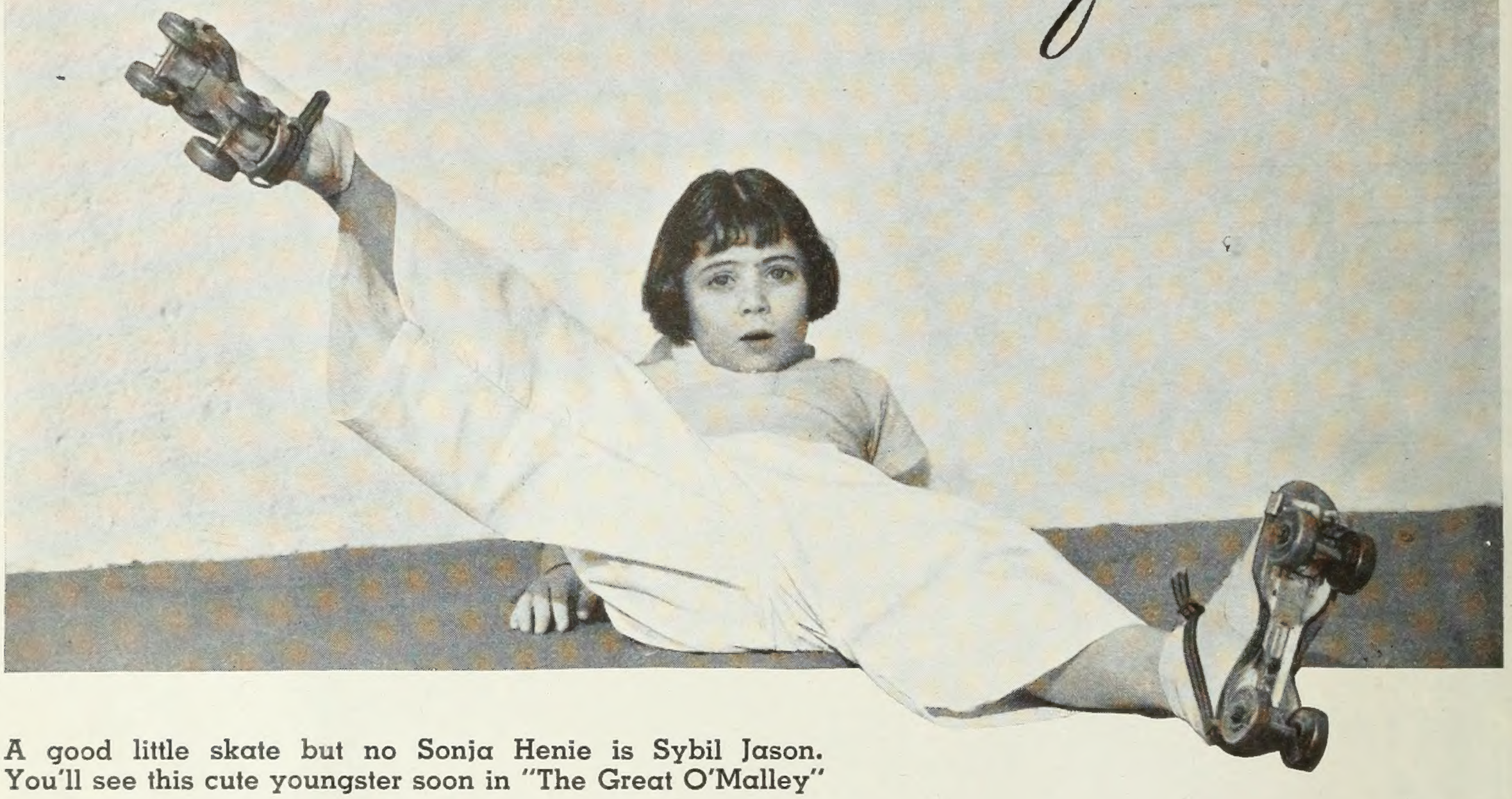
RALPH MURPHY
Director

Songs You'll Rave About!

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On" • "There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS *Executive Producer*

BOOS and Bouquets



A good little skate but no Sonja Henie is Sybil Jason. You'll see this cute youngster soon in "The Great O'Malley"

1st PRIZE $15.00

THE WINNER!

At last I understand the greatness of "Camille" and understand why this play, whose plot has been too often used, is a classic. I've wondered how M-G-M could revitalize the aged story; now I know the answer. They didn't. Instead they uncovered its true spirit, which makes a work of art. "Camille" is not only the sad story of *Marguerite* and *Armand;* "Camille" is the story of all the gaiety, carelessness, young love of the doomed springtime of life which will die with youth. Garbo told me what "Camille" is, in her superb acting which my words are too dull to describe. Robert Taylor helped, and George Cukor, the director. And the photographer, whose last shot, in which the corrupting light of death passes over *Marguerite's* loveliness—his work will not soon be forgotten. "Camille" is truly a classic. And Garbo's (and M-G-M's) is the classic "Camille."

J. M. Abbett,
Duluth, Minnesota.

2nd PRIZE $10.00

DE MILLE DID IT AGAIN

The genuine Old West lives again! From out of the past, frontier men and women ride to summon back their days of hardships, precious moments of love and tragedies. Once more the American Indians unite to fight for their land and freedom. Heroes and heroines, both white and red, die for justice and ideals.

Bouquets of beautiful prairie flowers to the cast and everyone who helped in that superb production, "The Plainsman."

No one but Gary Cooper, a true son of the open country, could portray *Wild Bill Hickok* with so much sympathy and understanding. Well-deserved praise to Jean Arthur for her excellent work in piercing the veneer of hardness and boisterousness to show the tender woman's heart of *Calamity Jane.* James Ellison as the brave handsome *Cody*, and John Miljan as *Custer* were perfect.

Miss Lorraine Larche,
Arvada, Colo.

3rd PRIZE $5.00

SONJA IS A SMASH!

I was wholly unprepared for the fact that Sonja Henie, who is terrific on ice, is equally terrific without her silvery skates!

She's personality plus! She's got everything and a little more. Grace, naivete, disarming smile, direct manner, and little-girl charm will place her a mile ahead of the eye-shadowed, bird-wing-browed glamour girls. She does not pretend to be a great actress, but says her lines in a straightforward manner which is refreshing relief after the hair-tearing and ecstatic whispers of the sob sisters.

Her accent is delightful, her smile is de-lovely, and she can out-dimple even Shirley Temple.

Hollywood, hands off Sonja Henie! No layers of exotic eye shadow and lipstick. She's neither Mae West nor Joan Crawford—she's Sonja Henie, and she's "One in a Million."

Miss Grace Dugan,
La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Photoplay *awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second, $5 third, and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players will be considered.* Photoplay *reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part. Contributions will not be returned. Contributors are warned that if letters are copied or adapted from previously published material, which constitutes plagiarism, they will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address: Boos & Bouquets,* Photoplay, *122 East 42nd St., New York City*

$1.00 PRIZE

WHAT A PITY

"Lloyd's of London" is another garland in the crown of Hollywood's artistic achievement This amazing drama of Empire is sentimental without being mawkish, there is no blatant flag waving despite the great appeal this film will have in the British Dominions. Hollywood proves she knows the mind and heart of all nations, the deep love inherent in all people for their native land.

Tyrone Power Jr. comes to artistic maturity in his rôle of *Jonathan Blake.* This young actor with the mobile features projects his rôle with a tenderness and understanding surprising in so young a man. What a great pity his father did not live to see his triumph. Such a film does more than many diplomats could do in years of negotiation to promote good will among nations.

Miss Clara Hartwell,
Toronto, Ontario.

$1.00 PRIZE

AN EYE OPENER

Men of America, arise! Doff your unanimous hats and with a rousing cry salute the producer of "Craig's Wife!" What a marvelous piece of realism. What an eye-opener for some ladies we know What a swell sock in the nose for female self-sufficiency and conceit!

John Boles, alas, was too natural as the poor chap whose wife didn't let him smoke in the parlor, or sit on the fancy spread. How many wives seem to prefer immaculate living rooms to happy husbands, or dainty doormats to harmonious living. And this business of snooping and telephoning and checking up—it goes on constantly, especially among the middle-aged.

Maybe "Craig's Wife" will show them that it doesn't pay. It was a fine courageous picture and stately Roz Russell deserves a delighted masculine cheer for undertaking so unsympathetic a rôle.

Timothy Tone,
Marshfield Hills, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE

AS FALSE AS JUDAS

With "Love on the Run" we have lately been privileged to witness another of these so-called sophisticated comedies where the hero is a nit-witted archeologist, interne, racketeer, writer, artist or editor, and the heroine has the added attraction of money, money, money and clothes (but of course she is just folks at heart though somewhat kittenish until the hero spanks her).

And there is always that little "cute" touch, the teahouse in the lane with the queer old lady or the mildly drunken cockney, or maybe it is a comic taxi-driver unlike any possible taxi-driver, or just an aquarium or skating rink, or how ducky—Grant's Tomb. But I forget the old sure fire. Where can a wealthy debutante and a poor boy go and really live? Why some greasy joint on the edge of town. There they meet another "cute" person, the proprietor, and they eat hamburgers.

Rabble-baiting, I call it. Some of us are getting pretty sick of these Noel Coward-Charles MacArthur turns of mind. It began with "Private Lives" and "Holiday," ran through "Animal Kingdom" and poorer copies. Lately Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard seem to run to this sort of balderdash pretty regularly.

"Love on the Run" may be funny—oh, dear me, yes it is, but it is also as false as Judas.

Russell Davis,
Bridgewater, Mass.

$1.00 PRIZE

THE EYES HAVE IT!

Who owns the most expressive eyes in Hollywood? Robert Taylor? No! Temple? Garbo? Loy? Dietrich? No. No. No! Of course, Leo Carrillo Leo can register more moods with his eyes than any other actor in Hollywood. Have you noticed that hang-dog look after a reprimand from the hero or heroine? Or that funny quizzical expression that always brings a chuckle from the audience. And remember how outrageously he can flirt? And can he look stern? Soulful? To you, Carrillo!

Running a close second to Carrillo are two male stars, Warner Baxter and Ronald Coleman. They have that hurt "little boy" look that brings the mother element to the fore in the debs, sub-debs and dowagers.

Clark Gable has what is known as that "devil may care" look. You know—"love me or don't—I'll survive."

Among the multitude of beautiful eyes among the feminine stars are Loretta Young's with that constant, adoring look, and the naughty orbs of Arline Judge Next, we have Carole

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

These cutie-pies will be among those present to do the leg work in "Stepping Toes." Ginger Rogers and Freddie Astaire will be the bright particular stars

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ **AFTER THE THIN MAN**—M-G-M.—Bill Powell, Myrna Loy and Asta the pup return in a masterly comedy mystery guaranteed to give you laughter and shivers galore. Powell in his original rôle solves with immense finesse the disappearance of his cousin-in-law. Myrna is lovely and poised as usual. The cast is splendid. A "must see." (*Feb.*)

★ **A WOMAN REBELS**—RKO-Radio.—Beautifully produced but trite and dragging story with Katie Hepburn as an English girl of the eighties who fights convention, has a baby, but refuses happiness with devoted Herbert Marshall. You'd better see it anyway. (*Jan.*)

★ **BANJO ON MY KNEE**—20th Century-Fox.—Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea alternately love and hate each other throughout this Mississippi shanty boat musical. Meanwhile Anthony Martin, Walter Brennen and Buddy Ebsen sing and dance. Mischievous and amusing. (*Feb.*)

★ **BELOVED ENEMY**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Exquisite Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne play a touching love story against the seething dramatic background of the Irish Rebellion in 1921. Both stars are brilliant. Karen Morley, Henry Stephenson, David Niven and Jerome Cowan are intelligent support. Highly recommended. (*Feb.*)

★ **BLACK LEGION**—Warners.—A superb and highly dramatic picturization of the menace behind the headlines story of the secret society which terrorized the Middle West last year. Humphrey Bogart, outstanding in the lead, is ably supported by Erin O'Brien-Moore, Dick Foran and others. Don't miss this. (*Mar.*)

★ **BORN TO DANCE**—M-G-M.—Eleanor Powell's starring picture elaborately produced and filled with swell songs and dances. Eleanor is a talented country girl who joins a Lonely Hearts Club, finds Jimmie Stewart. The outstanding cast includes Virginia Bruce, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Buddy Ebsen. A treat. (*Jan.*)

PICTURES REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE THIS ISSUE

	PAGE
A Doctor's Diary—Paramount	102
Borderland—Paramount	102
Breezing Home—Universal	54
Bull Dog Drummond Escapes—Paramount	55
Clarence—Paramount	102
Dangerous Number—M-G-M	55
Don't Pull Your Punches—Warners	55
Don't Tell the Wife—RKO-Radio	55
Head Over Heels in Love—GB	53
John Meade's Woman—Paramount	102
Mama Steps Out—M-G-M	54
Man of the People—M-G-M	55
Nobody's Baby—Hal Roach-M-G-M	54
On the Avenue—20th Century-Fox	52
Outcast—Paramount	54
Park Avenue Logger—RKO-Radio	55
Ready, Willing and Able—Warners	54
Sea Devils—RKO-Radio	102
Swing High Swing Low—Paramount	52
Time Out for Romance—20th Century-Fox	102
Two Wise Maids—Republic	54
Top of the Town—Universal	53
You Only Live Once—Walter Wanger-United Artists	52
Wings of the Morning—20th Century-Fox	102
When You're in Love—Columbia	53
When's Your Birthday?—RKO-Radio	102

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

★ **CAMILLE**—M-G-M.—The famous story of the Parisienne courtesan's love and renunciation directed with subtlety and glamour by George Cukor. Garbo more vivid and alluring than ever; Bob Taylor is an ideal *Armand*. Outstanding cast. (*Jan.*)

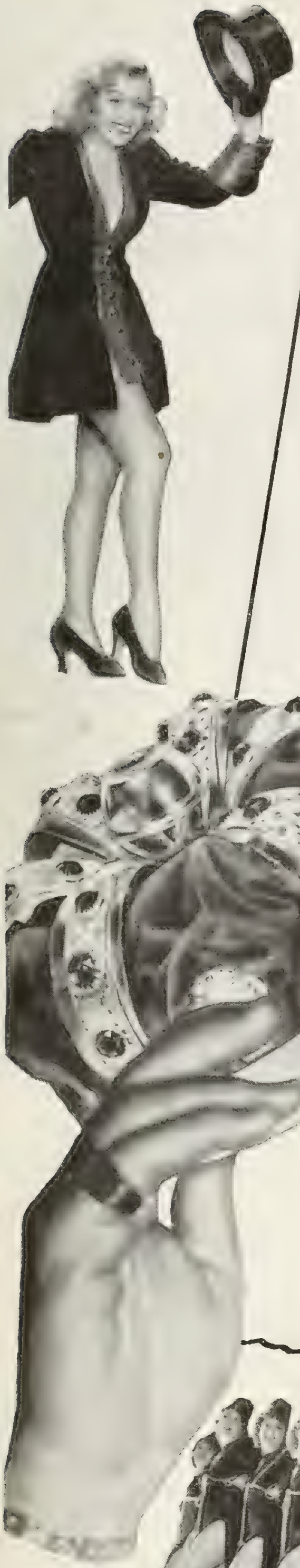
CAN THIS BE DIXIE—20th Century-Fox.—This hodge-podge couldn't be Dixie though there is an old Colonel (Claude Gillingwater), a villain (Donald Cook), a Southern belle (Helen Wood) and above all Jane Withers and Slim Summerville. Emphatically—No Good. (*Jan.*)

★ **CHAMPAGNE WALTZ**—Paramount.—A charming and melodic love story of modern Vienna. Fred MacMurray brings a jazz orchestra to town, upsets Gladys Swarthout's musical life until Cupid and Jack Oakie fix things up. Gladys' singing is delightful; MacMurray is grand. You'll love it. (*Jan.*)

COLLEGE HOLIDAY—Paramount.—A bit of hysteria set to music, this has an imposing list of names, little else. Newcomer Ben Blue steals the fun from Jack Benny, Martha Raye, Burns and Allen, and Mary Boland. Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney are a clever dance team. (*Feb.*)

★ **COME AND GET IT**—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Edna Ferber's novel superbly produced, excellently directed and beautifully cast. Edward Arnold outstanding as the lumber king; Joel McCrea does well as his son, and

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113



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love IS news

. . . when this romantic trio make their new kind of love!

Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses... their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill ...the world thrills with them... and so will you!—especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!

TYRONE POWER • LORETTA YOUNG • DON AMECHE

in

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with

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • DUDLEY DIGGES
WALTER CATLETT • GEORGE SANDERS
JANE DARWELL • STEPIN FETCHIT
PAULINE MOORE

Directed by Tay Garnett

Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson

DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

By RUTH WATERBURY

THOUGHTS en route from New York to Hollywood . . . Friday afternoon . . . If the Academy doesn't give Garbo the 1937 award for the best acting of the year based on her performance in "Camille" it might just as well fold up . . . I saw the picture at the Capitol on Broadway while all over the theater . . . women sobbed audibly . . . to me those Garbo death scenes are the finest acting ever put on the screen and I had thought I was over my Garbo enthusiasm . . . now if Metro will only find a really great story for her . . . Why not "Marie Antoinette" if Shearer decides not to make it . . . Garbo wouldn't look *Marie*, but how she could portray that silly tragic queen whose destiny was too great for her . . .

THE famous head of a big company's press department came to see me off on the Century . . . the porters recognized him and treated me with the most excessive politeness . . . they were that disappointed when I told them who I was . . . they thought I must be a star . . . though, as one explained . . . "not that you look it, lady . . ."

Garbo—entering her eleventh year as a star. She had to die—to live more gloriously than ever

SATURDAY in Chicago . . . Katharine Hepburn is here starring in "Jane Eyre" . . . a stage production . . . neither she nor the play are very good though the theater is doing capacity business . . . the show will not come onto Broadway this year . . . the gossip being Katharine is afraid of more bad notices . . . as well she might be . . . hers has been the most mixed up career . . . she seems to hit two bad pictures for every good one . . . I am anxious to know whether she will be a much greater or a much less important star in another year . . .

I SHOULD think the established stars would be a little nervous when they watch the success of a Sonja Henie and a Deanna Durbin . . . Henie has been before the public as a skater since childhood . . . but she clicked—on her acting ability—in one picture . . . the Durbin youngster has had no dramatic training . . . just a voice and youth . . . yet she's standing the cash customers up all over the country . . . does so-called acting experience mean nothing and is it all personality, after all . . .

I WONDER how Bob Montgomery feels about Robert Taylor starring in Montgomery's old rôle in "The Man in Possession" now called "Personal Property" while he plays second fiddle to Joan Crawford and Bill Powell in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" . . . my favorite story of the month is about the birthday party they gave Clark Gable on the set . . . presenting him with a big cake inscribed "to the greatest guy in the world," and inside was Robert Taylor's picture . . . Gable appreciated the joke more than anyone else .

RICHARD CONNELL, the famous short story writer, appears aboard The Chief as we leave Chicago . Why do they in the movies always portray men who wear glasses as saps, he asks . . . all right, I'll bite . . . why do they . . . the most intelligent of men usually wear glasses . . . President Roosevelt does . . . so does Richard Connell, himself . . . it's silly . . . just as they always make little girls play dumb doras . . . they forget Cleopatra was tiny . . . and Queen Victoria too if you want to consider an illustrious woman closer to our own time.

SUNDAY morning . . . we stop for five minutes at Shopton, Iowa . . . this is our first glimpse of the Mississippi, frozen solid from shore to shore at this particular point. We are miles north of the flood district but I keep thinking of the horror of it all . . . the danger is passed, but the awful evidences of death, starvation and tragedy remain . . . I think of these districts in connection with the so-called "critics' pictures" and their appearance here . . . how they will depress the audiences if they do not make them downright unhappy . . . why do companies make dour, slow productions just to please a small handful in New York and the larger cities, the small handful who have everything, really . . . it would seem much better to me to produce pictures that would make these desolate people happy if even for a little while . . . that is the mission of the movies and their greatest blessing . . . I'll give you one Astaire and Rogers harlequinade for six "Plough and the Stars" sincere and fine as the latter was, notwithstanding . . .

GRADUALLY getting into the immense open spaces . . . it's due to the clarity of the air, of course, but in Nevada and New Mexico the very earth seems to expand . . . the horizon recedes into incredible blue distance . . . the gigantic mountains begin piling up . . . there is not a living thing visible . . . only the untroubled greatness of nature . . .

Monday morning—coming down into California . . . in the distance, you see the mountains more heavy with snow than ever before although the weather is warm . . . the recent frosts have left the orange groves either completely shriveled up or with oranges so small that they are like little golden quarters hanging against the black green leaves . . . noon and the Pasadena station appearing . . . only if you don't know your way around do you go to Los Angeles to get to Hollywood . . . the whole office gang there beaming . . . a studio has sent a limousine just in case I need one . . . I say I'll go back with the gang so the limousine solemnly moves off with my bags . . . the office gang tell me I have a lunch date at Metro . . . that there's a preview in the evening at Glendale . . . that I have to go to Santa Anita on Saturday . . . that the whole town's racing mad and so filled up with tourists that you can't find a hotel, apartment or house in town . . . that the autograph crowds are so great that the only way they can get the stars out of the Vendome is by strategy . . . to wit: a boy with a hose who washes the sidewalk in front of the cafe and who manages to somehow—tho very politely—always to be between the star and the autograph fiend when the star dashes from door to car . . . yes, I'm back to work after thirteen weeks away . . . it's tough . . . like getting a present of a new mink coat is tough . . . and I love it . . .

how to play the hot trumpet in Panama in 4 easy lessons

"**Listen, Carole,** till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms'. . . *you just haven't lived . . .*"

"**Okay, Fred.** You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, *before you break my heart.*"

"**Arrest him,** gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la peace with sis instrumento . . . more hot playing an si senor *quick start a revolution!!!*"

"**Yeah** . . some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in "*Hands Across the Table*" and "*The Princess Comes Across.*"

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MacMURRAY
"SWING HIGH SWING LOW"
with Charles Butterworth • Jean Dixon
Dorothy Lamour • Harvey Stephens
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture

THE most honest woman in Hollywood is before the cameras again after an absence of two and a half years.

She is Gloria Swanson.

Miss Swanson isn't afraid to tell you why she has been away from the movies for thirty months.

She isn't afraid to tell you she is thirty-nine.

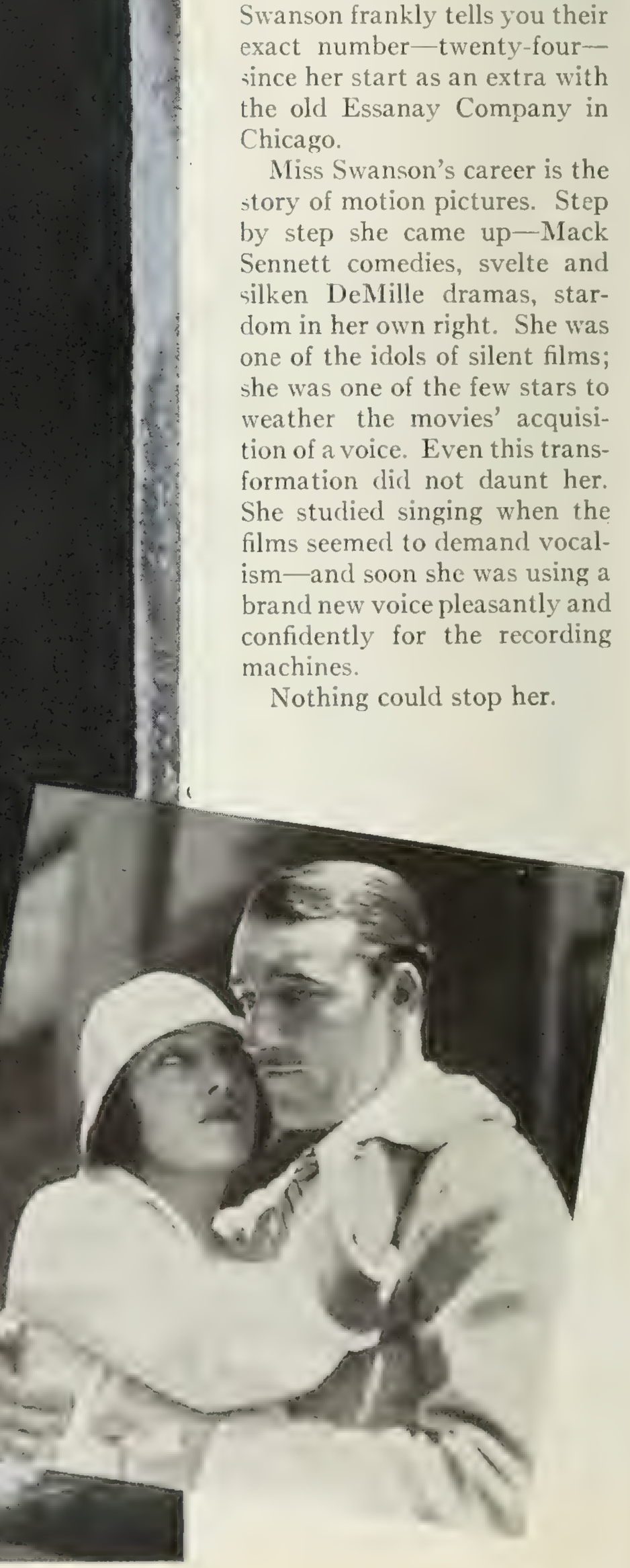
She isn't afraid to say that her eldest daughter is at high school age. She isn't afraid to admit her faults—or tell you her hopes.

I doubt if there is anyone like Gloria Swanson in all Hollywood. She is, in fact, a sort of Mrs. Simpson of the films, poised, worldly and smart.

There has been nobody quite like her through her years before the camera. And Miss Swanson frankly tells you their exact number—twenty-four—since her start as an extra with the old Essanay Company in Chicago.

Miss Swanson's career is the story of motion pictures. Step by step she came up—Mack Sennett comedies, svelte and silken DeMille dramas, stardom in her own right. She was one of the idols of silent films; she was one of the few stars to weather the movies' acquisition of a voice. Even this transformation did not daunt her. She studied singing when the films seemed to demand vocalism—and soon she was using a brand new voice pleasantly and confidently for the recording machines.

Nothing could stop her.



WHY I AM GOING *Back to the Screen*

The story of an honest woman, Gloria Swanson, who here tells her right age—and more

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"I never give up," is the way she puts it. "I always have been radical, even back in those days when I broke all the Hollywood rules by having a child—when children weren't even mentioned by press agents. I put my career in jeopardy then. I had wanted a baby ever since I was fifteen years old."

FOR a considerable time Miss Swanson has been in the throes of a romance with the actor, Herbert Marshall. Now that interlude is ended, apparently by Miss Swanson herself.

That romance may indirectly have caused Miss Swanson to seek a breathing space in her career. She had climbed to one of the greatest of all salary tops; she had been one of the biggest box-office draws of all time; she felt herself slipping, she realized her peril. Her life was at an impasse. And she had the courage to quit that she might get a perspective on herself.

"Emotional tidal waves get me," she says, frankly. "They sweep me into strange harbors. But I think I have built a wall against emotions now. I'm taking that mental wall back to Hollywood with me."

She is taking more than that. She has as careful a campaign mapped out for herself as any general launching a war.

The thirty months' interlude in her career has changed Miss Swanson's whole philosophy of life

"Sitting in a radio studio not so long ago," she explains, "I watched the big studio clock, with its tremendous second hand quickly go around and around

Gloria, outlined in four pictures: as she is today, as she was, married to Henri de la Falaise (third marriage); when she was Mrs. Michael Farmer (fourth marriage); and right, when she and Phyllis Haver were Mack Sennett bathing beauties

"Now we always think of time in the terms of past, present and future. But that huge second hand made me realize that there is no present.

"Everything is past or future.

"Like many other people, I have lived for the present.

"But I found myself stagnant. Because there is no present. You must take each moment and live it for its effect upon the future. You must be cautious and careful of your seconds.

"I know it is easy to theorize about life, but no two experiences are alike. Something may happen in February and be all wrong. The same thing may happen in March and be right. Different locations, different people, different temperaments, different times, shift the whole picture.

"If I said, 'What's the use, I've had a bad experience from life and I'll never trust it again,' I'd be wrong. You still can profit by your mistakes."

MISS SWANSON wouldn't talk directly about her romances.

"I have learned—I hope I have now that, if you depend on anyone else, you are apt to be let down.

"I know I'm a weakling. When I get into emotional tidal waves, I get whirled around. We who act do not live a normal life. We are wide open to our emotions. I hope I have learned. Still, I may not be strong enough to adopt all my theories. I can just hope.

"I know the thing I most want now is peace of mind.

"This rest period has given me time to think. Rest periods would be good for everybody. They give you a chance to catch up with yourself. I pursued a mad, hectic thing, year in and year out. I was a train trying to keep on schedule. I took my private life in snatches, on the run. I never did justice to it, I had no opportunity to nurse it along, and it suffered horribly. Maybe that is what demolished my marriages."

Miss Swanson read me a letter she has just received from a friend in England who had followed her pictures through the years. "I watched your already fabulous salary climb to $6,000 a week, to $12,000 to $18,000. Now I think you realize that what you *are* is more important than what you *earn*.

She is Mrs. Simpson of the screen . . . poised, worldly, smart. Her romance with Herbert Marshall (at the left) had an amazing influence on her career

"The scales of life move up and down, but don't be disheartened. Half of the women in the world would be glad of your memories. But I know memories mean nothing to you, that the future is everything."

Miss Swanson laid the letter aside. "I never look back," she said, with a note of finality.

Then she went on: "I worked so hectically through the years that I had little time to think. Most of the things that happened to me, of course, seemed fun to the outside world. But there have been many headaches back of the glamour.

"When you are an actress, you never have time to do the things you want to do. I have worked since I was fifteen. I absorbed my education in snatches from life, here and there. The snatches had a lot of hurts.

"I always have believed in travel to develop anyone. It is a mistake to stay in one place. Too long in one country, in one state, in one town, is to stagnate. It is a barrier to any sort of development.

"There are so many things I always have wanted to know about. I'm a mental vampire. I have always said 'Why?' ever since I was a youngster. When I go to a party, I hunt out an interesting person and drag that person to a corner. I'm always seeking to learn.

"After all, knowledge is the only solace when you get older. It is the only possession of any [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Our salute to spring is this eye-catching portrait of Julie Haydon. We can't understand why the studios are letting the Haydon talent that flamed so brilliantly in "The Scoundrel" go to waste. Let's hope that M-G-M, who hold her contract, will swing her sharply into the spotlight

Another foreign film star sailed away and found harbor—in Hollywood. He is Fernand Gravet. You will see him, and rave in Warners' "The King and the Chorus Girl." Joan Blondell plays opposite. Warners hope you will think Fernand resembles the Duke of Windsor. Do you?

"Mutiny on the Bounty" started a perfect rash of sea sagas. Among the newest is 20th Century-Fox's "Slave Ship" in which Warner Baxter, always an able actor, is expected to top his superb performance in "The Prisoner of Shark Island." Opposite him is Elizabeth Allan. She's in "Camille" too

As beautiful brown-eyed Frances Dee has always seemed to have an old-fashioned charm about her, it isn't surprising she looks so ravishing in her costume for "Souls at Sea," Paramount's new historical epic on the dangers of the deep. Frances plays opposite Gary Cooper and George Raft

For magnificent fun Photoplay offers

this hilarious history of star hoop-la

. . . La Swanson was late, to make her entrance, and the guests had gone . . .

THE ALL STAR STORY *of the* COCOANUT GROVE

By JACK SMALLEY

TAKE our word for it—the whirl of most of Hollywood's fun, the sizzling fury of most of Hollywood's hates, the birth of most of Hollywood's big romances started at the—Cocoanut Grove.

It was at this night spot that Bing Crosby first crooned into the ears of the picture colony. Here Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard competed for sterling silver dance cups and first caught the eyes of producers. It was at the Cocoanut Grove that Chaplin wooed the violent Pola Negri, Elinor Glyn entertained royalty, Garbo and Stiller dined on Swedish herrings—in short, the Cocoanut Grove is good and it's never, never been dull.

History, they say, is made at night; that is, interesting history. And it is at the Cocoanut Grove, for the past fifteen years, that some of the sweetest movietown history has made its initial bow.

Today the cast has changed, but that is all. Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck romance at the table where once Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor held hands. Merle Oberon and David Niven dance where Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland showed their skill at the tango. And above and over and through it all ghosts

of the past mingle with the film celebrities of the moment.

To begin with, the Grove was an accident.

When, in May 1921, the managers of the Ambassador Hotel looked over the barren white walls of the new ballroom, they knew something had to be done about decorating it.

That year Rudolph Valentino had burst upon Hollywood and the world with "The Sheik."

Jimmy Manos, still the maitre-de-Cocoanut Grove today, had known Valentino well; in fact, Jimmy had paid Valentino's room rent for seven months while Rudy was looking for work. Now Jimmy happened to know that there were several thousand imitation palm trees left over from "The Sheik" that could be had cheap. He bought them, had them carted into the ballroom. On May twenty-first, the Grove opened with a grand party, palm trees very much in evidence. Incidentally, the same palm trees are still there.

From the first moment, the Grove made history. With a normal seating capacity of 1,000 people, there was plenty of room for all the important people in Hollywood.

In those days the colony gathered at the Grove each Tuesday night to see the scantily clad Grove girls put on elaborate shows depicting scenes from the latest movies, and to compete against each other in Charleston dance contests. The stars came to revel. The rest of the world came to watch. And it was a sight to behold.

Hollywood, fifteen years ago, was wild and woolly and had never been curried below the knees. The Alexandria Hotel and the old Vernon Country Club had been the scenes of rare hi-jinks among that old guard of Mabel Normand, Lew Cody, Fatty Arbuckle, Buster Keaton, and the Terrible Trio—Lottie Pickford, Alice Lake, and Teddy Sampson.

Some of this robust—very robust—hilarity carried over into the new and ultra fashionable Cocoanut Grove, to diminish in the same ratio that the industry outgrew its rompers and assumed dignities in keeping with its growing importance.

Star nights still hold the spotlight each Tuesday night at the Grove, but the fun is more sedate, for the stars of yesterday lived only for the thrill of the moment.

IT was a wise management that selected an Army welterweight pugilist to rule the Grove. Dark, curly-headed Jimmy Manos launched his war against the night club battling element the very night the Grove was opened, by knocking out two stars, whose names he has conveniently forgotten. Since then in his major engagements he lists one hundred and twenty-six fights, and in all of them he was victorious.

From the first, to keep their customers out of mischief, the Grove arranged entertainment into which the patrons could enter. When the Charleston dance craze came in, the management offered trophy cups for the best dancers. Prominent members of the audience acted as judges.

A kid named Lucille LeSueur was in Hollywood from New York, hoping for a chance in pictures. A clever dancer, she began to cop these cups from under the noses of the local girls. Lucille was plumpish then, and hardly would you recognize the same girl in the smooth Joan Crawford of today.

Lucille was the hey-hey girl of the day, and the wild gyrations of the Charleston were just her dish. One night the scion of a great Chicago family, young Michael Cudahy, saw her win a cup. He obtained an introduction and one of Hollywood's most tempestuous romances was on. The family opposition was intense and unrelenting. They were a handsome couple, for Mike was tall, dark and good-looking as a movie star. It was a heart-broken Lucille who finally gave him up.

Her chief rival in the dance contests was a plumpish little girl named Jane Peters. This young one also dreamed of a movie career. Youthful producers, now grown sedate, used to vie for hilarious dances with these pretty young cup winners so that they could boast of winning, too. In this way stars-to-be met the coming picture makers.

. . . Miss Peters borrowed $50 to get dolled up . . .

. . . "Little girl" May cashed in on trophies and charm . . .

. . . Claire held hands with Bert Lytell and excited Chaplin's love . . .

. . With Maurice it was the grande passion, but Connie turned him down . . .

The Grove got mixed up several other times in the life drama of Jane Peters, Carole Lombard to you.

The brilliant Carole, then known as Jane, first attracted the attention of Herbert Somborn, who had opened his Brown Derby restaurant just across the street from the Grove. Somborn had been married to Gloria Swanson. He was an outstanding figure of the colony.

He invited Jane over and gave her some advice.

"You need to get yourself dolled up," he said. "Go over to the Westmore brothers. They can tell you how to get yourself together."

"And what'll I use for money?" asked the practical Jane.

It was simple. Somborn loaned her fifty dollars. Jane went to see the Westmores

It was they who decided to turn her into a blonde. In fact, they read her the famous riot act on beauty rituals. Her clothes were thrown out and her eyebrows thrown up, to give her a soulful look. From that time on Jane was to make a study of clothes and beauty, until now the name of Lombard is just another word for smartness.

. . . Hey-hey girl memories make her seethe . . .

AMONG the girls who were rivals of Carole Lombard and Joan Crawford in the dance contests at the Grove were Gretchen (Loretta) Young, her sister Polly Ann, Bessie Love and May McAvoy.

. . . Norma and Gilbert, a great love story . . .

. . . "Fleek" went in for herring and silence . . .

The irrepressible Carole enjoys recalling those days, but not so Joan Crawford Tone. In a dignified gathering, Carole is just as like as not to call across the room to Joan: "Remember when we won that dance cup at the Grove?" And Joan seethes.

Even more important than the chance to attract the attention of a studio executive by winning a cup was the fact that these cups could be redeemed for fifteen dollars in cold hard cash, and all those kids could use the money. They were very young, scarcely more than sixteen, eager, bright-eyed youngsters competing blithely against stars who could spend fortunes on their clothes.

But they had youth on their side, and how pretty they looked as, flushed and excited, they chose partners for a dance and prayed that the hand of the floor judge, John Browne, would touch their shoulders in recognition of their dancing agility.

SALLY RAND was frequently a contestant, but that was before she started dancing in ostrich feathers. Sally wasn't a cup winner.

John Browne tells this one on May McAvoy. He got a call one day in the Grove office.

"This is May McAvoy, Mr. Browne. Are you still paying fifteen dollars for cups?" she asked. "Fine. Then I'll be right down with mine."

Imagine the astonishment of Mr. Browne when she appeared in a taxi with cups literally flowing out of the windows. May cashed in nearly three hundred dollars worth of trophies.

In selecting the winners of these dance contests it was the custom to nominate three or four prominent movie people to act as judges. One night the group selected consisted of Jesse Lasky, Adolph Zukor and Pola Negri.

This time it was a young man who got the cheers. After presenting the cup to him, Jesse Lasky asked his name.

"Jack Crane," he was told.

"Don't tell those others," said Lasky, "but send him to my office tomorrow."

The Grove got in touch with Crane, who frequently danced in the cup competitions, and he duly appeared before the producer. Lasky signed him to a contract. He didn't like the name of Crane, and as Latins were popular in those days, he groped for a good, mouth-filling Spanish name. Thus was born the personality you know as Ricardo Cortez, and if the story is true, he got the name from a box of cigars on his desk.

IN those early days, beauty ruled Hollywood. Among the paper palms a dozen women, as fair as Helen of Troy, might be seen in one evening, each surrounded by her court and each the potential prize of a Trojan war.

When Betty Blythe, she who was "Queen of Sheba," made her entrance the entire audience turned to stare. Barbara La Marr, of tragic history, would come, often attended by the gentle, faithful Paul Bern who watched her conquests with sad eyes. Here Claire Windsor excited the love of that gallant clown, Charlie Chaplin. The Helene and Dolores Costello wooings by dashing Lowell Sherman and even more dashing John Barrymore, took place amongst the *papier mache* palms. Elinor Glyn came with royalty at her heels to establish sex on a high literary plane; and all the galaxy of beautiful women marched in parade—Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith, Agnes Ayres, Anita Stewart, Aileen Pringle, Nita Naldi, Jacqueline Logan, Carmel Meyers, Dorothy Dalton.

Irene Castle, coming to the Grove for a dance engagement, taught the celebrities the knack of making the grand entrance.

But what of snooty Society? Did they fraternize with these fair women?

You guessed it. They did not. When wealthy women from Pasadena came to the Grove [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

Barbara WHY SHE

Here at last—for the first time—she reveals the answer to the burning question which has been agitating Hollywood for months

By WALTER RAMSEY

DESPITE all the radio, newspaper and magazine rumors—even in the face of all the so-called marriage plans and the stories of their passionate love—Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor are not going to be married. That is the straight truth of it, for the first time.

The reason? There is only one. Here it is:

Barbara is not going to marry at all—Bob or any other man, for a long, long time.

This is Barbara Stanwyck's honest answer to the question of the Hollywood hour.

At an interview which took place at her bedside as she struggled valiantly back to health from influenza, she gave me her reasons.

In many ways, Barbara Stanwyck is the most interesting person in Hollywood today. Not alone because of her much-publicized romance with Robert Taylor, but also because her career, which sagged so dangerously after her marriage to Frank Fay terminated in divorce, has taken on a new blush of success. She has just been signed to play the famous rôle of *Stella Dallas*. This should place her right back on the top of the heap where she belongs.

Somewhere it is written: ". . . and there shall be seven lean years, then seven fat . . ." Barbara, we hope, is now starting on the promised seven years of happiness. Happiness in love, in her career, and in her new way of life.

I decided to tell Barbara of a conversation I had overheard the night before at the home of another motion picture star. Her romance with Bob had been brought up and finally one of the group asked for reactions on their possible marriage. The men had been unanimous in their decision:

"Bob Taylor would be the luckiest guy in town. Without a doubt, Barbara Stanwyck comes as close to a perfect wife as we've ever seen."

"Gee," Barbara smiled, "that was swell of them all to say that. But," and a frown of obvious sincerity crept over her face as she said this, "they are wrong. At least for the moment. I couldn't be a perfect wife to anyone for a long time to come. I've got a lot of things tangled up inside of me that have to be untangled before that could happen. A lot of things."

She stopped. We looked at each other for a long moment. She seemed to be trying to decide whether she should tell me more. I let her make her own decision. She would, anyway. Barbara hasn't a strong purposeful jawline and an almost masculine sort of judgment for nothing. Far more important is the beauty of spirit that so far outshines the mere physical beauty of Barbara that everyone knows.

"For one thing," she continued, "there is nothing any woman wants so much as peace and happiness. No sacrifice to attain it must be too great and a woman must give everything within her power when she marries. But even if a woman acknowledges this, she still can never be positively sure. Despite everything, complete disillusion sometimes comes. To me, now, the lure of marriage and its promise of happiness and contentment seems vaguely distant."

Barbara herself will not talk of it now, but the whole world knows that her previous marriage crashed.

"FOR six months after my divorce," she continued, "I remained home every night alone. I didn't want even the casual companionship of other people. Then I met Bob Taylor. Not in a romantic way, believe me. Bob was going with another girl at the time. So we didn't see much of each other at first. In fact, it was weeks later, after his romance had broken up completely, that we began going out.

"It began by our having dinner dates—mostly at my home—after which we'd go to a movie or take a long ride in his car. Bob was all mixed up—mixed up about romance and about his career—and for a long time we talked of nothing else. I tried to help him get it straightened out in his mind. Finally he did. But soon he was demanding to know why I limited our public appearances to a movie or an automobile ride. Why wouldn't I go out dancing with him? I had my reasons; none of them seemed satisfactory.

"Then one night, after an early movie, Bob stopped his car in front of the Trocadero.

"He told me, in no uncertain terms, that we were going in to dance. He warned me that my refusal would mean that I did not want to be seen in public with him. We went in.

Stanwyck Tells

WON'T MARRY ROBERT TAYLOR

"But I swear, as we walked down through that aisle of tables, I thought my knees were going to buckle under me . . . I was that scared.

"We sat down. After a few minutes, the truth suddenly dawned on me: No one was paying the slightest attention tc us! I was amazed. In no time, I found myself out on the floor dancing and having a grand time. We've been dancing and having a grand time ever since.

"In the past few months, Bob and I have become fast friends. Romance hasn't entered the friendship. I wouldn't want it . . . and I guess Bob knows how I feel. And the better friends we become, the further away from marriage we go—at least as far as I am concerned. The reason is:

"I am not ready for marriage again to any one. Maybe I'll change my mind or I may never change. There is only one thing I am definitely sure of at this particular moment. I do not want to be married to any one. The future must take care of itself and there is no way to know what it may bring.

"Bob is romantic now, just as most men are at first. Of course, he has a lot of quaint ideas about being romantic. He thinks, for instance, that a gift doesn't become a gift until it costs at least five thousand dollars. He's wrong, obviously. Money doesn't make a gift important. Actually, as far as I am concerned, it takes away from its importance

"I've tried to tell him: 'Anyone who has the money can dash into a jewelry store and pick up a diamond bracelet in five minutes. It might take ten times as long to pick out—let us say—a rag doll with hair just the color of mine.' Bob always laughs when I tell him this. Money is new and important to him. I can understand that. His sense of values has been pushed around so quickly in the past year that it is excusable. I suppose he once dreamed of giving a girl a diamond bracelet some day, so it is easy to see why that is exactly what he wants to do when he suddenly and unexpectedly gets the money

"Soon, perhaps, Bob will learn the importance of the unimportant little things."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Walter Winchell

The LOW-

You can't find it on any map, but here is the center of the universe — Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, and the Dream City seen from the surrounding hills. Careers are not carved here—they are chiseled

BECAUSE of the fact that most of our thoughts and reports on Bagdad on the Pacific have been jotted down in the daily diary we write for the papers, and yelled into the skies on our Sunday broadcast, these notes must resemble clips from the cutting room floor.

All the best scenes, we've learned, do not appear on the screen. Sometimes, too, for one reason or another, material is crowded out of the column and broadcast. Here, then, are some jumbled jottings of Hollywoodenizens, darlings and dopes.

Speaking of dopes, we head the list. Accustomed to awaking when the Manhattan Mazdas commenced to blink, and retiring at the hour when the sun begins to lift, we permitted Darryl Zanuck and Ben Bernie to persuade us into appearing in a film based on the best seller, "Wake Up and Live."

Wake up is right! For six weeks, at six A. M., we heard that cry. We were forced to go without practically any sleep, so that we could be on the set, ready for shooting, at nine A. M. And for what? A lousy $75,000. Instead of listening to Mr. Zanuck and Bum Bernie, we should have remembered Somerset Maugham's line: "Sleep is man's most precious possession."

IN 1931, to toast the Lucky Strike broadcast a little more, we started burning Ben Bernie.

It was a gag, and has always been one this exchange of impish insults. Most people realized it, but there were a few who didn't. Their complaints to the sponsors of our program and threats that if we didn't stop picking on poor Ben they would cease buying the product, resulted, for a time, in the cessation of the fabulous feud, which has brought us some degree of infamy and fortune. But let's switch from Bernie Boulevard and get onto Hollywood. It's much more interesting

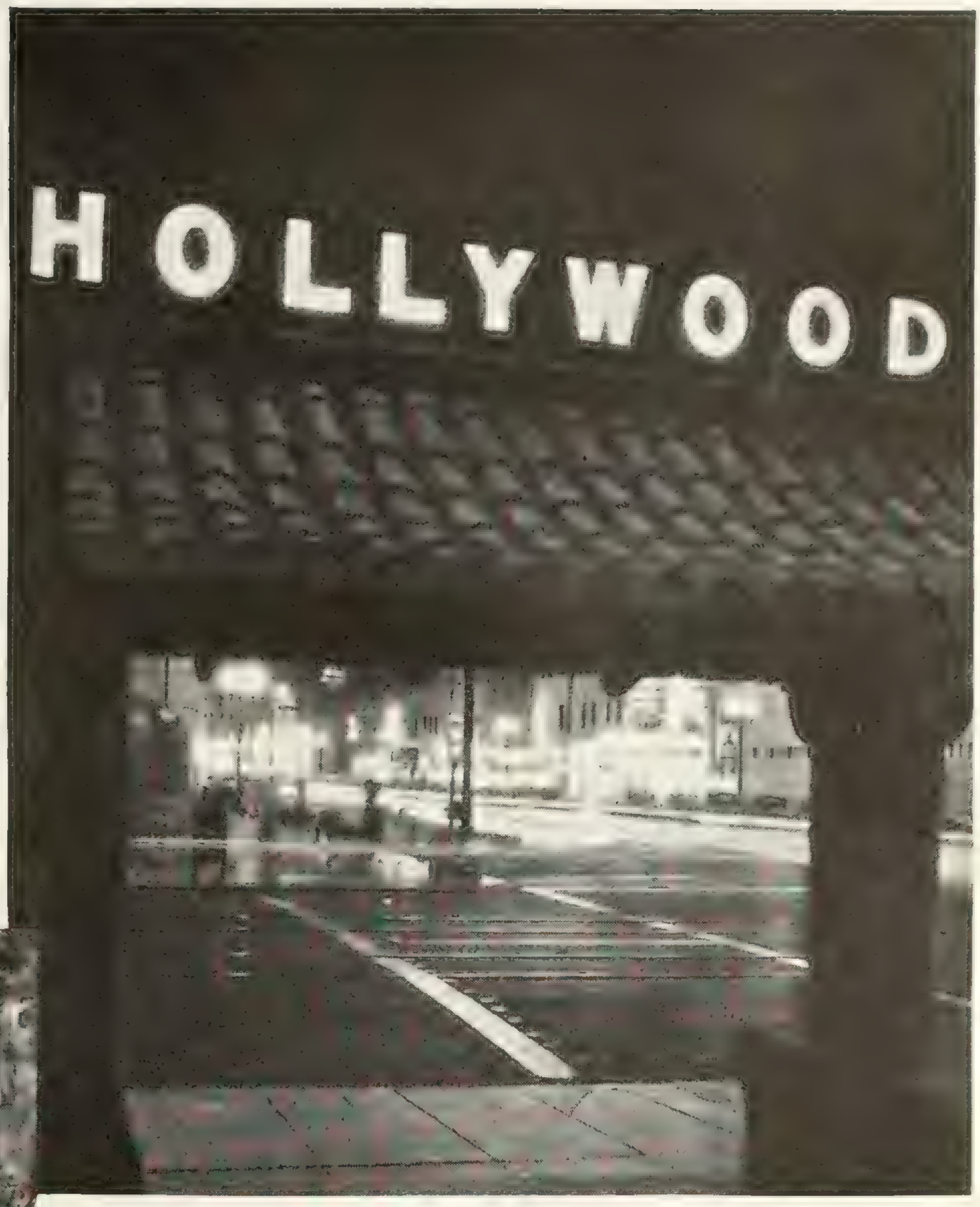
First of all, there's no such town . . . you can't find it on any map . . . it has no official post office, no railroad station, and no airplane landing field. Hollywood is a state of mind surrounded by Beverly Hills, the foothills, Los Angeles, Bel-Air, Brentwood, Westwood and populated for the most part with people who have never seen the inside of a studio. Few real Hollywoodites ever get to work in a studio. Talent is imported from the outside. Most careers aren't carved here . . . they are chiseled.

There are two Hollywood theories on picture people being seen in night clubs . . the first being that it is good to be seen because of the publicity and to keep up a front, the night clubs being fine show cases. Theory No. 2 says night clubbing is bad because good looks fade and you meet the wrong class of people. Both theories have successful advocates. Sylvia Sidney, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, Marlene Dietrich, Jack Oakie, Loretta Young, Bob Taylor, Barbara Stanwyck, Virginia Bruce, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, James Stewart and June Lang appear in the bright spots before your eyes . . .

Writes:

DOWN *on* HOLLYWOOD

Flash — Broadway's ace broadcaster bringing you his impressions of the sound and fury that make up the most incredible city in the world



Hollywood has become the other end of Broadway. Most of the Hollywood stars are actors who used to play the Palace. Now they live in palaces. On the other hand, many a Broadway biggie from whom we solicited ads on *The Vaudeville News*, now earns a living as a small bit player in the studios. There's only one motto—*Start saving while they're raving.*

Recently the studios banded together with the humane desire to aid the unfortunate stars of yester-years. Each decided to select six and maintain them on their pay rolls, apportioning out assignments whenever possible. One ex-star who became an extra just couldn't be bothered after a few pay checks had rolled in . . . she got drunk, showed up late for work and evidenced all the other actions she displayed when she was a youthful cinemadorable. Finally, she was let out.

They tell us that when there's a call for extras to be selected, those not chosen must receive fifty cents for carfare to and from the studio. We saw that former five-thousand-dollar-a-week star hold out her hand for the half dollar fee

but the list of those who dodge the joy-joints is even greater.

The most accurate gauge of a star's rating comes not from fan mail (some popular stars hardly rate any) but from salesmen. Salesmen can smell out a coming success months in advance and will begin to haunt the actor before his picture is out.

News gets around Hollywood faster than any place in the world, and in spite of Hollywood's sophisticated population, drinking is a good way to wash one's self out of the picture business. Hollywood has more churches than it has bars.

Some of the biggest money makers in town are the ace cameramen, the reason being that their jobs are free of politics, last a great deal longer and supply steadier work.

THEY make mistakes in Hollywood, and costly ones, too. . . . When W. C. Fields was making shorts, for instance, a major producer turned him down, unable to see his possibilities. Just a year later, he had to pay Fields $60,000 for what practically amounted to a bit in a picture. But it's an old story in many a line of endeavor. . . . Horace Liveright, who published Ernest Hemingway's "Torrents in the Spring," turned down "The Sun Also Rises" giving him the counsel, "Better stick to journalism."

Speaking of journalism, Darryl Zanuck is really the screen's journalist. His nose for news put [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

FOR HAL ROACH

— and horse

Everybody had a marvelous time at the party given by Dr. Harry Martin for Producer Hal Roach, who is President of Santa Anita Turf Club. He and Doc celebrated their mutual birthdays—they do every year

Grouped around the amusing musical cake are Louella Parsons, Doc, George Jessel, Hal and Mrs. Roach. Below, Eddie Lowe, Bing Crosby, Eadie Adams, Carole Lombard and Gable. (Carole keeps hoping that nag Gable gave her will win a race.) On this page, top and across, Cary Grant, Sally Eilers and Hal give the hilly billy band some stiff competition, and Randy Scott, another big stable owner was on hand too. Below are the Warner Baxters, and Mrs. Lubitsch chatting with her husband and Mervyn LeRoy. Right, Harold Lloyd and Mary Brian got the vague idea that George Jessel was a donkey in disguise

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF

Warren Hull had a birthday party. Among the guests were Tom Brown and Natalie Draper and Jean Muir. Glenda Farrell (also at bottom of page with the host and turbaned Marie Wilson), Paula Stone and Patricia Ellis

CLAUDETTE COLBERT has owned the same town car for six years and has about decided to acquire another.

"How do you like the new Lincoln town car?" she recently asked the negro chauffeur of a friend.

"Well, I tell you, Miss Colbert, it's sure enough a nice car, but me, I likes that new Lincoln Zipper."

STRANGE how rapidly a bachelor becomes a confirmed benedict.

On the day Fred MacMurray was married eight months he set out to buy Mrs. MacMurray a gift.

And guess what he brought home? Two very lovely, but very practical bedspreads.

Can you imagine me even thinking of bedspreads a year ago?" Fred grins boyishly as he tells the story.

WHEN practically the whole town of Hollywood is aflame with flu, Errol Flynn chose this time to have malaria.

"My Errol is always different," wifely Damita explains

LET me tell you a story that gives the lie to Hollywood's so-called ingratitude. A story that concerns Bing Crosby and the long ago. Back in the days when Bing was gradually emerging from the Rhythm Boys Trio, a young song writer named Arthur Johnson had faith in the boop-a-dooer singer and wrote special songs for him and saw that they were given to Bing only.

Bing and those songs became national idols.

The years rolled by and Bing went higher and higher. But fate handed a few below-the-belt blows to Johnson and he dropped from sight. Then came Bing's "Pennies From Heaven." Bing's own money was tied up in that picture and it meant a lot to the actor. Nevertheless Bing went out and hunted up Johnson. "You're to do my songs for me," he said.

Johnson came back and once again took a lease on life. The surefire song hits from "Pennies From Heaven" are the result

Douglass Montgomery and Donald Woods lunched together at the Assistance League where Suzanne Karren and Anita Louise did their bit for charity by being waitresses

HOLLYWOOD

THE not-so-elusive-as-she-used-to-be Garbo made another public appearance the other night at the opening of the Russian Ballet.

The lobby was completely filled with autograph hounds and news cameramen to make sure that no celebrity slipped past them.

But Garbo, dressed in a gray tweed suit, walked calmly through the crowd and slipped into her seat in the eighteenth row center.

Although Garbo has been appearing socially so much recently, evidently no one expected that she would attend such a crowded opening, for no one recognized her, not even the cameramen who practically never miss anything.

One of the men from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department was sent to follow her through the crowd and see that no one bothered her and that she wasn't mobbed by the autograph hunters, but his presence wasn't needed at all.

The pay-off is that Sylvia Sidney, who was seated in the row directly in front of Garbo, had her picture taken several times by the cameramen, but not one of them thought to look at the very silent person sitting right behind her.

Torcher Sophie Tucker reached town so Roland Leigh gave a party for her. Here are Roland, Binnie Barnes, Sophie, Heather Thacher and Henry Bill. Co-starring Victor McLaglen read the script of "Wee Willie Winkle" to Shirley Temple. Claire Windsor did a stage play at the Beverly Hills Little Theatre with Roger Kendal and Judith Arlen, at the left

Bing Crosby's horse won at Santa Anita! He and his brother Everett are watching the Mutual boards. Clark Gable put his footprints in the fore court of Grauman's Chinese, was beseiged by autograph maniacs

TYRONE POWER has a secret.

While doing radio work in Chicago before he came to Hollywood, Tyrone was summoned to the station one day and told that henceforth he was to be the funny paper man and read the comic strips over the air at some unearthly morning hour. All the little kiddies would be breathlessly waiting for Tyrone's version of the Katzenjammer kids.

Now Tyrone's afraid his studio will find it out and they'll have him reading to Shirley Temple, and maybe the Quints, all about Toots and Casper. A fine thing for a romantic young hero!

BETTE DAVIS pulled this one the other night when the subject reverted to ex-king Edward's troubles.

"Well," said Bette with a sigh, "I don't know what's the matter with me. I was in just as badly in England as Edward and the Archbishop of Canterbury never said a word to me. I must be slipping."

Tony Martin and Alice Faye have Cupid on the ropes these days, and left, the Henry Fondas are the town's happiest newlyweds

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD [CONTINUED]

The Robert Youngs know the secret of how to be happy though married three years. Bob takes Betty out to the Tropics (in this shot) with Director Robert Florey

HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP TALKING IN HIS SLEEP: . . . And so Doug Fairbanks Jr. is back at David Selznick's studio to play the debonair villain in "Prisoner of Zenda"—I seem to remember Ramon Navarro doing pretty well in that rôle—but Doug Jr. has spent months getting permission from United Artists and British companies to sign the contract . . . Gable must really be a pretty good actor, to fool everyone at Metro into thinking he had only a sniffle; imagine playing under those lights day after day until eventually you collapse all over the set of "Parnell" . . . Pat De Cicco and Andrea Leeds make a nice couple, and the romance is very hot too . . . but I guess Gregory La Cava and Doris Nolan aren't going to get married despite those engagement rumors . . . too bad Betty Furness couldn't convince Allan Lane that a reconciliation would be a nice thing—he's having a lot of fun seeing Ginger Rogers . . . wonder if Michael Whalen and Cecilia Parker are as serious about each other as they say they are? . . . at least I'm sure about Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson — she doesn't hedge about admitting she's mad for him; 170 dates in the few months they've known each other has a romantic sound but what about Drew's pocketbook . . . so as soon as Craig Reynolds is in the hospital battling pneumonia Gertrude Niesen sends a truck-load of flowers and then has dates with Alfred Vanderbilt—and if the rumors are true that's just so many crumbs in Craig's sickbed . . . In the Vic Orsatti—June Lang affair — Mother doesn't approve one bit—but June is having a lot of fun during the breaks, barging around with Tyrone Power. Sonja Henie is away and I'll bet the boys start saying Tyrone is through with his little Nordic ice-skater—which isn't true at all, he tells me. Can't a guy have any fun? . . . glad those nice kids, Anne Shirley and Owen Davis Jr. have patched it up after all . . . isn't it funny the really deserving gals in this town never get any publicity because they're too nice? Take Olivia de Haviland, f'rinstance—she snuggles under the comforters early every night and lives the quiet life and nobody knows she exists. Says, "I'm too busy to think of falling in love" . . . and here's a paradox for you: Mae West, congenital night clubber, is being forced into the same sort of seclusion because she's received so many threatening letters lately she's afraid for her life; she even does her own marketing because she's certain the food she gets will be poisoned otherwise . . . I wonder if Barbara Stanwyck thinks it's a compliment to be swapped (even money) for Bob "Bazooka" Burns by Paramount and RKO—of course it's just for one picture . . . so amusing that three thousand five hundred Philadelphia club women ganged together and wrote Bob Taylor asking him to change his name to Spangler Arlington Brugh! The original moniker was nicer, they insisted . . . evidence that humanity deserves a little faith after all: months ago Preston Foster received a begging letter from a man who said he'd been living for years in a tent on the desert, but he was well again now and would Preston lend him the money to get back to civilization. Preston, despite warnings about this sort of racket, sent on the money—and last week got it all back, plus interest, from the grateful man who now has a job . . . Gosh Miriam Hopkins was sore last week when that ferris wheel on the "The Woman I Love" set went funny and she was left up in the air with Louis Hayward—they put up a ladder but she wouldn't come down because, uh, she wasn't dressed for backing down ladders—so she had her lunch out of a box and it was three hours before they fixed the wheel.

IMMEDIATE effect of his marriage to Luise Rainer on ex-Socialist Clifford Odets is that he is busy at his typewriter batting out a play, just for her!

Studio people, as well as his friends, complain that they can't get near him for conversation or anything else.

He's too engrossed with putting his new frau on paper.

Luise admits she'll probably take the starring rôle in the new play and that she expects it to be produced on Broadway sometime this year!

SAY what you will about child labor laws and what a terrible shame it is for youngsters to be put to work in Hollywood when they should be attending school. If you think the baby stars in this town are going to end up with faulty educations listen to this:

Shirley Temple was graduated to the fourth grade by her special tutors this month. She's not eight years old yet. And she already has a better vocabulary than the average college graduate in America!

Besides, she knows five hundred words in French, and how to string them together so they make sense, and she can speak a little Chinese. By the time she is of high school age she probably will be able to pass a complete college preparatory examination, according to her instructors.

NELSON EDDY, on tour, stopped last month at a hotel in Salt Lake City During the dinner hour he came down to the supper room with an unidentified partner (female) and throughout dinner danced with her.

Midway through a waltz, another woman, well-dressed, came up to him and asked if he would dance with her.

Nelson put on his best prop smile, murmured a refusal, went waltzing on

The woman followed him, made insistent noises, and tried to cut in.

Nelson did not smile this time. "I won't dance with you," he told her.

''Why, you—you—!" shrieked the woman—and planted a husky right on the side of his face.

There was a shattering silence. Then Nelson grabbed his bewildered partner and practically ran to his table. People on the floor heard him murmur irritably, "How stupid!"

All of which doesn't matter so much. What *we* want to know is—who the heck was the woman he brought down to dinner in the first place?

PROBABLY the most tragic event that has happened in Hollywood for months was the sudden — and rather mysterious —death of Marie Prevost.

Once one of the greatest stars in the industry, in the days when salaries were outrageously high, she died in utter poverty.

Her four estates, her jewels—and most of her friends—gone, she had been struggling for several years for a motion picture comeback.

At last M-G-M gave her a contract for a part in "Parnell" and advanced her $300.

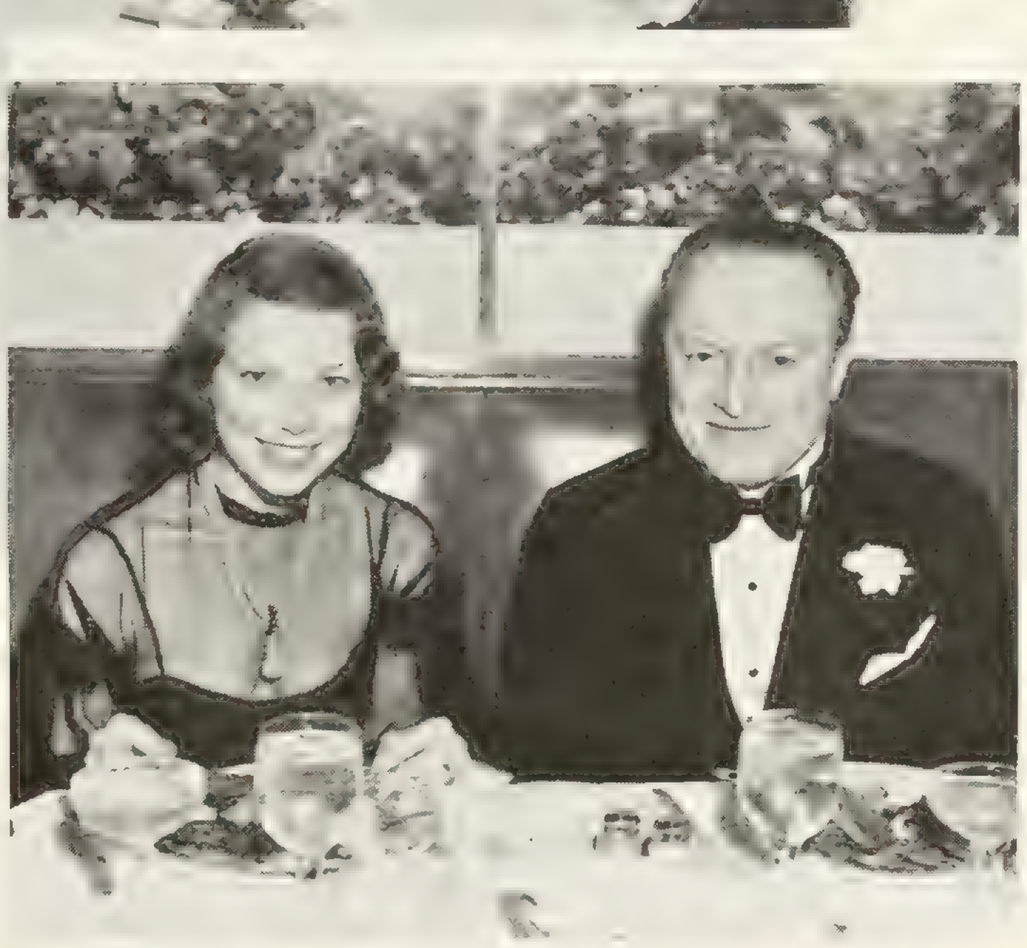
She was found a few days later, lying stretched out in her shabby room. She'd been dead three days. The cause was acute alcoholism.

Her sister, Peggy Prevost living in San Francisco, said that Marie had never informed her relatives of her plight.

The once famous star was cremated, with the exhumed body of her mother who had died eleven years before, at Forest Lawn, Glendale, Calif.

John Boles doesn't need that lamp (at the Tropics)—the light of his life for years has been his wife, Marcelite. Below, the Marquis de Polignac commuted from Paris to see Tilly Losch

Love KEEPS ON HAPPENING



Despite Taylor's teaming with two of the screen's most potent charmers, Garbo and Harlow, he still takes Barbara out. Don't miss her story on Page 24

"SO the neighbors don't like the swing music we're playing, Hmm?" said Allan Jones as his wife, Irene Hervey, put the phone back in its cradle.

"They claim it's just so much noise," Irene nodded.

"History's loveliest—oh well. We'll give them real music, then. Where's that album of Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de Feu?*"

"Put on the record that has the Dance of King Kastcheï," said Irene viciously.

In a moment the apartment was trembling to the mad, wild clamoring of woodwinds and brasses, all *fortissimo.*

The phone rang. Irene answered. "The neighbor says this is worse than before," she grinned. "Well, I understand it takes a person who's very literate musically to appreciate Stravinsky."

Later she said to Allan, "He says the reason he didn't recognize it is because he gets only a few disjointed chords. If we'd open the windows and let him hear it all he would love it."

Together they chuckled. The windows had been open for hours.

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 82 |

They waited so long for happiness, they couldn't risk losing it forever—so they did what only two truly courageous people would do

"ROGER and I knew we were gambling with every rule set down for a successful marriage; we were quite aware that we were deliberately defying the codes. We weren't closing our eyes to a single one of the danger signals. Nor did we try to fool ourselves that we were in some way immune from the snares that have tangled others. Before we said the words that made us man and wife last Fall, Roger and I had looked all the risks squarely in the face and said to each other, 'We'll win *together*.'"

There was high courage in Ann Sothern's voice and words that seemed to defy the rain that splashed against the drenched windows, the shadows of the room unreached by the cheerful crackling fire, the gossip of Hollywood—and the question I had put to her that had to do with one of the biggest marriage gambles Hollywood has ever known.

Here was a honeymoon house, a lovely bride, gay flowers everywhere—everything that speaks of young love and happiness and the first year—everything except the groom!

For exactly two weeks after their honeymoon in Chicago, where Ann flew with Roger to attend the opening of his new orchestra at the famous College Inn, the bridish and groomish Mr. and Mrs. Pryor were separated by the demands of their careers, his as a musician, hers as a Hollywood actress.

For several months now their strange honeymoon has been carried on by long distance telephone, wires, letters and messages of flowers. You can imagine what sort of reaction cynical Hollywood has for this arrangement. You hear thinly veiled questions in gossip columns: "What newlyweds are putting almost too much of a strain on matrimony by separating indefinitely just after their I Do's"? Also, that old one "Bet you ten to one it doesn't last a year."

TO the casual observer the Pryor marriage has seemed an odd arrangement—marriage on the eve of a separation they knew was coming. It has made Ann and Roger Pryor a pair of the biggest love gamblers Hollywood has ever known.

Yet, by Ann's own words, they knew they were taking that risk—so what.

She said quietly, "We had no involved new theory on marriage when we took what Hollywood is determined to make the 'fatal' step. We both thought that marriage—even with separation—was better than separation without any ties. You see, Roger and I waited so long for our chance at happiness, no chance was too great to take when it finally came our way."

I remembered Roger's long estrangement from his first wife, and the details of property settlement that had held up their divorce for so long. I thought I understood.

"You know," Ann went on, "I have a terrible feeling about giving out stories on marriage. If you anticipate bad luck, it generally comes; when you boast about the sure-fire happiness of wedded bliss in Hollywood that is equally fatal. So let's just leave it this way: Roger and I have the gravest respect for the sanctity of marriage and it is the deepest wish in our hearts that our love and devotion will hold us together always.

"It probably looked very foolhardy to outsiders for us to tempt Fate with marriage just as Roger was starting on a new career that would take him away from Hollywood, perhaps permanently. Even our closest friends were surprised when we did marry because they knew we had considered it several times before and then had always decided it would be best to wait.

"BUT it happened this way: Roger came over to the house the evening of the day he signed his College Inn contract. He was in a very serious frame of mind. We sat down to talk. He explained, and I agreed with him, that this separation would be a serious thing in our lives. He couldn't say when we might be able to be together again. You see, at this point, he had practically made up his mind to give up acting forever. We both knew that a music career meant tours, engagements far from Hollywood, long weeks and maybe months playing short engagements from Texas to Maine.

"He said: 'If we get married now before I go, we'll have something to work toward. We'll have a tie that will truly bind us together. I don't think anything can break it'

"So, you see, to our way of looking at it, we married not to risk our love, but to *save* it. This way, we are continually working toward something, rather than away from it and everything we do is in anticipation of the few hours or days or weeks we can be together"

"But what about your home life? What about your social life while you are separated?" I asked.

"Well," she laughed, "we have two homes. This one in Hollywood and an apartment in Chicago at the Ambassador. Frankly, I can hardly wait to get back to my other home. Back there I'm just Mrs. Roger Pryor and I love it.

"In many ways, I'm beginning to believe our arrangement is a blessing rather than a handicap. I am commencing to think that it is the perfect way for an actress to live her marriage, as long as she remains an actress.

"Acting is a terrific strain on the nerves and the disposition. Many an evening I've returned from a hard day's schedule only to wonder what sort of companion I might have made for Roger had he been here.

"This way he will see me only when I am happy, gay, relaxing and in a vacation mood. It will be the same with him.

Marriage
IS NO GAMBLE WHEN IT'S LOVE

Ann Sothern answers those who told her she was heading straight for a broken heart when she risked a long-distance marriage with Roger Pryor

By ANTHONY CURTIS

"Husbands should have a lot of attention and interest from their wives. Men are like children. They resent the intrusion of a woman's career. That's why they've never really become reconciled to them, no matter how much they pretend to grin and like it.

"Before we were married, I promised Roger one thing. When I've reached that point in my career where I think I've done all I can do, when I've gone as far as I can, I'm going to quit cold—and I mean it. I know you've heard those words before, but even now I'm beginning to think of wifehood as my permanent career and motion pictures as a temporary one. And I swear I am not going to hang on, waiting for the professional crumbs that drop from the table."

I COULDN'T resist saying, "And until the time comes for Mrs. Roger Pryor to take up her old-fashioned wifely duties, how does she plan to manage about social engagements and so forth while she's living the life of Hollywood's most modern bride?"

"That little detail we also discussed," Ann admitted smilingly. "We are to go out with other people, of course. Neither is expected to sit home and get bored and lonely if there is any way to avoid it. I have

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Billopp Wyatt (the former Miss Euphemia van Rensselaer Waddington), a daughter . . .

THUS read the New York and Newport papers of August 10, 1913. And that was the beginning of it all. For the daughter grew up to be the present Jane Wyatt, and Jane is Hollywood's current Blessed Event.

In case you haven't heard much about her, Jane is Ronald Colman's leading lady in "Lost Horizon." How she stepped out and got herself that part, with every actress in Hollywood from Shirley Temple to May Robson crazy to play in Frank Capra's films, is something in itself. Meanwhile, Jane is the first and only honest-to-gosh high society jane ever to make good in the movies. Sure, there have previously been a few fair-to-middlin' society janes, the daughters of senators and such, who have come to Cinema City and created a ripple or two in the picture puddle, but *this* Jane—

Well, that Euphemia van Rensselaer stuff gave it away, even though Jane herself wouldn't. It's a real name, too, which has been in the New York Social Register ever since there was one, and not something out of O. Henry. You mustn't hold it against Jane either, because what she's done she has done without shaking the family tree to watch the plums fall in her lap. Nevertheless it remains a fact that whereas most of America's aristocratic families merely came over here on the Mayflower, Jane's folks met the old tub when she docked. When the Indians swapped Manhattan Island for a case of gin or whatever it was, the van Rensselaers had their picture on the labels. And, if the picture then was anything like Jane looks now, that's undoubtedly what cinched the deal.

Anyhow, came the dawn, Rip Van Winkle, the Revolution, Paul Revere. Came Dan'l Boone and covered wagons, Casey Jones and horseless carriages. Came the Depression and the New Deal—and all those things are in Jane's heritage to make what's what instead of Who's Who in Hollywood right now. So listen closely and you shall hear.

Some time after being born and getting her name in all the society papers, Jane was sent each day in the gold-leafed limousine to Miss Chapin's Exclusive School for Young Ladies. Then, when she had learned all that Miss Chapin could teach her, to Barnard College. You have to come into the world with just the proper spoon in your mouth and just the proper fork in your hand; but once you get here Miss Chapin and Barnard show you how to use 'em.

All of which, thought Miss Jane Wyatt even then, was just a lot of soup-and-fish. For blue-blooded Jane craved red meat to chew on.

At the age of nineteen, and without graduating from dear old Barnard, she startled the family by announcing that she intended to *do* something. She startled them still further by saying that the something she intended to do was to go on the stage. That announcement, she recollects, was made when all the Astorbilts and Vanderveres were gathered together for a caviar-bake or a terrapin-bust or whatever it is they wash down with a bucket o' suds in high society. True to their inherent traditions, nobody present choked or even burped. Centuries of culture had disciplined them to face any kind of a crisis calmly—remember Saratoga!—and even Jane's family didn't blow up.

No, the former Miss Euphemia and the present Mr. Billopp were both mighty good sports. They didn't so much as forbid Jane to besmirch the Wyatt name in the theatrical gutter They simply wished her luck.

"So I didn't have to run away from home or anything, you see," smiled Jane. "All I had to do was get myself a part at the depth of the depression when the best plays lasted scarcely a week on Broadway and the biggest stars, as well as everybody else, were out of jobs."

That, Jane thinks now, may have been the catch. Her family didn't believe she could do it.

Anyhow, you now have the spectacle of a young and very charming society girl leaving the old Fifth Avenue mansion at ten each morning to tramp the unsympathetic sidewalks of New York in search of a stage career.

Jane did that for weeks on end, dragging herself back to the bluff brownstone homestead every afternoon just in time for a teaball, then to flounder on to the Buff-Orpingtons for a fifteen-course dinner and a few rounds of skeet. But don't think for a moment that Jane was any the less serious because she was sure of her breakfast in bed every morning instead of having to make toast on an inverted flatiron. Every turndown was just as heartbreaking to her pride as to any chorine's pocketbook.

And, at that, she did make toast on flatirons and indulge in all the usual hall-bedroom tricks when she was with stock companies, afterward. She did it because she wanted to live like the rest of the company—and because, by then, she had to. For the depression caught up with even the Billopp Wyatts, and Jane had to get along on what she earned just as the Smiths and the Joneses.

She loved it. Jane is a very unaffected young lady and she never had been able to see the sense in having the second footman hand her another spoonful of egg.

"It was fun living in those theatrical boarding houses," she recalled, "after being waited upon all my life. Not only was it fun, but it taught me more in a few months than Miss Chapin's and Barnard together had been able to do in years."

But before she went with the stock companies Jane had to find that first job in New York and, eventually, she did. She found it through a unique institution known as Self Agency, which, she says, is exactly what it was. You paid two-bits a week membership fee and they gave you all the latest theatrical rumors. You chased 'em down [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

EVEN BLUE BLOOD COULDN'T STOP Jane Wyatt

Plenty of chin and plenty of charm went into the success story of this offspring of the Four Hundred who chose the hall-bedroom route up

By REGINALD TAVINER

Jane got one of the acting plums of the year being teamed with Ronald Colman in Columbia's "Lost Horizon." Together she and Ronnie give brilliant and sensitive performances and this epic of a lost paradise should make Jane a star of the first magnitude

Jane Withers

Literally romped her way to stardom. Since she first appeared as the "meanie" in "Bright Eyes" as a foil for Shirley Temple, she has become America's favorite problem child. Jane started at the age of five imitating Fifi D'Orsay on the radio. Now, five years later, she retains her gift for mimicry, has 196 dolls, prefers her roller skates, hopes to be another Martha Raye when she grows up

Edward G. Robinson

He speaks eight languages, has a weakness for crap games and golf and a passion for Wagner, looks tough and is in reality extremely domestic, is an inveterate cigar smoker, and has one of the finest collections of modern paintings in America. His screen rôles have generally been exciting variations of cops and robbers, but his next is "Kid Galahad" in which he plays a prize fight manager

Errol Flynn's stalwart six feet two will next enliven Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper" in a swashbuckling rôle, which he does so magnificently. Irish by birth, an adventurer by instinct, an actor by sheer force of personality, Errol is also the author of a recent book. His pet extravagance is food, his favorite color black; he plays a mean game of poker, knows a real pearl when he sees one

Thousands of ladies said "Ah-h-h" while watching this young man perform. In fact it was that potent charm which persuaded Sam Goldwyn to sign him for pictures. He is Francis Xavier Shields, one of the world's top ranking tennis players (formerly a crack insurance salesman too), now beginning a new career as an actor. After a year's apprenticeship, he made his debut in "Come and Get It"

An Ovation of Astaire

The exhilarating screen progress of the dancing meteor who has personality to boot! Top left, "The Dancing Lady" with Joan Crawford, his first film. Remember the Carioca with Dolores del Rio (top) in "Flying Down to Rio" and with Ginger in the same film? "The Gay Divorcee" (below) made everybody Continental conscious

He gave you dreamy waltzes in "Roberta," white tie and tails in "Top Hat" (below), joined the Navy for "Follow the Fleet," was a spatted dandy in "Swing Time" (above) his latest picture, but he's always Astaire, just Astaire, the world's best hoofer. His astounding agility, his rippling rhythm will soon enhance "Stepping Toes"

HER ADOPTED CHILDREN REMADE GRACIE ALLEN'S LIFE

Proving that babies don't have to be one's own for you to love them

By DORA ALBERT

A LIGHT burned dimly in the nursery where a frail little two-months-old baby lay, tossing fitfully about in his crib. He was a blue baby—one of those children who so often come into the world only to leave it a few months later. It looked as if just that might happen to little Ronald Jon. He was gasping for breath.

By his crib sat a man and a woman, their hands tightly clasped. The woman was pretty, in a quaint, childish sort of way. Her gray eyes were filled with a great pity and a great love. Her hair was as dark as the deepest night. The man took his hand from hers and said softly, so that he might not disturb the child, "I'm going to telephone the relief nurse."

The woman could hear his quiet, reassuring voice as he spoke over the telephone. "Ronald is sick again. We'd like to have you here today."

"Do you mean the little one is still alive?" gasped the nurse.

That is how close Ronald Jon, the adopted son of George Burns and Gracie Allen, came to death. Only mother love — the great mother love which Gracie Allen bore for him—pulled him through.

When I say that, I mean it with all my heart. Those are not just pretty words. It has been proven again and again, by actual scientific experiment, that babies need mother love in order to thrive. A group of babies can be put into an institution and given the finest supervision, food and medical care, yet few of them will live. The very same babies, if put into the home of a woman who loves them, will survive.

No wonder then that the adoption idea is growing and spreading like measles in a country school. The demand for babies—particularly blonde, blue-eyed girls—is often greater than the baby agencies can fill. You've got to step fast and move lively if you want a ready-made baby this year. Time was when society wouldn't think of adopting babies. Today the bluest of the blue bloods, the wealthiest captains of industry have adopted youngsters. In Hollywood alone, there are adopted youngsters in the homes of all of a dozen stars, among them Miriam Hopkins, Joe E. Brown, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Jack Benny and Irene Dunne.

Today thousands of women are asking, "What is it really like to adopt a baby?"

I know of no one better fitted to answer that question than Gracie Allen, for she is one of the finest, most honest and candid people in Hollywood. She has adopted not one infant but two—first Sandra, who is now two and a half years old, then Ronald Jon, who is now one and a half.

When the Burns took Sandra (left), Gracie said she would never adopt another child. But they went back for Ronald for the best reason in the world

GEORGE BURNS was still sleeping when I poked my head into the Burns-Allen apartment. Gracie, looking very small, sweet and feminine in a simple blue blouse and blue skirt, met me first and waved me into a chair "What do you want for breakfast?" she asked. "Grapefruit or melon? And will you have some coffee and coffee cake?

"You know," she confessed, "George and I were out late last night. It's the first time we've been out late since we adopted the children."

Just then George came in, wearing a blue dressing gown and with it a funny blue skull cap. We all sat down to breakfast together.

But when I told Gracie I wanted to talk about her adopted children, she blandly ignored her orange juice and coffee to drag out a large photo album. We all went into rhapsodies over those pictures.

"Tell me, Gracie," I asked, "what made you adopt a second child after adopting Sandra?"

Gracie chuckled. "When I first adopted Sandra," she said, "I could have sworn that I'd never adopt another baby. In fact, a funny thing happened. As I left the Cradle—the agency in Chicago where I got Sandra— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

ON THE HOLLY

By MURIEL BABCOCK

Being interviewed by an editor three thousand miles away was a big thrill for Deanna Durbin

HOLLYWOOD'S super colossal-colossal broadcast of the month celebrated Adolph Zukor's Silver Jubilee at Paramount and was given right on that lot with a huge warehouse transformed into a spectacularly modernistic theater. Practically all the glamour girls and boys on the pay roll reported for action, including friendly stars from other studios. such as Jack Oakie and Charlie Butterworth.

Never have we heard more real talent on a major broadcast. There were names, names and still more names with Jack Benny doing a marvelous job as master of ceremonies.

Paramount made a party out of the broadcast—and it was a handsome affair. There was a swank dinner for the bigwig executives and stars before the actual air ceremonies, with a host of others dropping in later.

One of the high lights of the program was the comedy sketch by Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. He was a henpecked husband trying to make a speech with Mary interrupting and telling him what to say. It was awfully funny. You didn't hear it, you say? It didn't go on, due to a little thing called timing.

In a motion picture set, you can take and retake until things are right but radio programs are geared to the second. This one wasn't. Originally Paramount asked NBC for an hour's time. Later, rehearsal proved that the Jubilee program would run an hour and fifteen minutes. NBC gladly arranged for the extra quarter hour, but the night of the show things became unexplainably slowed up and the program really ran almost a full hour and a half—and that was why the Boland-Ruggles skit didn't come off and also why the announcer cut the program right in the middle of Buddy Rogers' speech.

One Paramount star who was missing from the glittering array was Mae West. However, her boy friend, Jim Timony was on deck in formal regalia—wearing his overcoat; likewise, Jack Oakie. No sable wrap covered the tricky gold evening gown of the Lombard gal, however. Poor Carole suffered right through the chilling drafts without a murmur.

OUR new radio hot shot of the month is Fred MacMurray, now master of ceremonies of the Hollywood Hotel hour. He is tops with the whole crew because of his simple, unaffected manner.

By the way, did you hear the giggles on the stage and hear those sudden and uncalled for bursts of laughter when Fred MacMurray and Louella Parsons were talking about Carole Lombard at the preview of "Swing High, Swing Low"? It was all Carole's fault. Embarrassed at the compliments tossed her way, she started making faces—horrible, leering faces, enough to frighten your great-grandmother out of her grave. She broke up Louella, and she almost broke up Fred MacMurray, and she got the audience into hysterics.

Speaking further of Hollywood Hotel, one of our nicest moments last month was meeting Deanna Durbin, fourteen-year-old child operatic star. She appeared for Louella in a preview of "Three Smart Girls." Orchids to the youngster for her lack of precociousness!

She was wearing a burgundy wool dress, little burgundy hat, bobby socks of the same color, and a wine colored bow on her hair, when we met her and she made an effective picture in contrasts standing next to Binnie Barnes who was dressed in a jet black beaded dress, with transparent black hat through which you could see her yellow hair. It seemed Binnie and her beau, John King, were stepping out to a party after the broadcast, which accounted for her scrumptuous apparel.

Mrs. Durbin, when we encountered her, was musing on the change of fortunes in the Durbin household during the past year.

"Just think," she said, "a year ago we had no idea of ever getting inside a studio, and here we are an actual part of it all."

What is even more amazing to us is the story brought us by one of our alert-eared scouts that Deanna who a year ago was just a kid in school will probably, next August, sing before the King and Queen of England in a command performance.

IT is interesting to see how Mary Pickford has moved right in and taken command of Mr. Charles (Buddy) Rogers' career. Mary's awfully smart about careers and we wouldn't be surprised if Buddy, who has done right well for himself in a quiet way, made really sensational strides with Mary at the helm.

First indication along radio front that Mary's shrewd brain was behind Buddy's work came with the re-alignment at the eleventh hour of his radio program for National Biscuit Company.

Buddy went home one night with a transcription of the rehearsal of the show as finally okehed for broadcasting tucked under his arm, came back next morning with plenty of new ideas. Said Buddy, "I want to make some changes. Mary says—I mean I think it would be better if there were a little love story running through the series. It might be a good idea to engage a girl to play opposite me, build up a little radio romance."

To NBC it seemed a swell idea—no matter where it came from—so Mary Martin, whom you now hear over the air with Buddy, was engaged. The show went on and apparently is most successful with its little romantic twist

AIR IN WOOD

BING CROSBY is still top matinée idol along the radio front. For a time it looked as if Nelson Eddy might edge him out but the ushers at NBC tell us, off the record, that nobody can beat Bing when it comes to having girls flock around him. Some regulars show up for every broadcast, and what a fuss they make if they can't get in the studio! Recently two girls, barred from Kraft Music Hall show because of no ducats, stopped Bing when he drove up and were so impassioned in their pleas for tickets that finally (unable to get them any) Bing tucked them into the back seat of his waiting car and had the chauffeur turn on the radio for them.

Poor Fred Astaire still suffers trying to escape fans. He's now adopted what some publicity writers call a "disguise," but what we think is just an old worn-out suit that has seen better days, and which he wears with a brown number that is really pretty slouchy. He tops this off with dark glasses, runs out of his station wagon—where he hides in the rear—and bounces in the front door of the NBC building as if he were a demon reporter (the kind you read about in fiction but never see) racing to an assignment. Nobody recognizes him as he pushes his way through the waiting crowds, and I guess that is what he wants. We inquired why he did not use the back door, but it seems that is kept locked from the inside.

Our gold-plated tin cup for this month for the most frightened Hollywood star at a broadcast goes to the hardy, adventurous soldier of fortune, George Brent. Mr. Brent who has been through a revolution in Ireland, and pilots his own plane blithely over treacherous Saugus mountains, had shaking knees when he appeared in "God's Country and the Woman" on Hollywood Hotel. He considered, he confided to us, asking for a chair, but he thought better of it He decided that if others could take it, he could too. Just the same, his knees quivered much in the same fashion as the nursery rhyme describing old Santa's belly shaking like a bowl full of jelly.

Ha! Censorship raised its bossy head along the radio front this month and for what we consider a very silly reason. George Burns and Gracie Allen received a letter from the Mexican Embassy in Washington protesting their humorous skit, "The Private Life of Mrs. Pancho Villa," on the grounds that it was disrespectful. George and Gracie were awfully [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Fred MacMurray, Carole Lombard, Louella Parsons, Cecile Cunningham and Mitchell Leisen on the Hollywood Hotel broadcast of "Swing High, Swing Low." Fred is our radio hot shot of the month for a very good reason, and Carole's conduct had hilarious results on audience and players

HE'S the loneliest man in Hollywood.

With a pain in his heart equal in its intensity to the pain that continually racks his body, Lionel Barrymore walks his way alone these days.

The one bright shining light of his life has gone out, leaving him quite alone with his almost unendurable agony of body.

The woman he loved, so tenderly, so touchingly, is dead—his wife, Irene Fenwick.

The love story, and it was indeed a love story, of Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick is one of the rarest and most beautiful in all Hollywood. The few who came in even distant contact with it felt the depth and caught the beauty of something spiritually rare for a town called Hollywood. He loved her, this Lionel Barrymore, so much. He gave to her so much. And it was really all he asked—just to give to "Renee" comfort, love, kindness. Just to be permitted to give was all the return Lionel Barrymore ever wanted.

She had been so ill. Almost from the very year of their marriage in 1923 when Lionel looked into the gray blue of Irene Fenwick's eyes and knew he loved this woman.

Married to Doris Rankin, his struggles to become an actor had been long, bitter, and fraught with months, years even, of despair and defeat. Sister Ethel and brother John, with his dashing profile, had caught on from the start. But somehow there seemed no place in the scheme of things for Lionel. Bit parts, small parts and no parts at all had been his lot.

And then suddenly he became established. Better rôles in better plays came his way, and happiness loomed ahead for Lionel Barrymore.

And then a cruel blow fell. His two baby boys, his and Doris', were suddenly sickened and died.

Grief, too horrible to express, drove him away. "Never," he told white-faced Ethel and John, subdued for once at the tragic mask of Lionel's face, "shall I act again. I—" He hesitated, groped around bewilderingly, "I can't even think any more. My mind is blank. My memory is gone. Lines, words, scenes would be only blurred interludes. It's over—the stage and all it meant to me."

With his wife, he set out for Paris to become a painter. They lived in the most frugal manner for two years, while Lionel gradually lost, in the work he undertook, some of the heartache and grief he felt. It was Ethel who finally persuaded them to return home. Doris Rankin, herself, was an established actress, and so the two once again took up the stage.

Then came his stage play, "The Claw." Irene Fenwick joined the cast and like a bolt from the very heavens above, love, uncontrollable, uninvited, unexpected, struck the heart of Lionel. He was humble, meek, helpless before it.

Doris Rankin understood. And so, after their divorce, he took the lovely blonde Irene for his wife.

The love they had for each other grew and expanded as the years passed by. Lionel came to Hollywood, and it handed him a fool's cap and a jester's stick and said, "Be funny."

He clowned. If it crushed his pride, he said nothing. He was a funny man among funnier men who never appeared on the screen.

But it was while he was making a picture near Ithaca, New York, two things of far reaching importance happened to him

Lionel met, and loved as a brother, Louis Wolheim, a professor at Cornell. Secondly, he sustained a broken knee cap that led to the excruciating agony he suffers today. He kept on with the picture despite it.

It was too late when the doctors finally were called in to examine the injury. The damage had been done. But Lionel considered the time well spent because during the hours he was laid up he had persuaded Wolheim to seek an actor's career.

When "Wolly," a screen idol in Hollywood, passed away and out of his life, Lionel lost his best friend. You see how unhappiness has always dogged him and why "Renee" became even more precious to him

FINALLY Hollywood, emerging from swaddling clothes to pinafores, gradually grew up to Lionel Barrymore.

He became a vital, fixed part of the business of making motion pictures in Hollywood. He bought a home [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Lionel and Renee as they looked when they wed, and on the opposite page, as they looked recently when illness was laying its heavy hand on both of them

Lionel Barrymore's love for his wife was his whole life. Their marriage was one of the most devoted in Hollywood

By SARA HAMILTON

Among the million dollar students when those script cramming blues hit the stars are (top to bottom, left to right) Mitch Leisen, Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray forming a triple alliance on a radio script; and here's a very different Astaire from the one you'll see on Page 42. Behind the mug (sorry) is Spencer Tracy, and look at Bill Powell, Joan and Bob Montgomery at M-G-M's commissary breaking that old rule that actors must not chew their lines. Paul Muni (The Thinker) talks things over with writer Ethel Borden on the set

Living

Here is "Parnell" Gable brushing up on his Gaelic and George Raft learning how to be tough, but Ginger must be fooling—she doesn't need any new lines. When Louis Hayward and Miriam Hopkins rehearsed in a radio theater with Anatole Litvak, we fear Miriam's mind wandered. On the lot, Alan Marshall, John Stahl and Gable do some kibitzing on Myrna's script, but Deanna Durbin knows it takes practice to be a "smart girl"

up Their Lines

THE SCREEN

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ SWING HIGH, SWING LOW—Paramount

THAT vivid climb toward stardom started by Carole Lombard in "Twentieth Century" three years ago here reaches glory, for, while this photoplay is the smoothest possible blend of laughter and tears, of torch numbers, fine production, direction and camera work, it is Lombard's art that makes this a great emotional experience.

Carole, by turns beautiful, comic, drab, heart-stirring, dominates every scene of the story of a girl who marries a lazy charming boy, gives him ambition, makes a star of him and gets her heart broken for it. Fred MacMurray who did such a beautiful job teamed with her in "Hands Across the Table" again troupes masterfully. Arthur Hornblow has given it superlative production; Mitchell Leisen's direction is positively poetic; the song hits will haunt your memory. It's all perfect, and it's all Carole's.

☆ ON THE AVENUE—20th Century-Fox

DARRYL ZANUCK'S new musical is a fitting addition to his previous big successes. It has everything that goes to make up swell entertainment; Irving Berlin's delicious new songs, Alice Faye's torching, Dick Powell singing love lilts, and Madeleine Carroll's amazing pulchritude, plus the nutsy nonsense of the Ritz Brothers, mad moments with Cora Witherspoon and a nifty group of dazzle girlies with plenty of leg action.

The slim story is about the richest most blue-blooded girl in the world who burns up when a skit satirizing her family's peccadillos is written into a revue by Dick Powell. Madeleine sets out for revenge, but falls in love all the harder for all that. Alice feels pretty dismal when she finds Dick returns Madeleine's love and manages to think up a sweet piece of revenge. The production is satisfactorily gorgeous without being incredible. It's a swell dish.

☆ YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE—Walter Wanger-United Artists

SUPERBLY produced, magnificently acted, here in all its compelling realism is the very warp of high drama in the present day. A searing crime story, a tender and beautiful love idyll, it is also a powerful, if subtle, indictment of what environment, economic pressure, and justice, too often literally blind, can do to two people caught inexorably in the toils of a brutal, grinding life cycle.

Austrian Fritz Lang has done an even finer directorial job here than in the much vaunted "Fury."

Eddie was a third offender. *Joan*, loving him, believing in his ultimate reform, persuades the public defender (who loves her) to have *Eddie* paroled from prison. They start life anew, married, supremely happy. On their wedding night, *Eddie's* past catches up with him, and after some of the most dramatic scenes ever filmed, he is back in the Death House—found guilty of murder. What happens then is amazing, and terrifying in its implications.

Not since "Street Scene" have you seen a Sylvia Sidney like this—compassionate, sympathetic, utterly natural, she is perfect. William Gargan cannot be overpraised for his gentle, understanding Irish *Father Dolan*. But it's necessarily Henry Fonda's play. As the cynical, desperate, bewildered *Eddie*, his acting is inspired.

The photography is sublime. See this by all means.

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE — TOP OF THE TOWN

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW — ON THE AVENUE

WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE — HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once"

Sylvia Sidney in "You Only Live Once"

Doris Nolan in "Top of the Town"

Ella Logan in "Top of the Town"

Carole Lombard in "Swing High, Swing Low"

Fred MacMurray in "Swing High, Swing Low"

Grace Moore in "When You're in Love"

Cary Grant in "When You're in Love"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 116)

☆ TOP OF THE TOWN—Universal

BOASTING an all star cast of singers, dancers and funsters, this madly paced collection of nonsense boils itself into a lively dish of entertainment.

There is a plot, but it really doesn't matter. You'll come away baffled by the number of excellent specialty numbers squeezed into a single picture; you'll meet Doris Nolan, comely new comedienne, Gertrude Niesen, who sets a new high for low-down blue singing, Ella Logan, a comic singing rave, and a youthful dancing sensation, Peggy Ryan. You'll discover the pleasing talents of George Murphy, and welcome the hilarious comedy commotion infused by Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Henry Armetta, Mischa Auer, Jack Smart and the Three Sailors.

The story gets under way when Doris Nolan has the idea of putting culture into Manhattan night club entertainment. In the basement cabaret of Doris' skyscraper, George Murphy leads his orchestra and longs to open the swank moonbeam room atop the building. He leaps at the chance to hire Doris, only to have her four guardian uncles warn him that it will cost him the contract to the pent house job.

You can guess the climax, but you won't be prepared for the madhouse activities which blast the picture to a close.

The sets are screwy, colossal and ultra modern. Don't miss this film Chautauqua of music and fun.

☆ WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE—Columbia

IN a month crowded with excellent musicals, ace director Robert Riskin adds this sparkling enjoyable Grace Moore picture.

Packed with bubbling comedy you will find this the liveliest best plotted and most tuneful Moore picture to date. The operatic numbers from Schubert and Puccini while excellent are held to a minimum in favor of modern melodies.

The gay story concerns a vain Australian opera star visiting America to perform in a musical festival honoring *Walter Mitchell* (Henry Stevenson) her old teacher. When she overstays her visiting permit, she dashes to Mexico to get it renewed, meets adventuring Cary Grant and is forced into an ironic wedding arrangement with him in order to re-enter the States. Miss Moore steals the show, but you'll like Cary Grant's sterling performance.

☆ HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE—GB

BRITISH Jessie Mathews' new musical is crammed with delightful songs. Our own countrymen, Gordon and Revel, have outdone themselves on hits. "Lookin' Around Corners For You," "There's That Look in Your Eyes Again," "May I Have the Next Romance With You"—you'll be humming them for days.

Jessie in the rôle of a poor cabaret singer does more acting and less dancing than usual, but is disarmingly fresh and sweet about it all. She falls in love with a ne'er-do-well actor, played very convincingly by Louis Borell. When he leaves her for Hollywood, she goes berserk, busts up the show, and finds herself ruined professionally.

Her devoted swain, Robert Flemyng, a young radio inventor, wangles her into a clever radio set up, persuades her that it is he she really loves. You'll like it.

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

READY, WILLING AND ABLE— Warners

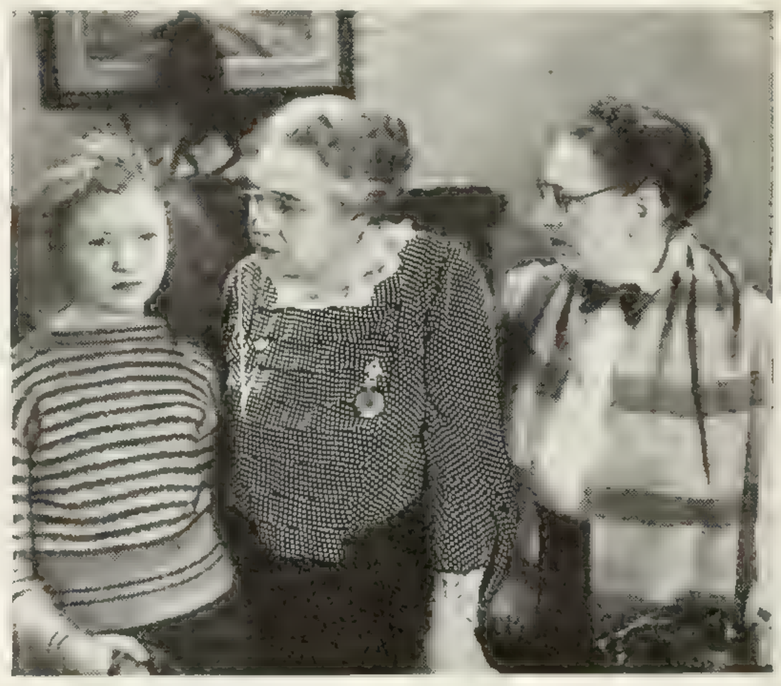
RUBY KEELER masquerades as a famous English musical comedy star and all but ruins Ross Alexander's new Broadway show. That's the overworked plot of this faintly amusing song and dance film. The late Alexander walked off with acting honors. Ruby is pretty, but gives an uninspired performance. Barnett Parker, Jane Wyman and May Boley support.

MAMA STEPS OUT— M-G-M

A BLATANT and obvious picture that doesn't quite jell despite Alice Brady's cutest tantrums. Again we have that American family abroad in search of finer things. What they find are Ivan Lebedeff, Gregory Gaye and Heather Thatcher, noisy would-be artists. Betty Furness and Stanley Morner, an outstanding newcomer, furnish romance.

BREEZING HOME— Universal

STOCK horse-racing story with a few new twists provided by William Gargan as the honest trainer who suspects Wendy Barrie, owner of the horse, and Alan Baxter, crooked bookie, of double dealing to prevent the horse from winning. Binnie Barnes is Wendy's rival. There's good comedy, sufficient complications, and the racing scenes are exciting.



TWO WISE MAIDS— Republic

DEDICATED to those loyal, understanding friends of youth, the grade school teachers, this enjoyable movie brings good comedy, splendid acting and emotional melodrama of a high order. Alison Skipworth and Polly Moran are the teachers, Marcia Mae Jones and Jackie Searl problem pupils, with Luis Alberni furnishing the comedy.

NOBODY'S BABY— Hal Roach— M-G-M

A NEAT little set-up built solely as a framework for the antics of Patsy Kelly and Lyda Roberti. The girls, as student nurses, unravel a mystery, reunite a dancing couple and find themselves in a romance with Robert Armstrong and Lynne Overman. Jimmy Grier and his music pep the slow spots. The girls are a panic.

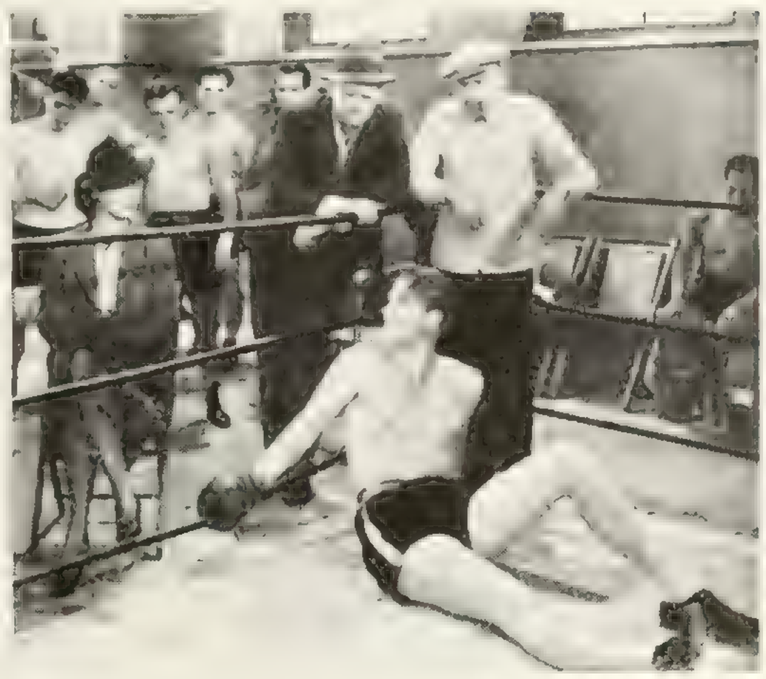
OUTCAST— Paramount

THIS story of a doctor's efforts to re-establish himself in a small town after his career has been ruined by the death of a patient is somber and slow-moving. Karen Morley follows the doctor (Warren William) to expose him, but falls in love with him instead. Lewis Stone is the retired lawyer who saves the pair from the town's fury in the big climax.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

DON'T TELL THE WIFE— RKO-Radio

A BOONDOGGLE plot with scraps and snatches lifted from the old familiar story of a fake gold mine that miraculously proves a bonanza. Lynne Overman, the promoter and Una Merkel, his wife, turn in simply grand performances while Guy Kibbee, as the innocent buffer, is human and believable. Thurston Hall and Guinn Williams complete the cast



DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES— Warners

WAYNE MORRIS, a competent, handsome newcomer, wanted love more than he did the heavyweight championship. His benefactor, pug Barton MacLane, gets the fight crown; Morris gets the pug's pretty sister, June Travis, and everybody's happy. Dickie Jones makes an appealing waif. Plenty of action.

PARK AVENUE LOGGER— RKO-Radio

THIS entertaining action-packed comedy presents George O'Brien in a light, gay rôle as the careless son of a wealthy lumber magnate who is sent to his father's lumber camp. There O'Brien cleans up a plot against his father, engages in several fights and wins charming Beatrice Roberts. O'Brien's characterization is swell, and Bert Hanlon is very funny.

MAN OF THE PEOPLE— M-G-M

THE subdued and forceful performance of Joseph Calleia, as a poor but honest lawyer, lifts this trite story into the realm of impressive entertainment. Calleia, doublecrossed by local politicians, becomes special investigator for the governor. His investigations lose him his sweetheart, Florence Rice, but honesty finally triumphs.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES— Paramount

LIGHT and entertaining melodrama with Ray Milland moving blithely against a background of deep fog, murders, kidnaping and plotting to the rescue of Heather Angel, held captive by counterfeiters. Plenty of comedy is provided by Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive. You'll like Milland as the debonair *Drummond*.

DANGEROUS NUMBER— M-G-M

TRYING desperately hard to be funny, this dull little counterfeit of boy meets girl proves a washout. Robert Young, a wealthy young man marries Ann Sothern, a brainstorm actress, and finds himself surrounded by second-rate actors and Reginald Owen in a beard. Cora Witherspoon is the mama with the hoochy past.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE

By HOWARD SHARPE

Concluding the biography of the turbulent Irishman. His escapades led him through misery and heartbreak, but he emerged victorious and faces the future unafraid

SPENCER TRACY (thirtyish, a husband, a father, once of the stage but so lately of the cinema) awoke to the rhythmic beat of train wheels clattering over ties. In the close heat of the stateroom—it was before air conditioning—he sat up, raised the blind, and looked out over the bleak wastes of the Mojave.

This afternoon, unless there were an accident or something, the Tracy family would be in Hollywood; and Peck's Bad Boy of Milwaukee and environs, who so shortly before had sat at lessons and muttered against the discipline of schooling, would be a full-fledged movie star, with all the attendant publicity and adulation.

Lying on his elbow, Spencer reviewed his circumstances. "If I get a cold in the head, it'll be news and people in Kalamazoo and Idaho will say, 'Spencer Tracy's sick,' " he thought. "When I walk down the street, people will turn and stare." The idea, so monstrous and so impossible, pleased him inordinately. For a long time he lay and watched himself walking through lanes of staring people.

He remembered, for no reason, the day he had first run away from home and had spent the afternoon playing with a saloon keeper's sons in the alley behind the saloon. There was an inexplicable relation between that adventure and this, the same unreality.

Amazingly ingenuous, he was. The several years of touring, of narrow dressing rooms and hasty make-up and Broadway audiences, had made little impression on the simple Irish personality of Mr. Tracy. They say that you can't invade the decadent clearing house of the show world without inhaling its sophisticated breath, without assuming its special worldliness. How can a single spirit, despite its personal strength, escape the insidious influence of a world pitifully cynical, completely synthetic, within its small confines?

But Spencer had, incongruously. Living, to him, was still a matter of existence in the sun, shelter before the rain, food to eat, a wife, children, the straightforward happiness engendered only within a straightforward mind.

He had his wife, his children, his living. Laughter still poured from him with spontaneous ease. And this new adventure—this invasion of the magic land called Hollywood—was an exciting thing.

Whistling slightly off-key, he disentangled himself from his berth and started the search for his shaving implements.

HIS contract was with the old Fox company, and you must not confuse that organization (of heated memory) with the new Twentieth Century-Fox machine which is a superb collection of genius, managed with precision. On the earlier lot contract players led a nervous life, fraught with options unrenewed.

There were innumerable one-shots. People came from other studios, or were "discovered" with much fanfare, and then, after a brief meteoric period of fame, disappeared once more into the limbo of cinema's forgotten. There were a few, however, who survived: Will Rogers was one.

His new and good friend Spencer Tracy, was another

I suppose if Spencer had been starred to such an extent that the public had become over-aware of him, oblivion would have been his after the first two or three pictures. But working doggedly, he managed to fill his secondary rôles with such assured ability—and with such seeming lack of self-importance—that the powers-who-were found opening after opening for him. He played in an imposing collection of productions without ever achieving the star billing which, in his own mind, he had awarded himself that day on the train.

He made "Quick Millions," "Goldie," "Six Cylinder Love," "She Wanted a Millionaire," "Disorderly Conduct," "Young America," "Society Girl," and "The Painted Woman." He made "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "Me And My Gal," "Sky Devils," "Face in the Sky," and "The Power and the Glory," which is still his favorite. He made "Shanghai Madness," 'Looking for Trouble," and "Marie Galante." There were others, but lists are boresome.

In the meantime the business of creating for his family the sort of home and background he had always dreamed about went on apace. Pursuing his penchant for quiet, unpretentious comfort, he bought a beautiful house which rambled in picturesque disregard of convention over several acres in a sunlit valley.

There he planted fruit trees and built pens for chickens; he bought dogs for little John and for Louise (who came to them soon after their arrival in Hollywood) to play with, and several horses for his own amusement. Mrs. Tracy, Spencer's mother, lonely without her husband and bored at last with Milwaukee, packed her trunks and came to California to live with her son. Spencer's brother, Carroll, came too and assumed his position in the ménage as business manager and adviser.

The old friendship with Pat O'Brien, himself in Hollywood now as a Warners' star, was resumed. Specialists came to the house and examined Johnny, and said that his deafness need not interfere with his progress as a normal, happy youngster.

Life settled again into routine, more opulent now and less hurried, less nervous. Spencer worked hard, unsatisfied with his progress but soothed by the steadily increasing salary checks. He played polo on Sundays, gave an occasional quiet dinner party, and read a lot.

The months passed, unchanging, peaceful . . .

And then Spencer Tracy—he of the steadfast Celtic attitude, he of the common viewpoint—went stark, raving crazy.

I confess the difficulty of recounting the year that followed in his life with any sort of clarity or understanding. When you have heard the story from his own lips then the task of setting it down in prosaic type on prosaic paper seems an uncongenial one.

Facing each other from opposite chairs in a little studio office, we thrashed the thing out between us during two hours, while the afternoon light faded and dusk seeped in. When he had finished his story finally, I could say nothing for a moment or two. Conflicting emotions, of admiration and pity and sheer amazement, held my tongue silent

I don't think Tracy has ever re-lived that period in words so genuine, so unashamed, so heartbreaking to another listener. And I know he won't again, because it's a part of the past

# of Spencer Tracy

which he has ruthlessly discarded from his conscious memory.

But you see on the day we talked Spencer was celebrating a kind of personal triumph.

It was exactly a year, that afternoon, since he had tasted so much as a drop of liquor . . . and I came away with his permission to write this part of his life so long as I deleted a name or two.

THERE'S no accounting for the accident to brain and personal chemistry that occurs sometimes to a man. Spencer, having filled his lifetime with physical adventures but with only one of the heart, found himself suddenly lost in a new, inexplicable sensation.

He was in love, or thought he was, with one of the most beautiful actresses in Hollywood.

He didn't know what to do about it, at first. Naturally the emotion was one to be fought, he told himself; he must be nuts to look at another woman when he still had Louise and the kids. The deep, intimate affection—the genuine love—he had always felt for his wife was still there, of course.

But this new thing was on a different plane, synthesized from a portion of his psychology that he had never known existed. Probably the reason was that it was forbidden, and therefore incredibly glamorous.

Nothing would have happened, though; the whole thing would have been a secret impulse in his own mind, soon forgotten, if he hadn't discovered that the beautiful, young actress was in love with him, too.

"And that cinched it," Spencer told me. "The idea that such a gorgeous person—so sophisticated, so capable of having any man in the world she wanted—should prefer *me*. It was just too much."

So he left the lazy valley ranch, with its quiet home aura and its scratching chickens and its trees, and stepped directly into a kind of existence which always before had been entirely foreign to his clean-cut, unassuming nature. He went Hollywood—and berserk.

He [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

BY JAMES REID

Miriam Hopkins with Director Litvak and Louis Hayward in the Ferris wheel that caused her such terror. Middle, Ann Sothern and Don Ameche have lots of fun in "Fifty Roads to Town" but Gable has to watch his step (note the white line) with Myrna Loy on the "Parnell" set, M-G-M

WITH flu germs to the right of us, flu germs to the left of us but our duty before us, we have covered the studios.

Pardon us while we take another pill and ease the mustard plaster a bit more to the left.

The doctor tells us that we have the choicest collection of bacteria that he has seen in Hollywood all winter. *He's* telling *us!* As if we didn't know that it isn't everybody who could manage to be around Robert Taylor and Olivia de Havilland and Clark Gable and Errol Flynn and Ida Lupino and—name your favorite star—just when they were beginning to run temperatures

Never have we seen such a month! Never has Hollywood seen such a month!

If you remember, the original movie settlers trekked westward so that they could work the year around in warm sunshine. And the bright blue California sky has been wearing a Stepin Fetchit complexion, because of a smudge pall from the orange groves. The weather has been as frosty as the outside of a mint julep. The flu epidemic has been just an appropriate topper.

But why brood about dark days and stuffy heads? The world is crying for romance and adventure and entertainment. (That's always a consolation.) The show must go on. The show does go on. Colorful, exciting, amusing, infinite in its variety. Like its players.

At RKO-Radio, there is one show that is going on, and on, and on, and there is nothing that the studio can do about it. The Front Office can't hurry up the director, if he doesn't want to be hurried, because the director owns the screen rights to the story. And he refuses to be hurried. He insists on taking a scene twenty-four times, if he doesn't like the first twenty-three "takes." (Executives are swooning in droves.)

The name of the picture is "The Woman I Love." The name of the director is Anatole Litvak. The names of the stars are Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins. There is a romantic interest between Mr. Litvak and Miss Hopkins. She interested him in Hollywood, and he interested her in a rôle in his first Hollywood picture.

Are you surprised to find Paul Muni in a picture entitled "The Woman I Love"? So, undoubtedly, is Mr. Muni. When he started in it, the title was "Escadrille." A single word, easy to say, easy to remember, not to be confused with the title of any other picture, and endowed with a certain amount of foreign appeal. But no come-on, apparently.

Muni, true to Muni form, is unlike anything he has been before. He wears a short, bristly beard and the uniform of a pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille, the French aviation unit in the World War. He is a friendless, bitterly sensitive man who

has a reputation for daring and—for not bringing his observer-companions back alive.

Miriam Hopkins is not like any previous Hopkins. She is not a seductive cynic, consciously attractive to weaklings. She demonstrates that a woman in love can't be cynical, and that she may be a weakling, herself.

In the picture, the two co-stars never face each other until the story is two-thirds told. Most of Hopkins' scenes are with Louis Hayward; most of Muni's scenes are with Hayward. That makes Mr. Hayward someone to become curious about. He has the biggest rôle in the picture.

He isn't the Hayward who recently married Margaret Sullavan; he's the Hayward devoted to Ida Lupino. He's tall, dark, English-looking, without an English accent. He was born in South Africa, educated in France, and at eighteen put himself on the stage by buying a half-interest in a small stock company. Among other things, he played *Armand* in "Camille" —and "reeked." By the time he went broke, he had a great deal of bad acting out of his system.

He was too young to play heroes in anyone else's stock company, so he did what he should have done in the first place—he acted his age. He became a juvenile. London's favorite juvenile. On Broadway, he was co-starred with the Lunts. Then Hollywood discovered him. He made a picture called "The Flame Within," and stole it, playing a young neurotic.

That meant a contract. It also meant that Hollywood stamped him as "a young neurotic type." After a while, he *really* worked up complexes. He wanted to play something else, anything else. He never got the chance—until Universal to keep him busy, let him play a light-hearted part in an unimportant picture, titled "The Luckiest Girl in Town."

Litvak, who had never seen him in anything else, happened to see him in that. And seeing him, Litvak said, "That boy could do drama." Now, because a Hungarian director rediscovered a Hollywood discovery, Louis Hayward has one of the big rôles of the year.

The story of "The Woman I Love" opens in Paris, in 1915, with the first meeting between Hopkins and Hayward, a young French officer to whom she is unwillingly attracted. He falls madly in love with her; she tries not to fall in love with him—and discovers that she has failed as he leaves for the Front. There, as a member of the Escadrille, he becomes Muni's flying partner, learns to worship Muni. Then, on a brief furlough in Paris, he makes the agonizing discovery that the woman he loves is Muni's wife . . .

The scene we see is the one in which the lovers celebrate Muni's return from the Front.

We watch them from behind a tree on Stage 6. The tree is part of a small grove. In the grove is a carnival in action. And the carnival is genuine, even if the trees aren't. There are two Ferris wheels, a merry-go-round, a whirligig, a miniature roller-coaster (labeled "Voyage aux Enfers"), side shows, shooting galleries, games of chance cheap portrait galleries. And all in working order, to the delight of a milling mob of extras dressed as soldiers, nurses or civilians of 1915.

Hayward is wearing an olive-drab uniform, which he tells us is not a movie boner. All French soldiers did not wear blue. Hopkins is very much 1915 (but still attractive!) in a black-and-white checked dress, which goes all the way down to the Beaverboard that is masquerading as the ground in this scene To the dress is fastened a clip-watch—a gift from Litvak. And on her natural-blonde head sits a stiff sailor-straw, low-crowned, which she insists she is going to wear this summer of 1937. It will be right in style.

They go from concession to concession, gay, excited, frantically forgetting war, deliriously happy to be together, even on a Ferris wheel.

Miriam, approaching the Ferris wheel scene, eyes the apparatus with vague distrust. It looks too realistic; it looks as if it *might* be a 1915 model Ferris wheel. And its topmost arc is forty dizzying feet off the studio floor.

But no sacrifice is too great for art. Hayward helps her into one of the basket-seats, which tilts backward crazily as she sits down. And does it again, when he climbs in beside her. She feigns terror, and grips the guard rail for dear life, as the wheel starts, swinging them backward and upward. She gets a laugh from the crowd. (The "take" isn't being made yet. This is a trial trip.)

Just as their basket reaches the top, the wheel stops. The operator, who has been marooning people up there all day as a gag, shouts up, "A cable's broken." Miriam stays amused the first five minutes, enjoying the bird's-eye view of the carnival, but when the operator still insists that a cable is broken—well, this is carrying a joke too far! She appeals to Litvak. He backs up the operator. Fifteen minutes later, Miriam still is forty feet up in the air—and beginning to wonder if the cable *is* broken. It is. And two hours and forty-five minutes pass before it is repaired. Two years and forty-five days to Miriam!

SIMPLY by passing through a sound stage door, we step from a wartime carnival into a modernistic suite of rooms in a swank New York hotel. The camera and lights are set up in the drawing room of the suite. Beside the camera sits Director Mark Sandrich. In front of the camera are Ginger Rogers and Eric Blore. They are making a scene for "Stepping Toes."

Fred Astaire is nowhere in sight. He is supposed to be beyond yonder closed door, in the adjoining suite. That's what Blore is there to talk about, Blore being the hotel manager.

It seems that Ginger is a musical comedy star, and Fred is a ballet dancer named Petroff (real name, Peters). They are in love, although Ginger doesn't know it. A series of circumstances and Fred's publicity manager (Edward Everett Horton) conspire to insinuate that they are secretly married. Blore unlocks the door between the rooms. Then it appears they *aren't* married. Blore changes the lock. Finally, in intense distress, he asks her (in this

Christy Cabanne directs Preston Foster, Margaret Irving and Edith Craig in a gaudy scene from "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" over at RKO-Radio

scene) if she is Mrs. Petroff or—Miss Keene.

Why, says Ginger, she is Mrs. Petroff.

(She and Fred have married secretly just this afternoon, so that they can become divorced very publicly.)

Blore is suffused with pleasure. A great worry visibly leaves him. He says, glowingly, "Ah, tonight I can rest with an easy conscience."

Ginger nods understandingly. "So can I," she says, as mild as milk.

She asks Sandrich if that is the way to read the line. He nods, smilingly. The more unintentional it sounds, the more amusing a double meaning can be.

Blore gives her the key to the new lock, leaves. Ginger considers a moment, then tiptoes to the door, unlocks it. Sandrich, in rehearsal, tells her that the action will end there. Ginger suggests a bit of backward tiptoeing, ending at a chair, while she watches the door expectantly. Sandrich likes the added feminine touch to the scene.

It isn't easy to forget Ginger. But we try to forget; we try. We walk to the opposite end of the lot. We pull open a swinging door that weighs a ton (it's soundproof). We step into a he-man barroom.

This is the colorful setting of the first day's shooting on a robust bit of Americana—"The Outcasts of Poker Flat," starring Preston Foster.

How a full-length movie could be made from Bret Harte's brief bit of fiction about the early gold-rush country baffles us until we discover what the scenarists had done.

The camera, at the moment, is focused on a poker table, where some prospectors are reaching for their guns, claiming the dealer has dealt off the bottom of the pack. Into the action steps Foster, in the highest high hat *he'll* ever wear, a cutaway coat and a frilled shirt—the garb of the gentleman-gambler. He eases out the dealer, takes his place, saying the customers are right.

At his elbow, *sotto voce*, Margaret Irving chides him about his generosity at cards, his coldness with women. She hasn't finished when Edith Craig runs into the scene with word that Cherokee Sal is dying. Foster resents Cherokee's dying, leaving a baby—the only baby in the camp.

Thus is the stage set for Preston to have a dramatic change of heart. And it's also plain that the scenarists are incorporating another famous Bret Harte story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—a tale about a baby in a rough mining camp.

The dramatic climax of "Slave Ship" being filmed at Catalina by 20th Century-Fox is the mutiny of the crew led by Arthur Hohl (with the knife). Wallace Beery is just below

Can you tell which little Mauch twin this is? Even the director has to take his word for it on the set of "The Prince and the Pauper" where both little boys are working. They declare it's Bobby here, in this tense scene with Murray Kinnell

NEXT door, at Paramount, we stumble upon another bar. We stumble, because the smoke is so thick. This, we deduce, is a present-day bar. Our deductions are correct. This is a set for "Internes Can't Take Money," co-starring Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck.

Joel is an interne who, in an emergency, operates on a gangster wounded in a gun battle and saves his life. He hopes for nothing from it, except possibly another encounter with Barbara, who, through no fault of her own, is involved in the shooting. But the gangster, in his gratitude, sees that Joel is handed a thousand dollars.

It is in this scene that Joel takes the money without knowing it. He has stopped in the bar for refreshments for a party. The barkeeper gives him his package; then, after a quick look around, slips him a sealed envelope, tells the puzzled Joel to put it in his pocket without opening it. Joel quizzically complies.

For a second "take," the director demands more smoke drifting in front of the camera. A prop man starts a smudge that makes the set look like a rubber factory on fire. He does it with two gadgets about the size and shape of coffee pots, with the smoke issuing from the spouts. Bellows, placed where you might expect handles, make it issue. But what—what—is the definition of the odor? *What* is he burning in his smudge pots? Imagine resin on fire, and you have it. It *is* resin. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 79]

In "Champagne Waltz" Gladys Swarthout wears gray organdie over satin. The ruching is silver-edged and forms the short sleeves. Travis Banton launches a new high in waistlines by means of shirring. A gray fox cape swirls around Gladys in luxurious softness

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

PHOTOPLAY fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

Claudette's "private life" wardrobe

Claudette graciously posed her spring wardrobe for us in her own home. Her white silk jersey gown is a mass of undulating fringes

Above: Against her dining room door Claudette, whose latest starring film is called "I Met Him in Paris," poses in her tea gown of brilliant red baghera. Neckline, tucking and train are subtle details

Left: A hostess gown in pale yellow upholstery brocade opens over an accordion pleated slip of pale blue chiffon. Sable bands give rich accents to the gown

PHOTOS BY
WILLIAM
WALLING, JR.

Above: A dress with a navy wool crêpe skirt with a V-shaped flare insert. The top of the frock is of light blue crêpe matching the jacket of blue wool. A navy kid belt and two diamond clips are the only ornament

Left: Claudette's dining room wall affords a background for a sports frock of robin's-egg blue angora. The pocket flaps, in graduated sizes, relieve the charming simplicity of the gown. The hostess gown and the two frocks on this page from Margaret Smith

Below: Omar Kiam has designed a herringbone tweed coat of brown and white for Janet Gaynor to wear in "A Star Is Born." The long seams give a crisp flare without bulk. A brown felt hat, antelope bag, shoes and gloves and brown buttons are rich-toned accents

Right: In this Technicolor picture you will see how the green velvet Kiam has chosen for Janet's hostess gown complements her titian coloring. Her green silk pumps trimmed with gold kid match the gown

Janet stars in style

Springtime for Maureen

Below: Dolly Tree makes a foam of white tulle studded with tiny rhinestones for Maureen O'Sullivan to wear in "A Day at the Races." The trim bodice is over silver lamé and gardenias cluster at the high neckline. In the same film will be seen this apple red suit with its flared skirt and closely buttoned jacket. Patch pockets lend a swagger note

Opposite page: Left, Here is an early spring ensemble. Over a one-piece dress of orange, brown and rust plaid woolen Maureen O'Sullivan wears a coat with uneven hemline, in rust color with black velvet edging. A black fez, bag, gloves and pumps complete the costume. Right, Maureen wears a gown designed by Irene in richest gray lamé, which appears to be strewn with ruby points. Gray crêpe forms the sash and neck scarf

Photoplay's Fashions

Left: Betty Wyman, famous fashion model, makes her screen debut in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938." Here she is in a charming black and white print. The new high waistline, the piqué turn-over collar and the box coat with elbow-length sleeves, make this the frock you will wear and wear. Also in navy and white. Below: An indispensable heavy sheer. The pleated shirt front is white. White also edges the short dress sleeves. To be had in black, navy, gray or beige

found in the Shops

Right: Here Betty Wyman wears a one-piece dress of heavy navy sheer. The jacket revers and bow tie are of white faille. The costume is to be had in black, also gray or beige, with contrasting trim. Below: Betty looks Garbo-esque in this floral printed dress with its high cowl neckline. The smart woolen coat has stitched tuxedo revers and pocket flaps. This dress may be had in several different color combinations with a gray, brown, beige, navy or black coat to pick up its motif

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

WHERE TO BUY THEM

The smart advance PHOTOPLAY Hollywood Fashions shown on these two pages are available to you at any of the department stores and shops listed on Page 84

Right: Virginia Bruce, soon to be seen in "Women of Glamour," has selected a redingote of gray-blue homespun from Howard Greer's collection. Under it she wears a geranium wool frock. Her hat is of gray-blue felt banded with geranium red and her shoes are of navy suède

Below: Greer has taken powder-blue slipper satin as a medium for this full-skirted gown. Virginia's exquisite coloring finds a perfect setting in its soft sheen

Lovely June Lang dabs a bit of lily of the valley — her favorite scent for formal occasions — behind her ears.

GINGER ROGERS LOVES TO GIVE PERFUMES FOR GIFTS • VIRGINIA BRUCE SPRAYS HER PERFUME ON HER HAIR • JOAN CRAWFORD IS FAMOUS FOR HER LOVE OF GARDENIAS • FRAGILE JULIE HAYDON LOVES THE ODOR OF SANDALWOOD • CONTRARIWISE, ANNA MAY WONG IS PARTIAL TO LAVENDER • CONSTANCE BENNETT CHANGES HER PERFUME WITH HER FROCK • MADGE EVANS DELICATELY TOUCHES HER EYEBROWS WITH SCENT • CARNATION BEST SUITS ELEANOR POWELL'S VIVID PERSONALITY • FAY WRAY USES A DIFFERENT PERFUME FOR EACH ROLE SHE PLAYS • LUISE RAINER HAS AN ENCHANTING SCENT MADE ESPECIALLY FOR HER • GLENDA FARRELL CHOOSES CONCENTRATED PERFUME ONLY FOR FORMAL WEAR • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, TOO, IS INTRIGUED BY COLOGNES AND TOILET WATERS • DAINTY ANITA LOUISE PINS A SACHET INSIDE OF HER DRESS FOR LASTING RESULTS • DOLORES DEL RIO IMPARTS SOME OF HER OWN ALLURE TO WHATEVER SCENT SHE WEARS • ANN SOTHERN HAS A SUSPENDED CABINET ON HER BOUDOIR WALL FOR HER LAVISH ASSORTMENT OF PERFUMES • UNA MERKEL HAS STARTED A COLLECTION OF MINIATURE PERFUME BOTTLES REPRESENTING ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD • AND AS A FINAL TIP FROM HOLLYWOOD—DON'T FORGET TO SCENT YOUR FINGER TIPS, THE NAPE OF YOUR NECK AND YOUR LIPS.

Perfume Tips FROM HOLLYWOOD

They went every place—met every one—keeping up the appearances of happy newlyweds. No one must know their real status

hollywood honeymoon

BY FOSTER COLLINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIL BERRY

Don Roberts, handsome young producer for Climax Films, took his crippled son, Lee, to New York, after his actress wife, Nina, had deserted him supposedly for another man, Gilbert Ross. The lovely young nurse, Kay Stevens, whom he hired to care for Lee, completely won the child's heart and made more progress with him than had any doctor. Don developed a severe cold which turned into pneumonia, and when, on his deathbed, he implored Kay to marry him so that she could always look after Lee, she consented to do so. After Don's unexpected recovery, Kay was persuaded to go to Hollywood with him, a wife in name only. At a large party, given by the head of Climax, Kay saw Nina, who had returned from England, and met Gilbert Ross, with whom she fell in love when he kissed her. Because of a storm they were all forced to spend the night at their host's home. For appearances, Kay and Don had to occupy the same room. Don said that he would leave as soon as everyone was asleep, but Kay told him to stay. Don took a step toward her. She saw that he had been drinking a bit too heavily.

The story continues . .

DON saw her panic and stopped short.

A soft knock sounded on the door. Don opened it. It proved to be a servant with emergency pajamas; flimsy, silken things. Don grimaced and threw them on the bed. He lit a cigarette and looked at Kay.

"Did you say—that I was to stay *here?*" he asked.

She said: "Please don't be naïve, Don." She saw that he had been drinking more than usual. "You said something about putting on an act." He turned to eye her. Her color was too high, her eyes too brilliant. She went on: "You wanted to impress Hollywood, and Mr. Dixon, in particular, with your domestic stability. Well, if we're to put over this ducky little fraud, we'll have to act the part. You'll take the couch and I'll take the bed—and never the twain shall meet; but we'll stay right here. If so much depends on putting on the act—"

"Kay," he said abruptly, "you're a peach!" A frown crossed his face. "A word of advice: Ross is a fascinating devil, I know, but you ought to know that he—has a reputation as a girl chaser—"

"We'll go into that some other time," she interrupted. She was on the verge of telling him about this—this amorous sickness she felt for Gilbert Ross, but prudently checked herself before she uttered something she could never revoke. She wondered if Don would label it disloyalty. After all, they were legally married. She wondered, dimly, if Ross affected other girls this way; she wondered about Nina. "We agreed, I believe, that I could live my own life?"

He shrugged. A strained tightness pinched his mouth. "Just so you—observe the proprieties. I'm sure you will. You are Mrs. Don Roberts. You were rather gorgeous tonight, Kay. Thanks for the lift. Now, I'll take that chair over there and read this script I brought along. I'm pinning all my comeback hopes on this story. You can get into your pajamas and go to bed. Hubby won't look." His smile was slightly vacant. He never mentioned Ross to her again.

"Just how many drinks did you have?" she asked caustically.

Stubbornness tightened his jaws. His face became, startlingly, a volcanic field, furrowed by some fierce inner turmoil. "Not nearly enough!" he told her grimly. "Maybe this is just as tough for me, Kay—in another way. Go to bed, kid—it's late."

He seated himself in an overstuffed chair near a window, its back to the room; arranged a light to suit him and began to read the script he was working on. Kay stood staring at the back of his head for a long minute; then she went into the bathroom and closed the door. She took the smaller suit of silk pajamas with her.

She stayed in the bathroom a long time, removing make-up with the cold cream she found in the well-stocked cabinet, absorbed by a stream of contending and disturbing thoughts. She was almost afraid to come out. In another part of the house Nina Roberts was asleep. Downstairs, Gilbert Ross was spending the night on a couch; and here she was, trapped

into this bizarre situation with Don; and held to it by a Quixotic sense of loyalty! She *must* forget Ross! Don was her husband and he needed her.

When she came out softly there was no movement from Don. The script lay in his lap. Don was asleep! She stood and stared at him. To come upon a man asleep, robbed of his conscious mask of pretenses, may be almost too revealing. She had seen men asleep before, in the hospital. Some took on age and ugliness; but Don looked like a sleeping boy. Traces of an impulsive boyhood still lingered in the corners of his mouth. His fair hair was slightly tousled, reminding her strongly of Lee. Bridegroom's ardor, she mocked, misty-eyed, taking the form of sleep!

Somewhere in the house a clock struck three. The rain had stopped and cloud-patterned moonlight lay, like a green veneer, on the pines and firs outside. There was no stir in the air and it was cool.

She went to bed and pulled the covers over her. If Don had been awake—waiting— She thought that this was the strangest thing in all that strange evening. Would anyone believe this fantastic situation? She fell asleep, finally, seeing Gilbert Ross' sadly ironic eyes smiling intimately into hers with a thrilling promise in their depths. Don's breathing was audible across the room

TOWARD dawn, Don stirred restlessly He yawned and arose, stretched, looked about him.

Kay was asleep, her arms flung wide. The very springtime of

The exciting events in the life of a beautiful unkissed wife, caught in the web of the movie world's mad whirl, rush on to a thrilling climax

youth and beauty seemed imprisoned in her slim, shapely limbs, artistically graceful in their abandon, one slim, silk-shod leg exposed. He saw the fresh, unconscious youth of her, the tender line of the cheek, the curve of her brows over the feathery sweep of her long lashes; her red lips parted in unconscious seduction. Curious, but he had not known how beautiful she was until last night.

His face grew troubled and dusky with a murky fire. He was conversant with all the pulses that had been laid bare by the anatomists of forty centuries of human culture; he had read the thinker's musing, the cynic's sneer, the poet's sigh over the conflict of the god and of the beast which, in all its various shapes, is yet identical in all human histories, alike under the laws of all the gods.

She was young and she was beautiful—and she was his wife. He could feel his heart pounding. He had set himself the task of annihilating all personal desires, all traces of necessity; but he was young, and in the full summer of a vigorous manhood. Insidious forces were leaping at the barrier of his will. He could well imagine the glory of her surrender, her arms, soft and smooth, about him. Kay was his wife—she was his— [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

"You're a fast worker, Ross," Don said. "Wife larceny is out of season. But—this time I'll deal with you—FINALLY!"

BEAUTY MIRACLES are *handmade*

I'VE often heard some of you say, "It's easy for the stars to look lovely on the screen, they're not bothered with annoying beauty handicaps like we other girls." To you I say . . . nonsense! Of course they have the same handicaps. After all, they're made out of the same common clay as the rest of us (press agents please Note!). And how do they overcome these handicaps? I'll tell you. They *work* at it. If they didn't, they would have bumps on their noses, superfluous hair, pimples and all the other pesky little troubles that are so irritating to you and you and you. Take it from me, darlings, those visions of loveliness you see on the screen are not divine miracles. They are as handmade as Grandma's doilies.

One thing I will say about my movie babies, when they have full confidence in a person they will take advice and hop to it like soldiers even though at times they get peeved and sulk when I find them getting fat and let them know it in no uncertain terms. Sometimes it takes just that to start the ball a-rolling. See how it works? Me, I'm much too busy to worry about whether they get sore or not. It's my job to deliver results and I have my own method of doing so. As long as they follow my instructions, that's all I can expect from them. That goes for you, too, sweethearts. I demand your cooperation and expect your trust

You know by now, that I never mislead you in my articles with a lot of fine sounding clap-trap or confusing generalities. If a beauty fault cannot be completely corrected, at least I can show you methods by which it can be made less noticeable.

This month I want to tell you what you must do if seemingly unsurmountable difficulties stare you in the face, and I might add, elsewhere. You may have certain features which are decidedly unbeautiful. You look at them and—give up. That's the surest way I know *not* to beat your handicaps. Don't be a quitter! You can never be sure when you quit that had you gone one step further, you might have made the grade. If you'll take for your motto: "It's *always* too soon to quit," you can't go far wrong

There are many girls in the movies who have had tremendous handicaps to face. Katharine Hepburn's nose, with it's uncanny nostrils, is an outstanding example. Most caricatures of Hepburn center around those nostrils. So what? Does Hepburn fret about them? She does not! She is smart enough to realize that those nostrils, plus a metallic voice, helped to stamp her in the minds of the public as a fascinating personality. So Katie lets the caricaturists have their fun while she merrily rolls along to greater fame

However, Hepburns don't happen every day, but noses do And how is yours? If it isn't straight or you're unhappy about it for ome other reason, why not change it by a surgical operation? Many of your Hollywood favorites have had their noses bobbed and overhauled. However, let me impress upon you, that should you contemplate a nose operation, be sure that you have it done by a specialist, one that is reliable and competent. Plastic surgery skillfully performed is a blessing to humanity. It can correct not only physical defects, but can transform a mental attitude as well by destroying complexes and self-consciousness. On the other hand, if it is carelessly and incompetently done, the result can leave scars or hard bumpy scar tissue that will cause you more misery and mental torture than your nose in its present state. That goes for face lifting too. I know what I'm talking about my darlings, I've seen both kinds of results and I cannot sound too strong a warning to you. Beware of quacks!

If your nose is thick and broad due to excess flesh or if the tip is bulbous for the same reason, that's another story. You can do wonders for yourself on that kind of a nose with nothing more than your two hands and a little determination.

Ruth Chatterton had a bulbous nose when she first started in the movies that was bad for close-ups. Naturally that dimmed the brightness of the rest of her face. For weeks I worked every day on Ruth's nose and removed that excess flesh until her nose could be photographed without casting weird and unattractive shadows.

If you have the same problem, I want you to go at it with the same treatment I gave her.

But listen, darlings, stick to it. It's not an easy job It takes time and you must be patient and conscientious.

Here you are: For the broad fat nose, with the second and third fingers of each hand, press firmly on either side of the nose Begin at the top of the nose and with a slight rotary movement work your way down along the sides. As you near the end, work away from the nose, easing up on the pressure as you reach the cheek bones. Always a circular movement, remember, and never pull or stretch the skin.

If you have a bump of fat on the tip of your nose, concentrate on that spot with the same circular treatment. In addition, gently squeeze and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Hepburn had "those nostrils;" Jean Muir had small eyes; a bulbous nose made Ruth Chatterton shiver and Miss Raye had a mouth to contend with. Handicaps? Yes —but they overcame them by work and showmanship . . .

By MADAME SYLVIA
PHOTOPLAY'S BEAUTY EDITOR

Don't let a squinty eye or a big mouth whittle down your morale. It's not quite bright—you can make an asset of it

Right: Mary Carlisle, appearing in "Turn Off the Moon," wears tipped forward, a black Milan straw pillbox, held to the head by a tailored grosgrain bow. Red and blue forget-me-nots sprout from the top

Below: Mary's hat of rough black straw, with its shallow crown and mushroom brim is banded with black grosgrain ribbon which ends in streamers. Raggedy daisies in red, yellow and blue. Note her clever hair treatment

Photoplay Presents:

THE NEWEST IN HOLLYWOOD HAT FASHIONS

THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION.

YOU CAN PURCHASE THESE PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD HATS IN ANY OF THE STORES OR SHOPS STARRED (★) ON PAGE 84

Above: Mary wears a shallow sailor of navy balibuntl. Folded flowers of red, yellow and green lie below a navy grosgrain band

Left: Eleanore Whitney, whom you will see in "Clarence," wears a spring felt in navy blue. Cherry red grosgrain bands are slipped through the crown and tie in a bow at the back

fashion letter for April

By KATHLEEN HOWARD

YOU are going to have a lot of fun buying that first spring hat this year, for hats are madder and gayer than ever. Take your time about selecting, though, for there are a lot of danger points. On the other hand, if you find yourself slightly dazed by the newness and dash of them, don't think "Oh, I couldn't wear that!" and discard the very one that may do the most for you, and confine yourself, for safety's sake, to the one that seems nearest to those you have been wearing all winter. Do and dare—and see what a kick you will get out of it.

Try on one of those new circular hats that are worn on the back of the head, but be sure your face is young and fresh enough to carry it. It mustn't look as though the wind had hit you too hard; but if this type of hat is suitable to your type we promise you a thrill of new vitality when you see yourself in it.

At Lilly Daché's showing (and Daché, you know, is a favorite designer for a lot of screen stars) I found myself gasping a bit as the first hats came into view, but after half an hour of surprise I was accustomed to the new look of them and loved them.

There were many which were round and flat, worn far back, with colored veiling bound closely round the head band and continuing to one long stream-end which could be draped round the neckline or left to dangle down the front, or back. Some had scarfs of plaid silk used in this way. Some had Marlene Dietrich scarfs of two colors, such as brown and beige, ready to do lovely things for you in the way of drapery. Sometimes velvet ribbons were used as streamers, particularly on a little toque smothered in violets.

Daché got up once or twice from her place near the stage to announce "This hat is made entirely of cork!" And it was. For cork, sliced very thin, takes on lovely crisp curves in brims.

The hat we are showing you on this page missed fire in the showing because the girl who wore it was not of the right type, but as you will see, Gloria Stuart wears it to perfection The impertinent bow in the center of her hairline is gay and frivolous and enormously chic. The halo of the brim frames her face perfectly.

The evening hats were adorable. Many had long shoulder veils of maline and were mere skeletons of bands with perhaps two pink roses exactly on the top center, above the wearer's eyes. Nothing more lovely could be imagined than a hat like this worn with a simple black dinner gown.

Daché likes pillboxes and crownless visors, with only a scarf draped closely round the head, ending in a trail of crêpe. She likes Breton brims, up-rolled, with peaked crowns. She carries over the veils which gave us mystery this winter and skillfully uses them on dressier types of small hats.

A rush of chic to the head in this Daché hat worn by Gloria Stuart, soon appearing in "Girl Overboard." A halo brim of black straw is bound in place by a ribbon bow at the forehead

YOU will probably be thinking about a new suit and you will be glad to hear that they are as good as ever. There are collarless swaggers, if you want them, or there are the strictly tailored types so useful to the girl who knows that she will look well morning, noon and late afternoon in their unobtrusive, correct severity. If you want to vary this severity you may have your skirt flared a bit to wear with a hipbone-length jacket. The latter, in general, are shorter than last year. Gabardine is excellent for this type of suit.

As to what to wear with them, never was the choice so great. There are sweaters for daytime wear, highly recommended and so interesting in detail that they challenge attention. There are polka dot weaves, with little turnover collars and short-cuffed sleeves. There are high necks, straight across necks and V necks. Some of them have embroidered designs on them in gay, contrasting shades.

The sweater has passed from the utility class to the amusing, distinctive, more important category

SHEERS are excellent for suit blouses, with lingerie touches if you like them, or with tucks or hemstitching. Sometimes a beige or gray suit demands a darker blouse for accent, and sheers are good for this. Print blouses are here for the girl who likes gay colors, but in case you go in for them watch your hat and accessories and keep them in line with the character of your suit. Don't let them be too dressmakery or you will lose that trim look you should have.

Nets make charming suit blouses, not only in frilly, pale-toned examples, but in navy or black, with perhaps bright jewel buttons, discreetly small Tailored piqués will [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111]

ask the ANSWER man

It wasn't so long ago that Tyrone Power, the sensation of "Lloyds of London," didn't have a nickel to ride in the subway

HOLLYWOOD has become terrifically Tyrone Power conscious overnight. Here is a young man, romantically dark and tall, with a generous smile and a vital masculine personality which promises much for the future

It was natural that Tyrone should wish to be an actor, since his father was a distinguished stage star. Tyrone Jr. was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, attended St. Xavier's and later Purcell High School. His first professional engagement was with Fritz Leiber's Shakespearean Company of which his father was a member After a year both father and son went to California where his father died in 1931. In 1932 Tyrone played a small rôle in "Tom Brown at Culver" but finding the studios indifferent, he left for Chicago where he appeared at the Century of Progress in Circuit Theater presentations, on the radio with Don Ameche, and in a stage play, "Romance."

Deciding to storm Broadway, Tyrone began a daily and discouraging round of agents. His luck was all bad and if it hadn't been for Michael Strange (the second Mrs. John Barrymore) he might have starved. Finally he got a break as understudy for Burgess Meredith in "Flowers of the Forest," Katharine Cornell's play; later important rôles in "Romeo and Juliet" and "St. Joan" with Miss Cornell Talent scouts began cluttering up his door.

He was signed for "Girl's Dormitory" by 20th Century-Fox, then played in "Ladies in Love" and his sensational acting in "Lloyd's of London," his third picture, has definitely brought stardom

Over six feet tall, with brown hair and brown eyes, the handsome young actor enjoys swimming, tennis and horseback riding. His pet hobby is amateur photography. He is not married—but is so constantly in the company of Sonja Henie, the lovely little skater, that it is possible he won't be a bachelor long.

MRS. JOE VECCHIE, KINCAID, ILL.—In spite of Warner Oland's fame as *Charlie Chan*, he isn't Chinese. Instead Warner comes of Viking and Russian stock and was born in Umea, Sweden. He came to the United States when he was fifteen, and until he and his wife went traveling in 1936 had never even visited the Orient. All he does is brush up his eyebrows, lower his mustache, add a slight squint to his eyes and he looks so Chinese that he even gets mail from Chinese fans. The Olands have no children. Keye Luke played the part of Oland's son in "Charlie Chan at the Race Track," but actually is no relation to him. Keye was born in China, near Canton

RUTH DOETLAFF, BALTIMORE, MD.—Jackie Cooper was born in 1923, Mickey Rooney in 1921, and Freddie Bartholomew in 1924. Mickey Rooney is the only one of them who has changed his name. His real name is Joe Yule, Jr. and that was changed to Mickey McGuire before he finally became known as Mickey Rooney. Stepin Fetchit is thirty-four years old, and was christened Lincoln Theodore Perry. Patsy Kelly is twenty-six; Simone Simon is twenty-two.

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to

The Answer Man, PHOTOPLAY
1926 Broadway, New York, New York.

BERNARD KRASNER, SEMINOLE, OKLA.—"It's Love Again," with Jessie Mathews as the star, was produced by British Gaumont in London, with Victor Saville as director.

MARY BETH BUTLER, WEBSTER GROVES, MO.—Your favorite, Don Ameche, was born at Kenosha, Wisconsin. He weighs 170 pounds, is five feet eleven and a half inches tall, with dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He's under contract to 20th Century-Fox, so if you address him there, I'm sure your letter will reach him. He's appearing in two new pictures, "One in a Million" with Sonja Henie, and "Love is News" with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power.

THOMAS C. FLORANCE, YANCEYVILLE, N. C.—Katherine Alexander played the part of *Mrs. Martha Crandall*. Esther Ralston was *Janet Fair* in "Reunion," the Quint's last picture. Robert Taylor's real name is Spangler Arlington Brugh, and he was born at five o'clock on the morning of August 5, 1911 in Filley, Nebraska. He's six feet and one half inch tall, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. His movie career began with crime shorts and his first full-length picture was 'Handy Andy" for Fox in 1934. He has a seven year contract with M-G-M, and you must see him with Garbo, in "Camille."

EVELYN SWOPE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Patric Knowles played the part of *Captain Perry Vickers*, Errol Flynn's brother in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Charles Boyer was born in France on August 28, 1900. Both Tom Brown and Johnny Downs are exactly the same height, five feet ten inches.

M. W., PEORIA, ILL.—"The Country Beyond" gave Robert Kent his first real chance to prove his acting ability. Before that he had been seen only in minor rôles. Since then he has had leading rôles in "The Crime of Dr. Forbes," "The King of the Royal Mounted" and has been featured both in "Dimples" and "Reunion" all in one year. His birthday is December 3rd; he was born in Hartford, Conn. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has light brown hair and gray blue eyes. He uses his real name, and has a contract with 20th Century-Fox.

O. K., KEENE, N. H.—Ronald Colman was born on the 9th of February, 1891 in Richmond, Surrey, England. He was educated in England, then enlisted in the London Scottish Regiment in 1914 and was wounded at the Battle of Ypres. Back from the war, he spent two years on the London stage before he entered the movies. His first picture was "Handcuffs and Kisses" in 1921, his first year in America. In 1920 he married Thelma Raye; they are since divorced. Since "A Tale of Two Cities" he has appeared in "Under Two Flags" and currently is playing in "Lost Horizon." At present he is working on "The Prisoner of Zenda," in which he has the dual rôle of the *King* and *Rupert Rassendyll*. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

PATRICIA MURTHY, DAYTON, OHIO—I think all your questions about Ronald Colman are answered above.

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

No wonder Joel has no appetite for the beer the barkeeper sets before him! If you'll notice in the film, he takes only a sip.

While "Internes Can't Take Money" is just starting, another Paramount picture is getting the finishing touches. This one is "Swing High, Swing Low," which was once a Stanwyck stage hit under the title of "Burlesque." Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are the stars now.

Neither Carole nor Fred is working today. Charles Butterworth and Jean Dixon are the only names on the call sheet. The finishing touches of any picture are apt to be "more comedy."

The set is part of a ruined wall and some tropical vegetation. Charlie tells us he "thinks" the scene is somewhere in Cuba. He's forgetful, even in private life. But wherever it is, he and Jean are on their honeymoon. He's reasonably sure of that.

IT takes a long time to arrange the lighting for the scene. The wait wears Charlie down. He admits it. He says (and he isn't joking): "This is the toughest part of movie-acting—this waiting between scenes—not so much because of loss of spontaneity, but because of boredom. I don't like to be bored."

When he can finally go to work, he tells Jean that, according to legend, pirate treasure is buried under these ruins.

"Well . . . let's start digging," she says.

"In my condition?" he asks, aggrieved—taking a pill. (A sugar pill, masquerading as quinine.)

Unwillingly, someone on the sidelines coughs. There has to be a "retake." This time two people cough. On the ninth "take," practically everyone on the set is coughing—unwillingly. Before, and during, the tenth "take" Butterworth takes aspirin.

At every place but Columbia, there has been more than enough rain this month. But Columbia has to have some more. A picture called "Weather Or No" is in the making And, according to the script, practically everybody in the cast has to take a drenching.

Ralph Bellamy comes out of his with a temperature of 104. Ida Lupino comes out of hers with a touch of pleurisy. We see Walter Connolly take his. And at last reports he still is up and around. The luck of the Irish!

Bellamy is a weather forecaster, in love with Ida, daughter of Connolly, a politician, who wants rain on election day. Bellamy predicts rain, because Ida, after a tiff, says she'll marry Reginald Denny if it's fair. No other forecaster agrees with him. But rain falls. *How it falls!*

Connolly has just awakened. He still is in pajamas. Black-and-white dotted pajamas, by the way. His first thought is to rush to a window, to see what the weather is. He pokes his head out.

With beautiful timing, a prop man takes his cue. He turns a faucet. Instantly, from jets in a plumbing pipe strung above Connolly's head, spurts a torrent.

Seventeen towels later, Walter says, "I still feel wet. Very wet."

At M-G-M, for "Parnell," Clark Gable and Myrna Loy go through the heaviest snowstorm of the winter. And Myrna can never say that she hasn't held her breath in a scene with Clark, any more than Clark can say that he hasn't held his breath in a scene with Myrna

That's the kind of snowstorm it is.

The set is the grim gray street entrance of the House of Commons. The time, a winter day in the late 1880's. Clark, as *Parnell*, and Myrna, as *Kitty O'Shea*, are to drive up in a carriage, alight, walk into the building through the falling snow. That is all. A mere flash on the screen, a bit of atmospheric build-up to *Parnell's* great speech before Commons. But the preparations for it are as painstaking, and almost as lengthy, as for the biggest scene in the picture.

Fascinated, Clark and Myrna watch these preparations from the vantage point of her portable dressing room, where they are drinking gallons of orange juice, trying to foil the flu

Palm Springs in the middle of July was never hotter than this particular set is today. Big, round-bellied heaters are aglow, out of camera range, keeping the outdoor chill outdoors. Sun-arcs blaze down from all angles. Myrna, already wearing a heavy dress made heavier by a bustle (very fetching, by the way), has to top it with a coat. Clark, whose suit looks as if it could win the heavyweight championship, has to smother himself further in a greatcoat.

There are two kinds of snow in the scene. The kind already fallen, and artfully drifted in cornices, is granulated gypsum. The kind falling is—shredded feathers.

It is a slow, clingy snowfall. (A fast snowfall would call for bleached cornflakes.) They drop from a dozen great revolving mesh containers near the ceiling of the sound stage, all twirling at once. The air is filled with feathers.

If you have ever snuffed feathers in a pillow fight, you will understand why Myrna and Clark simply cease to breathe in the brief passage from carriage to doorway.

With Myrna newly married and Clark seemingly going steady with that gal, Carole Lombard, there are no romance rumors on this set. But there are hints of a romance abudding on the set of "The Man in Possession," which is a romantic comedy about a rich girl and a butler. Of course, all the hints come from inside the studio, which couldn't possibly have any interest in whetting public curiosity about Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow as co-stars.

It's pretty smart teaming Frances Farmer, the toast of Hollywood, with Edward Arnold again in "The Toast of New York" being made by RKO-Radio. Arnold plays the notorious gambler, Jim Fisk; Frances is an enchanting Josie Mansfield. On location for the same picture, Cary Grant and Jack Oakie try and top each other's jokes waiting for the cameras. Our money's on Oakie!

Nevertheless, we'll keep our eyes open

The last time Bob made a picture with Director W. S. Van Dyke, he spent all of his spare time with his co-star. (Her name was Barbara Stanwyck.) So, this time, looking for Bob, we seek the Woman.

We find Jean easily enough. A phonograph playing swing music guides us to her. She is in her dressing room. Alone. We know, because the door is open. But where is Bob?

Jean says, "Should I know?"

Van Dyke doesn't know. Reginald Owen doesn't know. We see a prop man, armed with an air rifle, cautiously peering behind some scenery. "Looking for Bob Taylor?" we ask. To our surprise, he says, "Yes."

At that precise moment, he is hit on the head by an object falling from above. A newspaper folded into a four-inch square. Both of us crane our necks for a view of the electricians' cat-walks, forty feet up We see a figure running along one, away from a spot above us.

"There he is!" shouts the prop man, raising the gun to his shoulder.

But the target suddenly vanishes. Stealthily, the prop man creeps around scenery always looking upward, hoping to get a shot at Taylor before Taylor bombs *him* again.

This goes on for a half hour, while a camera setup is being changed—Taylor and a prop man playing a game You-stalk-me-and-I'll-stalk you.

And they say there's a romance (maybe) between Taylor and Harlow! . .

M-G-M has completed "Captains Courageous." Paramount has finished "Souls at Sea." But a cycle of sailing-ship pictures is just beginning. This month, 20th Century-Fox gets under way with a big one—"Slave Ship," co-starring Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery.

This is a vivid set, a phenomenon of make believe. Within a huge sound stage, ten miles from the nearest ocean, sails a complete ship. Complete, that is, from the waterline upward. It has no keel.

It is a white ship, but sinister, this *Albatross;* it is the last of the slavers. Baxter is its captain—who decides, after meeting Elizabeth Allan, that he has had enough of slave smuggling. Beery is the first mate—who never knows when he has had enough.

We see them do a scene on deck in which Wally, backed by the crew, lets his left eyelid down and threatens Warner, who doesn't scare easily. Five minutes later, they are swapping stories on the sidelines.

Five minutes' walk takes us from the sea to the mountains—from the set of "Slave Ship" to the set of "Fifty Roads to Town," co-starring Don Ameche and Ann Sothern.

This is the coziest set of the month: the interior of a small pine-panelled mountain lodge. The principal explanation of the coziness is a log-burning fireplace, with actual logs actually burning in it.

It is night. In front of the fireplace sits Don in dressing gown and pajamas, with a revolver in his hand. Ann, in a nightgown and a mink coat; and Slim Summerville, in trapper garb They are drawing lots for the only bed in the place. Ann doesn't get it simply because she's feminine. Don insists on a drawing.

He is a young socialite, who comes to the cabin to escape from a blackmailer. To the same cabin, fleeing from a wedding she doesn't want, comes Ann. She thinks he's a gangster (there's one hiding in the mountains); he thinks she's a blackmail queen. Also to the cabin comes Slim, who is just plain cold Don makes both of them stay.

Slim wins the drawing and heads for the bed room. Cut But they can get a better "take." They do the scene over. Then they act it again. But they don't act as if they want to leave the fireplace.

At Warners we see another night interior, of a different sort, on the set of "The Prince and the Pauper," starring Errol Flynn and Billy and Bobby Mauch. The sets of this picture are likely to win the Academy award for their designer. They look like rich old engravings come to life.

This particular setting is the interior of a rich man's bedroom, with moonlight (a beam of blue light) slanting onto one wall through two latticed windows. Murray Kinnell, as a tattered thief, and Bobby Mauch, as the

High C on the high seas of the Pacific. Bing Crosby will take a dose of his own medicine in "Waikiki Wedding" because Shirley Ross will croon right back at him when he starts those Hawaiian love songs

Pauper, are to pry open one of the windows swinging it outward; then steal into the room

Director William Keighley, in rehearsal, has Kinnell swing one window open slowly—then the other. He does not want to miss a chance to create suspense even in the slow silent movement of latticed shadows on a wall. Perhaps one window has more effective shadows than the other.

THIS one scene is a hint of a great picture in the making. Great pictures are made by devotion to small details.

It is at Warners, too, that we come upon the hardiest movie makers of the month. They are working outdoors. "Outdoors" being the back lot, and "they" being William Hopper, Jane Wyman, Berton Churchill and Company, filming a comedy called "Public Wedding." It marks the movie debut of Hedda Hopper's tall, good-looking son, William.

The setting is Side Show Row at a carnival, where he and Jane agree to be married publicly in the mouth of a whale (as a publicity stunt for the carnival). They intend the wedding to be a fake; discover too late that it isn't Then the complications begin.

We stand beside the camera, looking at the backs of Jane and Berton Churchill, who are looking up at "the fattest woman on Earth." Jane turns toward the camera, sees a sign overhead, exclaims, "Look, Pop, a *real* whale!" He turns, enthuses expansively about the exhibit, for the benefit of the nearby yokels.

Director Nick Grinde tells Jane she can be more excited, Churchill that he can expand more. They have been under-playing the scene. Movie actors' greatest fear is over-acting.

At Hal Roach Studios, we certainly see the return of a brand of comedy that is practically a lost art.

We refer to the custard or lemon meringue kind of comedy

There hasn't been a good pie-throwing scene in a movie for five years. And there probably wouldn't be one now, except that Hal Roach's half-million-dollar comedy, "Pick a Star," is a satire on Hollywood.

And let no one say that Hal Roach can dish out satire, but can't take it. He sees to it that at the finish a character who thinks that pie-throwing is an art gets one in what is colloquially known as the kisser.

The story whirls around Patsy Kelly and Jack Haley, two Middle Westerners with movie ambitions, who come to Hollywood, along with Patsy's ingénue sister, Rosina Lawrence. In Hollywood, they become involved with stars (burlesqued by Mischa Auer and Lyda Roberti), an imperious director (Thomas Dugan), a harried producer (Harold Colton), not to mention a variety of other characters

Finally, as a declaration of independence (she's on her way back to Kansas and intends to stay there), Patsy picks up the handiest things and throws them. The handiest things are pies

Haley is to get one; so is Auer; so is Colton. As a climax, Dugan gets one. Not one of them has ever met a pie face to face before. They are a bit—er—curious about the technique.

Patsy has a good strong right arm, and it will look on the screen as if she tosses them with deadly aim. But the pies she throws hit a wall. The pies that strike Haley and Auer and Colton come from the strong right arm of one Joe Saunders, now a prop man, but once a custard comic. From a distance of eight feet, he never misses.

Pie receiving, Haley is convinced after the third unsuccessful "take," is also an art. He can't help but see the pie coming. He can't help flinching. Auer, more stoic, has his over in one "take." Likewise, Colton.

Dugan, marveling at Patsy's unsuspected ability, rushes up to her, wrings her hand and tells her that she has "the grace of Pavlowa, the soul of Bernhardt and the arm of Dizzy Dean." He begs to sign her to a contract. Excitedly, with all the other principals grouped around him, he hymns a little ditty entitled "I've Got It."

Finally, he comes to the line, "I've got it—all but the finish."

They rehearse and rehearse this group finale, while Director Edward Sedgwick coordinates the group reactions. Finally, he is ready for the "take."

He says, "We'll shoot right up to the actual impact." When they reach that point, he calls, "Cut." He wants them to do it again. Again he calls, "Cut." He asks for a third "take." This time he *doesn't* say, "Cut." It is a pre-arranged cue which only Patsy knows. Dugan gets the pie. A blackberry pie.

His surprise is complete, devastatingly complete. And there is such a burst of laughter that the scene has to be done over, after Dugan is cleaned up.

"But this time," he begs Patsy, "don't *twist* it in!"

BETTE DAVIS tells you how to protect Daintiness

"You girls who want to be popular—remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it spoils romance.

"A Lux Toilet Soap bath is a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you're tired and have a date to keep. You'll find it peps you up in no time!"

Star of Warner Brothers' "MARKED WOMAN"

"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love.

HAVE you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that's most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin *sweet*—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be *near* you—even if they don't know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You're sure to find it works for *you*.

9 out of 10 screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep *your* skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.

Cal York's GOSSIP of HOLLYWOOD (Continued)

FOR weeks a book agent had been haunting Parkyakarkas, Cantor's radio stooge and finally the comedian consented to see him

"I have here," the agent began, "a book that will help you eliminate your accent and thereby widen your field of activity. You can go only so far, Mr. Parkyakarkas, with that heavy accent. Why not let me help you?"

"Why not?" the actor replied in perfect English. 'After all I helped you when you were a student and I was a professor at Boston college."

The book agent gasped And then he recognized Harry Einstein. his teacher of advertising and salesmanship at the Boston school

P. S. He didn't make the sale

Shirley Temple, Dixie Dunbar and Martha Raye help make the President's Ball at the Los Angeles Biltmore a big success. That's Papa Temple chaperoning the girls

THE flu epidemic is not without its lighter side, at that. For instance, when local newspaper headlines screamed the fact that Clark Gable had been stricken and carried from the set by director John Stahl, a man of average height and build, phone calls and wires poured in to the director.

'Did you use a derrick, John?" friends asked.

"Did you send for Beverly Hills, Clark's horse?"

Of course it turned out Clark manfully strode from the set under his own steam but it was too late to save Mr. Stahl's feelings

Across on stage 9 another bit of humor developed when Bob Taylor showed signs of a cold and a nurse was immediately summoned to the set In one scene Bob was to carry Jean Harlow out of the room in his arms, where she had conveniently swooned.

Unbeknown to Bob the cast ganged on him and got to the nurse who reluctantly joined in the prank.

All during rehearsal Director Van Dyke insisted Bob should save his strength and not carry Harlow until the final take.

When that scene was ready, Bob carried the yielding Jean Harlow close in his arms.

Instantly the director called "Cut," the nurse ran up and thrust a thermometer into Bob's mouth. Suddenly she gave a gasp. Taylor's temperature, it seemed, had shot up five degrees. Bob, aghast, turned and stared at Harlow, accusingly.

It was too perfect and the cast roared and roared.

It was then Bob caught on and looked terribly sheepish.

ANY day now there's liable to be a one man revolution over at Paramount. Alex, colored boy, who thinks he belongs to George Raft, is mumbling out loud about things. It seems Raft, Gary Cooper and Henry Hathaway keep Alex in a perfect frenzy chasing out from the "Souls At Sea" set to place their bets on the races

"I like to see 'em make pitchers," Alex growls, "but all I do is run out and bets. Ah'm tired of it."

The boys, wise to Alex's grumbling, have only redoubled their betting just to see Alex sulk.

ONLY director Woody Van Dyke could get away with it.

One morning during the shooting of "Man in Possession" Van Dyke ordered his actors on the set at eight-thirty in the morning. "And no stalling," he added.

Next morning Jean Harlow, Bob Taylor, Reginald Owen and the rest of the cast all met at the appointed hour and were ushered over to a radio on the set

"Now, listen, you actors," the director said, "President Roosevelt is about to make a speech and I want you to listen and *take a lesson in diction.*"

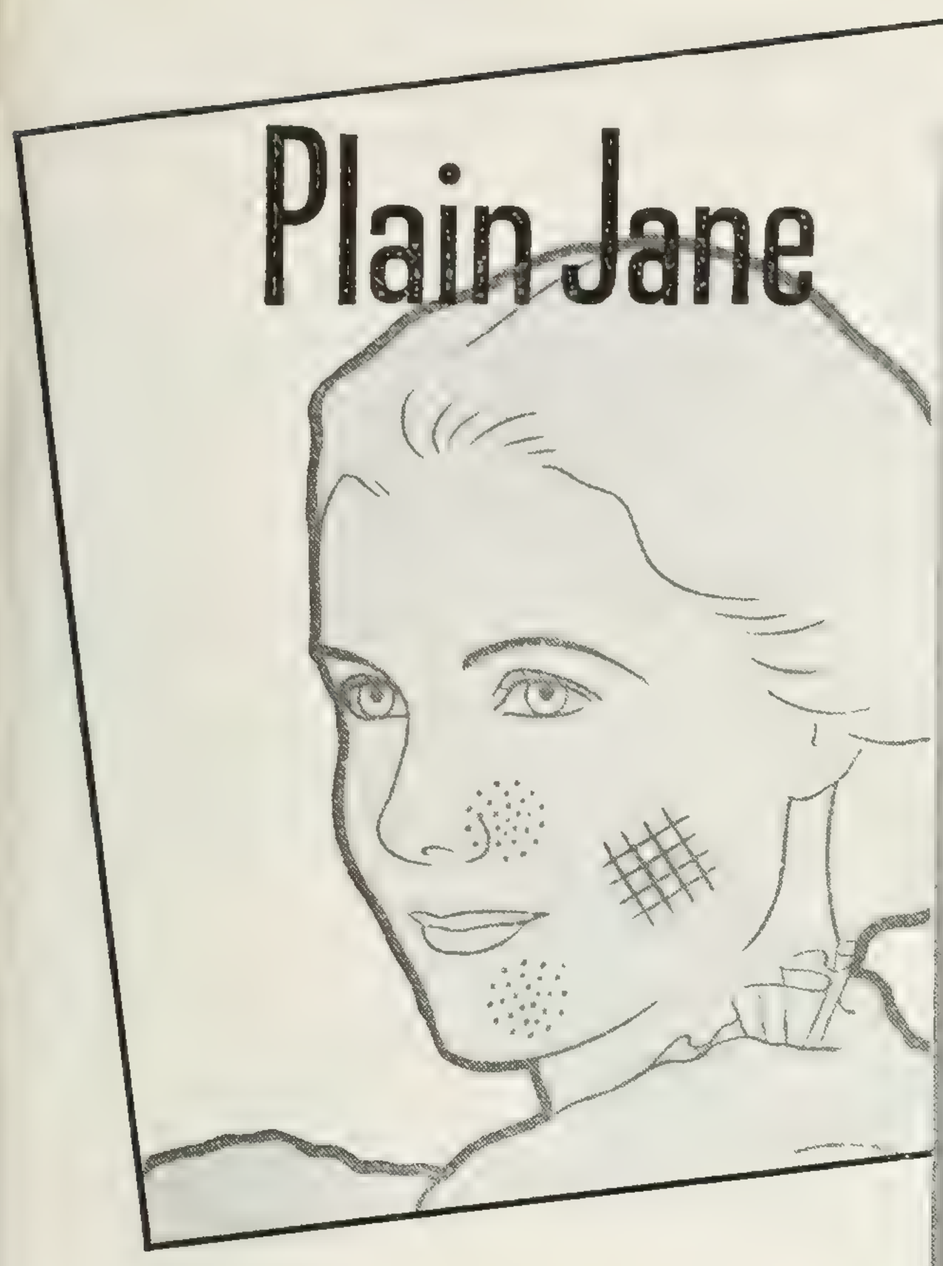
IF other Hollywood sweethearts would profit by the experience and experiment of Merle Oberon and David Niven, maybe the lost love of these two will not have been in vain.

Terribly in love, David and Merle re-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Believe it or not, Gertrude Niesen is bored and she's out with one of the richest boys in the country, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Ho, hum

Anita Loos, her husband John Emerson, Van Dongen, the famous French painter, and Tillie Losch do a little sight seeing at the Troc. That Losch gal certainly gets around places



Don't let Blackheads..Large Pores..Blemishes spoil your looks!

Miss Virginia Harris says: "I've learned to fight hateful blackheads and blemishes with Pond's Cold Cream. It keeps pores fine, too!"

Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

MEN get the difference at a glance! Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don't *have* to be plain!

Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just *underneath!*

Begin today to use the rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Livens circulation. Invigorates the under tissues, so your *outer* skin will be clear . . . fine textured . . . flawless! The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl."

Do this twice daily . . . Here's the simple Pond's treatment hundreds of women follow. It's easy to do.

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN: "I depend entirely upon Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin clean, smooth, and free from skin faults. I use it night and day. It's indispensable."

Do this regularly. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 15-CD, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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THIS TAG IDENTIFIES AN ORIGINAL PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHION. LOOK FOR IT

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PHOTOPLAY fashions on pages 68 and 69 of the Fashion Section in this issue are available to readers at these stores.

Whenever you go shopping consult this list of reliable stores, offering faithful copies of PHOTOPLAY HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS and NATIONALLY KNOWN MERCHANDISE, such as advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. If this list does not include a store in your city, write MODERN MERCHANDISING BUREAU, 36 West 44th St., New York City. Send the name of your leading department store or dress shop. When you shop, please mention PHOTOPLAY.

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Rockford, Ill.	Owen's, Inc.
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★Tampa, Fla.	O'Falk's Dept. Store
Tacoma, Wash.	Feist & Bachrach
★Toledo, Ohio	Lamson's
Toledo, O.	Meyer Jonasson & Co.
Trenton, N. J.	Swern & Co.
Tulsa, Okla.	Stewart's
Tucson, Ariz.	Gus Taylor & Co.
Waco, Tex.	Bauer McCann
Washington, D. C.	Raleigh Haberdasher, Inc.
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Westfield, N. J.	Elm Dress Shop
Wheeling, W. Va.	Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Worcester, Mass.	The Ames Corp.
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CANADA	
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"I use Calox before facing the camera—it brings out the highlights on teeth most effectively."

Mary Astor

...lovely Columbia Pictures star

DO YOU need teeth that *shine like the stars'?* Of course you do! A captivating smile adds charm to any personality. So take the stars' way to a "starry" smile! Use Calox...the smooth, fine powder that polishes so brilliantly...keeps teeth so sparkling for lovely Mary Astor and many of the screen's most glorious stars.

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Use Calox twice daily...more often if your teeth stain easily. It cleanses safely. And doubly assures cleansing... by releasing *live oxygen* in the mouth. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent. Calox promotes mouth health... helps neutralize acids...tends to strengthen gums. *Send for generous free trial!*

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FOR TEETH THAT
SHINE LIKE
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Please send me *free* a week's trial of Calox Tooth Powder.

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Beauty Miracles Are Handmade

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

roll the flesh between the thumb and first finger. Take it easy at first as your nose may be tender, but don't worry if it gets red. That's only natural.

It may even swell temporarily, depending upon how strenuously you go after it. You must be the judge of that. A few minutes a day and you'll be surprised at the marked improvement you will soon notice.

IF your eyes are not as large as you would like them, the least you can do to improve their appearance is to avoid squinting. Jean Muir once had a habit of squinting. There was some excuse for Jean's misdemeanor for it's no picnic to face the glare of hot and powerful studio lights. Now Jean has overcome the habit and you can do likewise. Little tricks with proper make-up can completely change the appearance of your eyes. I haven't time to go into all that now, but if you're interested, let me know. However, I do want to give you small-eyed girls one tip. Keep eye shadow, mascara, rouge, and other trimmings away from the lower eyelids. Above all, never make a definite hard line with an eyebrow pencil on the lower lid.

Many of you complain about your eyes being tired or strained, even bloodshot. Here is a treatment that will relax and soothe them. Try it! Close your eyes for a second or two. Then open them and look at some far-away object, preferably something with a soothing color, such as a cool green. Now look at a closer object and then a still closer one until you are looking down at your own lap. This is all done without moving the position of your head. Here is another exercise that will strengthen the eye muscles. Sit erect and quietly, eyes looking straight ahead. Now turn the eyes as far as possible to the left until you are looking over the left shoulder. Then slowly move them to the right until you are looking over the right shoulder. Back to normal position once more, raise the eyes upward as far as possible, then downward.

Bathe your eyes often. Never use the same solution for both eyes. If by any chance you have some slight irritation in one, it might be carried to the other in this manner. Use fresh solution for bathing the second eye. Naturally, the beauty of your eyes means more than patting on a little witch hazel or sloshing around in an eye wash. You must get plenty of sleep. Your system must not be sluggish.

In addition to the eyes, the mouth is one of the most expressive features we have. If you have a generous mouth, too big to be called really beautiful and you're unhappy about it, take a look at Glenda Farrell and snap out of it. Did Glenda allow an ample mouth, which you may consider a handicap, to stand in the way of her success? No. She intelligently went to work and mastered the art of toning down the mouth without being obvious about it. She learned not to apply lipstick too thickly and to avoid the heavy gummy kind. She knows in her case that the light-textured lipstick that leaves just a thin coating of color on the lips is the most becoming for it doesn't accentuate the mouth

With all the various colors and qualities of lipstick on the market, surely you can find one that suits your mouth. Apply it carefully, first on the upper lip which must be stretched tightly over the teeth, mouth open. Use light downward strokes beginning just under the natural line of the lip. Two or three dabs are enough. Finish the job by spreading the color from the center to the corners of the mouth with the little finger. You'll have enough color on your finger tip from the upper lip to do the lower one which must also be stretched tightly. To remove any excess lipstick, hold the edge of a tissue or soft towel in the mouth and press the lips together firmly. Stick as closely as possible to the natural lines of the mouth. Don't go to any wild extremes to make it appear smaller. By that I mean none of this business of putting two round dots of rouge in

Remember Swan's sister in "Come and Get It"? That was Mady Christians who is at last getting the breaks she deserves. She plays a cabaret singer in "The Woman I Love"—a bang up rôle!

the center of the mouth and letting the rest go entirely unrouged. Oh, yes—some of you do! I've seen it. And the other extreme, I've seen, too. Women who have little or no upper lip painting one halfway up to the nose. Such an obvious stunt defeats itself. For the thin-lipped mouth, as you are applying your lipstick, simply press a little harder with the lipstick directly on the upper line. If the color harmonizes with your cheek rouge and the tone of your skin, your little trick will never be noticed. And remember this, darlings, the success of a mouth does not always depend upon its size or shape, but often upon how you use it. Martha Raye discovered that and another handicap bit the dust. And let's not forget Mr. Joe E. Brown. When Nature was handing out mouths, she just cut loose and gave Joe the works. Believe me, if that wasn't a problem, then I don't know my problems. So come on children, hop to it! It's the only mouth you've got and if you don't like it, work and stick with it until you improve it. If you get discouraged, let Glenda, Martha and Joe be your inspiration.

SUPERFLUOUS hair on the face is another annoying and disfiguring handicap to beauty that so many of you have written to me about. There are various methods of removing it. By shaving, depilatories, plucking, liquids that are supposed to dissolve the hair, sandpaper-like affairs that rub it off, etc., but all these methods remove it only temporarily from the surface of the skin. Some of them, like shaving, increase the growth and make the hair more coarse and stiff. I know many women who use a heavy wax with as safe and satisfactory temporary results as any. Your druggist or doctor will advise you as to what wax you should get for this purpose. The nice thing about wax is that it is economical to use. It can be used over and over again. Place the wax in a dish and set it over a pot of boiling water. Let the steam melt it until it can be spread easily. In the meantime, prepare the spot from which you wish to remove the hair by dusting it thoroughly with talcum. When the wax is soft enough, but not too hot, spread it on the part to be treated. Allow it to cool on the skin until it hardens. As it cools, it congeals and the hairs are gripped by the hardening wax. Now comes the fun. You know how you have to quickly jerk adhesive tape to get it off without hurting too much. Well, babies, keep your chin up because that's what you have to do with the wax. Take hold of the edge of the hardened crust of wax and with a lightning like jerk, pull it off. You may think part of your face and some of your soul is coming with it, but don't worry! If you do it correctly, you'll find that only the hair comes off. Naturally, you mustn't have the wax so hot that it burns the skin. That's not necessary. And don't be alarmed at the slight redness that follows an application. This will disappear. It simply means that the heat of the wax has brought the blood to the surface of the skin. Immediately after you have taken off the wax, dab the spot with witch hazel or a little rubbing alcohol and forget it. After a few moments, cream your face and do your make-up as usual.

Let me repeat again, that all the methods I've mention are only temporary ones. The root of the hair must be destroyed before the result can be permanent. This can be accomplished by electrolysis. It is often a slow and at times unpleasant process, depending upon the extent of the growth of the hair. By this method an electric needle is used and inserted into each follicle or sac to destroy each individual hair root. But it can be very successfully done. I know many women who have had excellent results. However, be mighty sure that you go to an operator recognized as skilful and competent, because if it is done improperly it has been known to cause tiny scars, enlarged pores and other disfigurements that are much worse than a little fuzz.

WRITE to Madame Sylvia if you need beauty help. If you have already written to her, drop her a line again and let her know how you are getting along. Follow her instructions carefully and let her follow your progress. The address is: Madame Sylvia, in care of PHOTOPLAY, *7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for her reply.*

IF YOU WANT BEAUTY

follow *Myrna Loy's* *MAKE-UP ADVICE*

CLARK GABLE & MYRNA LOY
in a scene from METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
"PARNELL"

YOU SHOULD KNOW, as every screen star knows, that beauty often depends upon make-up. But, there is only one sure way to accent the attraction of your beauty . . . and that is to adopt the make-up of the screen stars.

It is Color Harmony Make-Up . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, and it consists of powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized colors for each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Note how these stars create beauty with Hollywood's make-up secret.

HERE'S THE POWDER SECRET... choose your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Face Powder and see how naturally the color enlivens the beauty of your skin. Note the difference in its clinging smoothness. In your own mirror see the satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen . . . One dollar.

THE PERFECT ROUGE... you will see how beautifully your color harmony shade in Max Factor's Rouge harmonizes with your complexion colorings, your powder and lipstick. Note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture . . . Fifty cents.

HOLLYWOOD'S LIPSTICK... it is Max Factor's, of course. Super-Indelible, it imparts lovely lip make-up that is permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too, so that you may be sure your lips will appear attractive for hours and hours . . . One dollar.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

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MAIL FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"..... FREE

1-4-26

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Hollywood Honeymoon

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

He stopped abruptly, at the limit of his emotional endurance, aware of his unpardonable intrusion. He could imagine her consternation if she awoke; and he was suddenly riven by a hard, but defiant shame.

"All right, boy scout!" he told himself sardonically. "Do your good deed for today. You know all the right answers!"

He picked up the silken cover and arranged it gently over the sleeping girl; then he blew her a light kiss, in salute, and gently let himself out of the room so as not to waken her. Other matters began to crowd his mind, demanding attention. There was Ross. He wanted to talk to Ross. Nina was here, too Nina had just returned to Hollywood, and he wondered what had happened to her London contract.

ROSS, he was informed by one of the servants, had already left for town. Nina was asleep. The mountain morning was fresh and dewy, the valleys misty with anti-meridin vapors; the lake glistened like a translucent sapphire. Don drew in his breath and lit another cigarette. Social perplexities would pile up, he saw, with Nina back in town, stirring old wounds. He wanted to be healed, not to be torn with complicated sufferings; not to be humiliated by her outstanding success, her apparent preference for Ross; not to writhe under his own failure.

He suddenly said: "Oh, hell!" and shook it all off rudely, with a man's hardihood. He set his teeth. He'd try to win Kay. She was his wife—and she was young and fine and beautiful. He'd live one day at a time. One moment at a time. As for Ross, he'd see him and tell him where he got off. Nina had been seen with him, after the divorce, and he had a shrewd idea that Ross had advised the separation. That was over, but Ross had better keep away from Kay, or he would slap the immediate hell out of him.

He'd make this next picture, he thought, and it would be a smash box-office hit. It had all the earmarks. If only he had Nina to play that lead! It would insure success. Someone called him from the veranda—another early bird. Breakfast was being served.

The party broke up during the morning, most of the guests returning to Hollywood. Kay didn't see Gilbert Ross again, nor did she see Nina Roberts. Ross, someone said, had returned to town at dawn. For a moment she had a feeling of deflation, a keen sense of disappointment; then she was filled with a quiet and curious certainty that she would see Ross in town.

She and Don rode into town, still in their evening clothes. They rode in a curiously constrained and mutual silence, busy with their thoughts. The chauffeur dropped Don at the studio. Don said:

"I'll change my clothes here. Always have a suit or two in the office—these emergencies happen often in this town. And thanks, Kay—for everything. You're a swell person, and game as they make 'em! You were magnificent last night. See you tonight—and remember me to Lee."

She went to the house, busy with her thoughts. Today, for some reason, she almost dreaded going back into that house. Lee was up, playing pirate in his sunny room. He called to her eagerly, and she came in for a moment, promising to come back as soon as she had changed clothes.

While she dressed, her thoughts went to Gilbert Ross. He had kissed her and she closed her eyes for a moment to recapture the sheer ecstasy of it. She had wondered, so often, what love was like. Was it this breathless surge of happiness, this warm and vibrant eagerness, this infinite tenderness?

LEE welcomed her with shouts of joy. "A warship is coming—there!—see it? They're going to fire, Kay! Help me swing around the cannons! If they want to fight this old pirate, we'll shoot!"

Kay saw the approaching warship at once. It was in a corner, coming out of the mythical horizon, guns poised for attack. She fell into his mood instantly. The sea was very rough that day, the waves washing up over the

HOT NEWS!
Now You Can Learn the Newest Dance Steps from ARTHUR MURRAY
—World's Greatest Dance Instructor
FREE!
IT WOULD COST YOU $5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON TO LEARN THESE STEPS IN ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO

pirate's decks; and they could actually smell the salt of the sea. When the fight was over and Lee had made the battleship surrender, they saw a whale. It was an awfully big whale, and they lowered the boats and went after it with harpoons; and Lee shrieked with excitement as Kay stood up in the boat and sank her harpoon into the big fellow.

They towed him to a desert island, where they had a fight with the cannibals who ran out of the jungle at them; and Lee got so excited that his face became flushed as Kay fought with the savage chief, and she called for help "Help me, Lee!" she cried. And Lee trembled and got to his feet—and stood there—and then he remembered.

"Kay!" he shrieked. "Kay! Look! *Look!* I can stand!"

And Kay ran to his side and clasped her arms around him with a sob in her throat, murmuring: "I told you you'd do it! I told you that you could! Now—you've *earned* the red badge of courage!"

Lee was very still in her arms, and she heard him cry: "Mommy! *Mommy!*"

Kay whirled, and there was Nina Roberts in the doorway.

SHE was looking on, and her eyes were brimming with tears. Kay found herself fascinated with a species of wonder as she stared at the famous star. Could this be the charming, the beautiful, the imperturable, the poised lady of sultry and tropical glamour she'd seen on the screen? This simply-dressed young woman, her face ravaged by tears, down on her knees, sobbing endearments incoherently over the fair head of her son?

Lee was back in his wheel chair, his cheeks stained with a new and brittle excitement. He had to tell Nina everything, and she sat and looked at him; and Kay caught her breath. She told herself that she was looking at a miracle—for before her sat the eternal Madonna and Child.

When Lee's excitement had simmered itself into a tired drowsiness, Nina arose and looked at Kay.

"Time for his nap?" she asked. There was a faint foreign slur in her speech, rather pleasant than otherwise.

Kay nodded, wordless. Lee was put to bed, although he protested. He went to sleep holding his mother's hand, content when he had extracted the promise from her that she would be there when he awoke. Nina Roberts stood silently looking down at Lee, oblivious of Kay. Curiously, Kay noted the single yellow rose bud pinned to her dress, over her heart. She wondered about it.

SHE went to her room, disturbed, a hundred questions racing through her mind. She sat by the window, looking out at the terraced gardens, the swimming pool, the stately palms.

When the knock came at her door, she turned. Somehow, she had expected it. She said: "Come in."

Nina Roberts came into the room, looked about her curiously; then her intensely eloquent eyes went to Kay, gazing steadily at her.

"I—came to say," she offered, "thank you. The housekeeper told me all about you, Kay—may I call you Kay? What you have been trying to do for Lee. And today—I saw what wonders you have accomplished. I stood in the hallway and listened to you both—" Her great topaz eyes brimmed all at once. "Then, I looked in. I saw Lee stand up! Almighty God! I wonder if you'll ever know what that did to me? I came prepared to hate you—to quarrel with you. I'm ashamed to confess it but it's the truth." Her golden voice faltered. "Kay—Kay—I think you're wonderful!"

Kay sat still, her heart drumming thickly. She was taut with excitement, but her perceptions had never been more acute. She could think of no adequate or even casual reply. She recognized the great beauty and charm of Nina Roberts.

SUDDENLY, there were tears in her throat. Nina's moving and tender sweetness had disarmed her.

"May I sit down?" asked Nina gently.

Kay nodded. "Of course. This is your home."

Tawny flames flared momentarily in the depths of Nina's eyes.

"Thank you," she said, with a faintly stressed humility. "I have no home. I am living at a hotel now—until I can make another home for myself." She sat down, her head graceful against the lounge, her slim shoulders erect against the dull gold of the fabric. Her great eyes were fixed on something very distant from that room.

"You have accomplished wonders," she said, in a low voice. "You won't mind, I hope, if I come every day—while Don is away at the studio?"

"Certainly not," said Kay. "You're Lee's mother. You can do him a lot of good. As a matter of fact, Lee needs you."

"I'm glad to hear you say that! How mistaken one can be! You are very nice, Kay—

to Clear up your Skin! Make yourself Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!

GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

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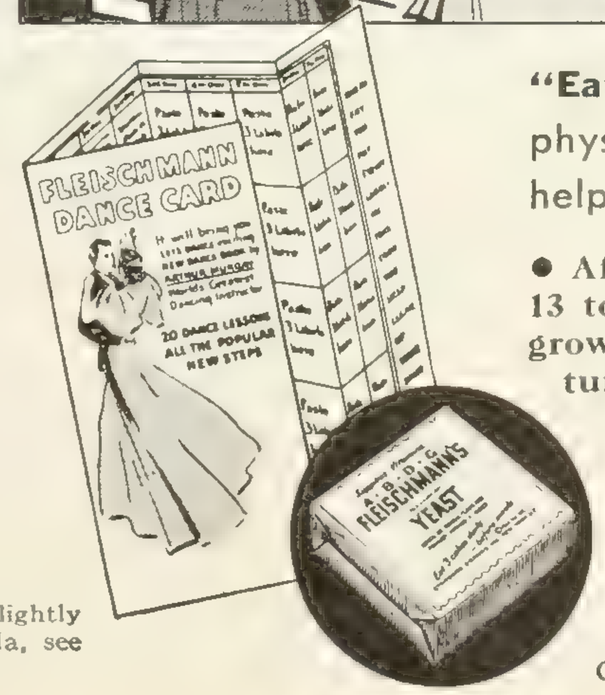

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and you are very pretty. Seeing you, I can understand—many things—"

"No," said Kay, "no one can understand." A hot, deep scarlet swept her face. There were things she wanted to tell this girl, but couldn't muster the courage. It startled her when she thought what this girl must believe her and Don's life together must inevitably be. She'd never believe that they were strangers, under the one roof. Would anyone?

The silence held between them to the limit of endurance; then Kay went on: "I know Don didn't expect you back in this country for at least a year."

Nina nodded. "I didn't expect to return—but—it was too far away from Lee." Abruptly, the exotic beauty of her face was swept by a swift storm, flooding emotional dams, splintering her composure, her immeasurable pride.

"I couldn't stand it!" she sobbed. Her voice had a sibilant harshness, like escaping steam. "Do you know what it means to have a part of yourself elsewhere? Part of your heart and blood? Do you know what it means not to know what's happening to him? How he feels—what he eats—knowing he's helpless and broken? Do you think anything can heal that sort of wound? I couldn't go on—I had to see my baby—"

KAY was appalled by the outburst; touched, too. She had no experience with exaggerated emotion, and she felt a sense of utter inadequacy.

"I'm sorry," said Nina. The blood had drained from her convulsed face. She sat back, quiet, spent, seemingly lost in a need of explanation beyond her resources of speech.

Kay said: "You can see Lee every day now, until you return to London. Lee will be delighted, I'm sure—"

"I'm not going back to London," said Nina. "I broke my contract. I made one picture, that was all. There were other matters, too, but—" She shrugged, expressively. "I shall not trouble you with my perplexities. There are several articles I would like to get. They are in a clothes closet. May I go into your room and get them?"

"This is my room," said Kay.

"Then—the master chamber—the front bedroom—"

"That is Mr. Roberts' room," said Kay, her cheeks stinging with pained blood. "I imagine you can get what you want. Mr. Roberts won't mind, I'm sure."

Nina's eyes were cryptic, slightly mocking. Unspoken thoughts seemed to vibrate in the room. "If you will excuse me," Nina said, and arose. She left.

Kay sat in a stricken and stiff silence. What did people do in a case like this? She wondered what Nina Roberts would think about the bud vase and the withered yellow rose bud that stood before her photograph. Kay knew it was still there, for she had seen it only yesterday. It was dry as dust and falling to pieces

Nina came back. Her mood had brightened. She had attained some inner serenity. Her eyes were quiet and intent on Kay with a profound attention, an obscure curiosity.

"I shall phone Mr. Roberts," she said, to Kay. "I do not think he will have any objections to my visits here, while he is away. Perhaps we can arrange for Lee to come and live with me for a few months—after I find a house; arrange amicably, I mean, without trouble. However—I am not so anxious about him now—since you are with him, Kay."

There was an irresistible graciousness in Nina that swept over Kay's guardedness, her antagonism. She looked at the older woman. She wanted to ask her a question and was afraid to, fearing the answer would hurt her out of all proportion to its significance to her; afraid that her new vulnerability could not turn aside the stab this girl could deal her; but she had to know. Some problems, within, had to be dealt with, brutally—like surgery.

"Mrs. Roberts," she began softly, "I don't know anything about it, of course, and it's none of my business, but when you divorced Don, there were stories in the newspapers about—about—"

Nina Roberts smiled significantly. "Gilbert Ross?" she anticipated, intuitively. A curious spasm of pain crossed her sensitive face. She turned away. "Will you believe me when I tell you he was just a friend? A remarkable man. I don't know what I would have done—what I would do today—without him. To me, he is the most understanding, the kindest-hearted man in Hollywood." She shrugged. "To others, he is always the sinister villain of the screen. You—know him?"

Kay nodded, her heart beating thickly. What was she to make of that answer? Just what did Nina mean?

However, as the days passed, she found a reluctant friendship blossoming between her and Nina—the famous, glowing star, and the little nurse. She wondered at the caprice of fate that had hurtled her into this complex melodrama.

NINA came every day and spent her time with Lee. Don knew all about it, of course, but he made no comment. Only once he asked Kay when Nina arrived and when she left. Kay told him. Thereafter, he left the house earlier than usual and returned after dinner. The two never met.

Kay said nothing to Nina of this. The situation had potential dynamite at its base, and she had a prescient feeling that anything might serve to set off the explosion.

She thought often of Gilbert Ross, but she made no attempt to see him; and Nina never mentioned him. Even the thought of him sent a surge of human hunger through her. What was wrong with her? She ached to see him. Was she deliberately hunting disaster? The man was supposed to be sinister. Love could happen to anyone, but she was jumping no marital fences—even imaginary ones! Her business was Lee—and Don? Why not? Don meant certainty—safety. Don liked her she knew.

DON developed a feverish restlessness, a sudden flair for night clubs. He declared that they ought to be seen more in public together. He became morose, moody. Kay dutifully dressed and went with him.

They went to the Bamboo Room for cocktails, and Cocoanut Grove for dinner. She saw celebrities everywhere. At Cocoanut Grove, a huge crowd was dancing—and she saw Gilbert Ross, at a table alone. Impulsively, she waved to him. He smiled eagerly and returned the salute.

"Who was that?" asked Don.

"A friend," said Kay coolly.

He looked down at her, as if her personality impinged on his consciousness for the first time. They danced on; then Don saw Bert Ross. "Come on," he said bruskly. "We'll get our liqueurs at the Club Esquire—not here."

"Why?" asked Kay.

"Because," said Don. "That's usually a good reason for a woman, isn't it?"

Don was drinking too much. A fever of unrest sent them on a tour of the night spots. They went to the Trocadero. Don had several more drinks and restlessly decided that they would go to the Vendome. There another crowd of celebrities and movie stars irked Don. His eyes were always seeking. For whom, she wondered. Nina?

"Let's try the Casanova Club," he offered, naming Hollywood's realistic bit of the Latin Quarter. It was Kay's first public appearance with a celebrity of Don's calibre. Wherever he appeared, he stopped traffic. A lot of people knew Don and stopped at their table to speak and exchange greetings. A gossip columnist dropped into a seat next to him with a delighted: "Don, darling!" Her sharp eyes took in Kay, smiled. "You're a good picker," she complimented. "Is this your wife, Don?"

Kay was introduced. "Meet the little wife," said Don, a secretive quirk on his lips, a satirical emphasis mocking at the intention of his phrase.

AT two in the morning, Don suggested the Melody Grill for a nightcap. They listened to a dusky songstress, wailing with the melancholy of primitive music, accompanied by a piano that was built into the bar; then they rode home in silence. And it seemed to Kay that Don had deliberately set out to get drunk—and had accomplished his aim. They met many celebrities, but they never met Nina.

After that, he wanted to go somewhere every night. It was her first glimpse of Hollywood night life. She had her dinner at the Lamaze, the Brown Derby, Sardi's, Levi's; the Cinegrill, the House of Lords and the Knickerbocker Lounge; she went to the Tropics and the 7-Seas, where she was astonished to see them turn on tropical rain with the lights. Don's face, she saw, was frequently distorted by some private and secret pain; he was a man possessed by a demon of restlessness. He introduced her to every star in Hollywood with elaborate compliments—depending on the hour, and if he had had an opportunity to take aboard enough liquid refreshments.

ONE morning, just before Nina came, she was called to the phone. Her heart leaped when she recognized Gilbert Ross' voice.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I held out as long as I could. Maybe I shouldn't do this—but I wanted to talk to you—" He paused.

"So—what?" she prompted whimsically. Then a trembling seized her, an insane fear that he would hang up.

He went on: "So this: I just have to see you, Kay. It's one of those things. Will you meet me?"

"Yes," she said.

It was as simple as that. All her fine resolutions were forgotten. She felt, suddenly, gay and buoyant. "I'm over twenty-one," she told herself defiantly. "My life is my own."

She met him at the Ambassador. It was like the meeting of old friends. Nina was going to be with Lee all day, so Kay felt free. They sat in the lobby and talked, casually, conscious of surging undercurrents; and she was almost dizzied with the happiness that flooded her. Curiously, there was no self-consciousness between them. They achieved an odd and immediate intimacy. She felt as if she had known Bert since the world began.

She looked at his long, well-knit length, his black hair, closely cropped, that gave him such a rakish look; his firm lips; the gray, ironic eyes, unguarded and friendly; his hands, strong

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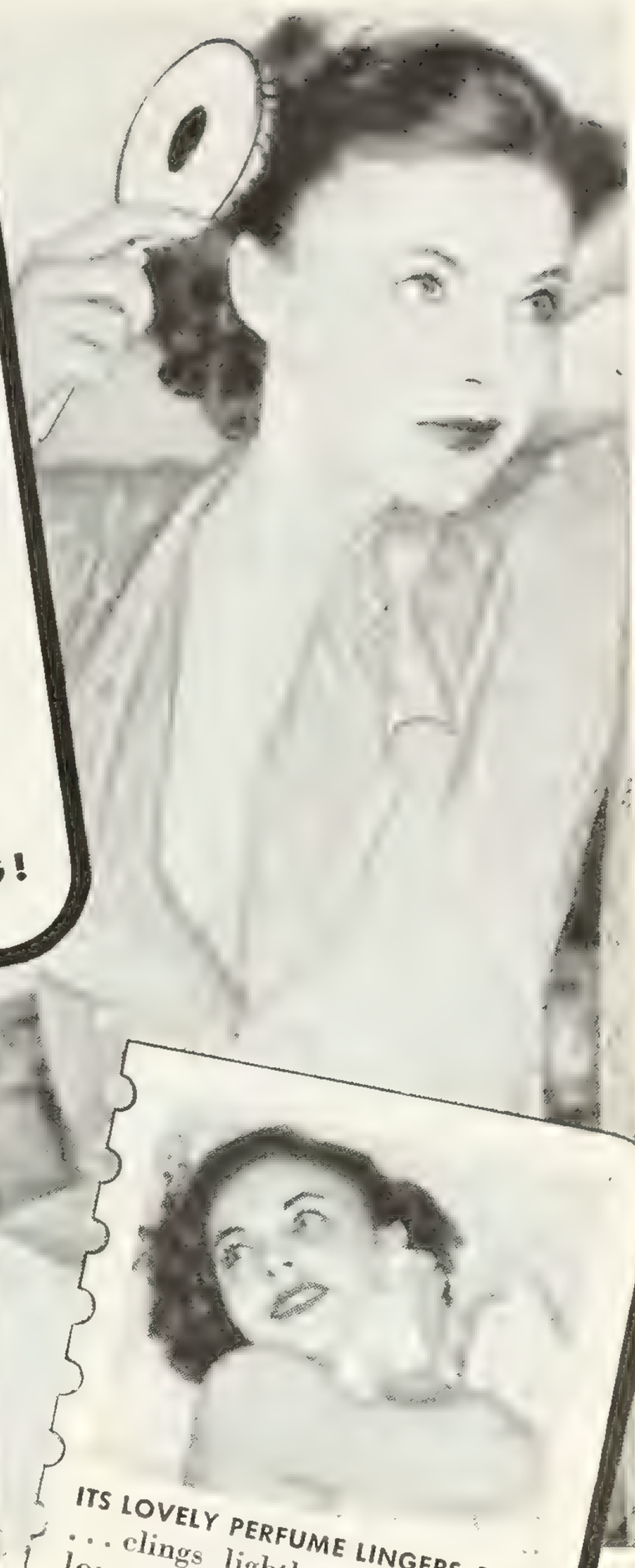

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and firm and capable. That afternoon was the beginning.

She told him, for some reason, the entire story of her Quixotic marriage—so he wouldn't think she was actually Don's wife. And when she had finished, he looked at her and said:

"Good Lord! The last of the Mohicans! And—are you going on this way? Aren't you going to get a divorce—an annullment?"

"I—don't know," she confessed unsteadily

He did not mention her marriage again.

A NEW and reckless madness she had never experienced before, filled her. Gilbert Ross, she knew, with a fierce surge of ecstasy, cared just as greatly about her. She thought of going to Don to ask for an annullment, but Don had been drinking more than was good for him and was unpredictable. He was greatly concerned about his new picture; his entire career hung in the balance; and she didn't want to add any complications.

So, she and Ross drifted; and she wondered, at times, where it would all end—and didn't care!

She began to hate the stealth of their meetings, the meaningless barrier her technical marriage imposed. She had an instinctive high-mindedness, with a regard for the decencies Although her marriage meant nothing, she wasn't, she thought, young-modern enough to deliberately take what she wanted. She hated the shady significance that was interpreted into their furtive meetings; she saw the initiated eyes that became bright with meaning Several gossip columnists printed thinly-veiled stories that they were seen together and were "that way" about each other.

If Don saw the stories, he never mentioned them to her.

Bert listened to her bitter rebellion and heard more in her words than mere revolt. He recognized a distillation of youth, of yearning Young and ardent, her love brought him a transcient glimpse of something deathless; something that had no affinity with the fevered dreams, the sensuous sweetness of mortal desires.

One day, he drove her past his home. She had wanted to see it. She thought it was lovely. He asked her why they couldn't meet there the next day, away from prying eyes. She agreed, eagerly, recklessly. To be with him alone, she thought, was worth any price. He sent his servants away for the day. And that was the first time that he ever took her in his arms. She took fire from his warmth. Her kiss had a hard intensity greater than his own, a heedless violence. There was something swinging between them that was an essence; something that brooded with portent.

"Kay!" he said hoarsely. "I've waited—but this can't go on . . . I want you. I want to take care of you . . . I want to live with you . . I don't know what the devil to do without you "

She felt the solidity of him, and for all her emotion, she spoke calmly: "I'll—I'll—get an annullment. Don will—give it to me . . He promised . . ."

His kiss hammered at the fetters of her control. Momentarily, the processes of her mind were suspended; ordered thought fled; reason seemed mere quibbling Yet—something held her from complete surrender.

"You don't know how I've wanted you," whispered Bert. "You're just a young girl . you don't know what it is to love . . . to want."

"Don't I?" she murmured. "Oh, my dear!"

"Kay!" he said. His lips crushed down on hers.

Whatever it was, she couldn't let it happen Somewhere within her there was a sharp refusal. She suddenly felt it, without comprehending all its elements. "What," she faltered, frightened, "do you want us—to do?"

"I want you to get an annullment immediately. I'll get it for you. I want you to marry me, Kay—as soon as you can—"

UNEXPECTEDLY, the bell rang, and they looked at one another in panic, although they had every spiritual right to be together. Bert's lips grew taut and he shrugged. "Best to answer," he said.

When he opened the door, Don pushed past him abruptly and came into the library. He was palpably drunk, Kay saw; inflated and inflamed with an impulse, largely mechanical, to avenge what he considered an outraged dignity. And he was drunk enough to be dangerous.

"That was a very pretty scene—through the window," he clipped, with the precision of intoxication. "All that was missing was a couple of Kleigs You're a fast worker, Ross—but wife larceny is out of season. I was tipped off about you rushing Kay—so I followed you. Cradle snatching, this time, eh? But—this time I'll deal with you—*finally!*"

Something glittered in his hand as it came from his pocket. Kay's heart lurched madly and she suppressed a scream. A gun!

Will Don, in a drunken jealousy, kill Ross, depriving Kay of her new-found happiness?
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Tangee's Color Change Principle assures your most becoming shade ...Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to a natural blush-rose...Paris bans a "painted look". Tangee *isn't paint!* Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has magic Color Change Principle.

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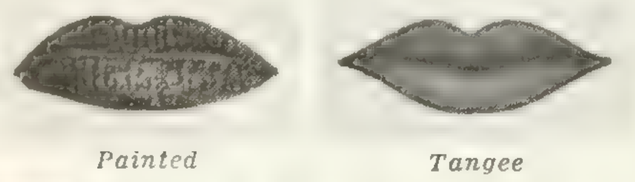

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GUESS EVERYBODY HAS A FAVORITE TUNE

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR'S IS "HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM" FROM IRVING BERLIN'S "ON THE AVENUE" . . . JOAN CRAWFORD LIKES "LOST" . . . FRED MACMURRAY "IT'S A SIN TO TELL A LIE" . . . BING CROSBY "I SURRENDER, DEAR!" BECAUSE THAT TUNE WON DIXIE LEE . . . JEAN HARLOW'S PET IS "JAPANESE SANDMAN" . . . CLAUDETTE COLBERT IS A BACH ENTHUSIAST . . . AND MAE WEST THINKS "MINNIE THE MOOCHER" IS SWELL

Marriage Is No Gamble When It's Love

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

dates. So does Roger. Naturally, all my engagements are with mutual friends of Roger and myself. It wouldn't seem cricket, from my standpoint, for me to go out socially with any of the boys who might have had romantic ideas about me in the past.

"But actually dates are a rare thing with me, and sometimes I'm so lonely for Roger it takes superhuman will power to keep from jumping on a plane, picture or no picture, and flying to him. Sitting alone in front of this fire is fun once in awhile, but the inevitable evening is sure to come along when I want to shriek with loneliness.

"Last night was one of those nights. I thought I couldn't stand being alone another minute. I was trying my best to be brave about it. I knew in my heart Roger was going through the same sort of thing. I was just about to give up and give into one of those real fits of the blues when a special delivery letter arrived. It was the first letter Roger's mother had ever written me. And nothing could have been more perfect at that moment. She seemed to know just exactly what I was going through. You see, her husband is a famous band leader, too—Arthur Pryor.

"I believe I can quote her letter almost by heart, I read it so many times. She wrote in effect:

"'. . . I can guess what you are going through this very minute. It is the holiday season and you are separated from the one you love. But perhaps I can tell you a few things from my experience—so similar—that will give you the courage to face your loneliness.

"'When Arthur and I were married, he left almost immediately after the ceremony for a tour. He was gone three months. I saw him for two weeks and then he left on a concert tour of Europe. In fact, during that first two years of our marriage, I don't think we were together more than three months. Imagine! I had two children and brought them up to the point where they could talk before they even knew their own father!

"'So, when you get lonely, my dear, just remember that Arthur and I have celebrated our golden wedding anniversary together. And I sometimes think it is because we learned so well, just as you are learning, how dear and precious we were to one another in the bitter school of separation that our married life proved to be such a happy one. And while I hope and pray that your two careers won't keep you separated as long as we were, I know that the knowledge of the wonderful marriage we have shared will help give you courage now while you are apart.'"

Ann was talking through a suspicious lump in the throat as she finished the contents of that letter. She didn't say anything for a minute—and then, "Maybe Hollywood's right. Maybe our's is a marriage gamble. But something in my heart tells me that Roger and I are gambling on a sure thing!"

Why gamble with inferior current-wasting substitutes?

You may pay a double penalty if you buy lamp bulbs carelessly. Unknown, inferior bulbs fail to give you full value of light . . . and by so doing put an unsuspected strain on the eyesight of young and old.

Why take chances? Look for the mark GE on the end of every bulb you buy. Then you will be sure to get lamp bulbs that do not waste electricity and that do *Stay Brighter Longer.* And you will also help give eyes the light they need for seeing safely. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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With two new dashing leading men. Songs by Gordon and Revel. You just can't afford to miss it.

Coming to your favorite theatre

A GB Production

Boos and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]

Lombard's eyes that give her that sophisticated expression and lastly we have the eye of Joan Crawford. How often she speaks with her eyes!

MARTHA MORRISON,
Portsmouth, Ohio

$1.00 PRIZE

IS SHIRLEY SLIPPING?

Shirley Temple seems to be slipping if we are to judge by her work in "Dimples." Her serious dramatic rôles are too forced to please the public. She is delightful, refreshing in her sweet-child-mischievous-comic rôles, but heavy drama, never! And why star a lovely child like Shirley Temple in crime pictures? While she played the part of the reformer in "Dimples," yet the idea that sticks in the child's mind who sees the picture is the sordid part wherein she is embarrassed by her pickpocket uncle.

Then, too, Shirley is growing up. Rôles suitable for her two years ago are insipid today But for all this criticism, I still consider Shirley Temple one of the world's great prodigies, and one of the best child stars of America.

MARY LONDON MCCOMAS,
Elk City, Okla.

NO REINCARNATION FOR TAYLOR

Bob Taylor is quite right in laughing at the idea of being a "second Valentino." Bob doesn't need to be a "second" anybody—just being himself is entirely sufficient. To compare him with Valentino is ridiculous to begin with, because the great Rudolph was a Latin in every sense of the word, while Bob is wholly American, and as such represents an utterly different type of person.

It amuses me when distinctive personalities are compared with others just as distinctive. There is always talk of another Garbo, or Gable, or Gaynor. Each one is, or was, superior in his or her own way, and new discoveries can be just as exciting, enduring and endearing to the public.

Suffice to say that Taylor has reached such a place in the fans' estimation. There are many handsome, capable young men, but Bob is different. Why? It may be a combination of his looks, personality, his good common sense and lack of ostentation, not to mention his promise as an actor. Whatever it is, he has plenty. There's only one Robert Taylor!

ELLEN W. BARKDULL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

RESENTS CRITICISM

I want to call attention to one of the recently adverse criticisms of "The Garden of Allah." The statement that the picture "is eight reels of Charles Boyer struggling with his soul." I want to say right here (and I think I share the opinion of intelligent, thinking audiences everywhere) that we want exactly that in a picture.

We want to see a character "struggling with his soul," torn two ways—between love, duty, loyalty, or what not. And we want to see that struggle portrayed on the face of the actor with the superb skill that Charles Boyer did it. In reviewing past successes, it will be realized that this makes truly outstanding pictures. Take for a few examples, Ronald Colman's *Darnay* in "A Tale of Two Cities," Charles Laughton's *Javert* in "Les Miserables," and Burgess Meredith's *Mio* in "Winterset."

I have seen (and forgotten) many pictures when the final scene faded out. Yet they were crammed full of "action" (the lack of which seems to be the chief complaint about the "Garden of Allah").

It was a truly remarkable picture, not only in brilliance of color and fine photography, the glamorous beauty of Marlene Dietrich, but above all for the acting of handsome Charles Boyer, which was nothing short of perfection

MISS ELAINE FLIPPEN,
Hollywood, Calif.

DEATH IN THE DEEP SOUTH!

Why is it that able directors succeed in correctly imitating the clipped accent of the English, the piquant accent of the French, the romantic tongue of the Spanish, and even an accent of the African head hunter that sounds reasonable, yet fail completely in an accent of their countrymen?

I am speaking of the South!

When I attend a picture like "The Gold Diggers of 1937" and hear the Southern accent butchered as the brunette gold-digging girl friend was evidently directed to do, shivers of indignation go up and down my back. The very blackest cotton picker in deepest Dixie may say "sho-nuff," "ya-all," and punctuate a sentence full of "honeys," but the typical Southern girl doesn't, nor do their mothers, or grandmothers. That goes for Southern men too.

We don't see the actors holding their noses and slicing words imitating our Yankee friends' dialect.

Give the over-emphasized drawl to the negro mammies, and make us natural.

MRS. LADONIA T. GATLIN,
Rockingham, N. C.

BRAVOS FOR BING

Until I saw "Pennies From Heaven," I had not been a Crosby fan, but Bing certainly delivers in this really fine picture.

Sans any elaborate musical background to speak of and minus the usual trite story alloted to him in the past, he turns in a workmanlike performance that really warms your heart toward this nonchalant young man who sings so pleasingly.

BENJAMIN P. SHEPARD,
Buffalo, New York.

GREAT GUY!

Welcome back Jimmy Cagney! And are we glad to see you! When I heard that you were coming, I felt like taking the band with me to welcome you.

Many others must have felt the same way because there was applause when you first appeared on the screen. And what a grand picture they gave you for your return! "Great Guy." With a background that is new and intriguing, and with a punch like the one you pack in both fists.

BESSIE TOLES,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Her Adopted Children Remade Gracie Allen's Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

the nurse said to me, 'Well, I guess we'll be seeing you again next year.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Why, you'll be coming back for a boy.'

"'Oh, no,' I said. 'One child is all the family George and I want.'

"The nurse smiled. 'They nearly always come back for another child.'

"'Not I,' I answered. 'I'll be the one exception. You'll never see me again.'

"Eleven months later I was back for a boy."

"Adopting a second baby was Gracie's idea," volunteered George. "At first I didn't want to adopt a second child. I said, 'Aw, we've got Sandra. What do we need another child for?'"

Gracie took up the story. "I looked around at the people I knew," she said, "the people who had no brothers and sisters. Nearly all of them admitted that they had been unhappy and lonesome as children. I didn't want Sandra to have that sort of childhood. Besides, we loved Sandra so much that I knew if we didn't adopt another child we'd spoil her. We simply couldn't help ourselves

"I'M sure a great many other people feel the same way about it, because while I was at the Cradle, a young couple came looking for a baby. There was no baby of just the age they wanted available, but there were triplets. They took the triplets! The man said, 'We were planning to adopt other children later, but we might as well get our whole family at once!'"

To this day no one knows just why Gracie Allen picked two-months-old Ronald Jon as a brother for Sandra. Ronald was puny and frail from the start.

"When I first saw him, I was very much upset," George told me. "He looked like a wrinkled little man to me."

When I asked George why Gracie picked him, he said, "I don't know. She must have picked him for the shape of his head, and she was right, because he's turned out wonderfully."

But personally I think that Gracie chose Ronald because she knew that he needed her far more than the more fortunate babies at the Cradle.

"There's one thing that kills me," George Burns interrupted at this point, and for the first time since I've known him his eyes snapped angrily. "That's when people say, 'If you love these two children so much, think how much more you'd love children of your own.'"

"I couldn't," Gracie said, and her gray-blue eyes were alight with sincerity, "love any child —no matter who it was—any better than I love Ronald and Sandra. People don't have to be your flesh and blood for you to love them. After all, a woman's husband is no relation to her; yet does love hit her any the less hard because the man she loves is not related to her by blood ties?

"In order to love a child, she or he doesn't have to be a little duplicate of you and your husband. You can pass a baby on the street and your heart may go out to it, even though you never saw the youngster before and perhaps will never see it again.

"When we decided to adopt our first child,

there were friends who said to us, 'But how can you take a stranger into your home? What can you know about its ancestry? How can you tell what kind of blood it has?'

"I told them, 'How do you know what kind of blood *you* have? Do you know the name of your great-great grandfather? I don't know the name of mine. I'm sure that in every family tree there are great-aunts and uncles and great-great grandfathers that we wouldn't want our children to take after if we knew about them.' So when people say, 'How can I tell how an adopted baby will turn out?' I feel like saying to them, 'Of course you can't tell. If a woman has a baby of her own, she can't tell either what the baby will be like twenty years from the day it's born. But if you get a normal baby from a reliable baby-placing agency, the chances are that the baby will turn out beautifully.'

"However, the real question isn't how the baby will turn out. It's how you're going to turn out as a parent. If your motive in adopting a baby is a selfish one, you can only do harm by adopting one. But if you're thinking about what you can do for some baby who needs you, the baby you hold in your arms today will tomorrow be the dearest, most beloved child in the world to you, and she will make over your whole world."

"ONE of the things that Gracie and I resent most," George commented further, "is when people talk about adopting a baby and assume that they are doing the baby a great favor. You can never do for a baby what a baby does for you. Gracie and I aren't kidding ourselves. Of course we supply Ronny and Sandra with every advantage, every luxury that money can buy. But what of it? The children aren't asking for those luxuries, are they? They'd probably be just as happy if they didn't have a thing. I know I had just as good a time as Sandra and Ronny, though my parents were poor, though we often had no food to eat, though I sometimes had to steal food or go hungry.

"Life's fun for a kid, even though it's full of hardships. Life was fun for me in those days. It was a game to be played, and I played it to the top of my bent, glorying in the fact that I'd found some special place where I could get something I wanted for only a penny."

AND George Burns is right. Nothing that any parent can do for a child can compare with what the child can do for the parent. Sandra and Ronny have changed the Burns' whole attitude toward life, their whole perspective, even their standard of living.

When I first knew George Burns and Gracie Allen a few years ago, they were a grand couple, but their viewpoint was narrow; George's mind was centered on their struggle to get somewhere in radio; Gracie talked mostly about fashions and clothes. When they met the Stu Erwins and Dick Arlen and his wife and other young married couples, and when one young mother would start talking about the time her baby had croup and they had to send for a doctor in a hurry and another would tell about how she'd trimmed the Christmas tree for her youngster, Gracie would sit intensely miserable and self-conscious, utterly lonesome and forlorn.

Like most show people, George and Gracie turned the clock around, slept in the daytime when you and I were working, got up around noon, and didn't really start living until midnight. And they had no roots. They did not own a home—nor did they want one.

They were living in a three room apartment at the Hotel Essex, New York, when Sandra came into their lives. Such a fuss and a flurry you never saw! George's den was converted into a nursery for Sandra. Out went the bar. Out went all George's things. All the food in the Frigidaire had to be taken out to make room for the baby's bottles, and George and Gracie went out to eat.

The minute they got to Hollywood, the first thing I heard was that they had moved, first into a six room apartment with a patio, then into a seven room apartment, and from there to a three acre place that had been Pauline Frederick's home.

But still they were not satisfied. They wanted a home of their own—a place in which they could bring up Sandra and Ronny. Last Christmas George gave Gracie the deed to an eleven room house in Beverly Hills, with an outside nursery, a big porch, a swimming pool and a carefully fenced off play-yard.

They never even used to have a car, but would grab taxis whenever they had to go anywhere. But children obviously would be shaken up in taxis, so they had to get a car, and they got one.

As for sleeping the clock around, there's not the slightest chance of that nowadays. At nine in the morning they leap out of bed, these two hard-boiled troupers, because they must know—they simply must—what the children are chatting and laughing about. They wouldn't think of having breakfast without the children sitting down with them. If you can call it sitting! Ronald runs all around the room. Sandra, though she's already had her own breakfast, is all over Gracie's plate.

If she has any free time, Gracie takes Sandra shopping with her. She dresses Sandra and Ronny like brother and sister, because to her that's what they are.

Of course George and Gracie have one of the most competent nurses in the world to take care of their youngsters, and on the nurse's day off they have a relief nurse. But no matter what they're doing, they dash home at five in the evening, because they simply have to watch the two children having their supper and being bathed. And if Gracie can sneak away from wherever she is at three o'clock, so much the better. She can get in two more blessed hours with her children.

When you ask Gracie and George how they feel about this bugaboo of telling children they're adopted, they'll tell you it's no bugaboo at all. "Of course we'll tell them," George told me. "But we won't make any ritual of it; we won't give them any thirty minute salvation talk on adoption. We'll just tell them casually, as soon as they're old enough to understand."

"I've told Sandra already," Gracie said softly. "Whenever I hold her in my arms, I call her, 'My darling adopted baby.' I want the word 'adopted' to be tied up in her mind with love and nothing else. I hope that unconsciously she'll associate it with love all her life.

"I say to her, 'My darling adopted baby, when I got you from the Cradle, you didn't have a stitch of clothes to your name. I bought all your clothes for you.' She answers, 'Yes?' and I say, 'Yes.' I don't think she knows what I'm talking about, but she will.

"I am preparing her so that if the day ever comes when some child comes up to her and says, 'You're an adopted child,' she'll say, 'Yes, I know, I came from the Cradle.'"

To all child-loving couples who want to adopt a baby but who are afraid to because of this doubt or that one, George and Gracie say, "Nothing we've ever done has brought us as much fun or as much happiness as adopting our Sandra and Ronny."

Right! The

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The All-Star Story of the Cocoanut Grove

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23]

with their parties, they gave the movie folk an icy stare. From their manner, they were just out slumming. This somewhat irked the gorgeous beauties of Hollywood.

Then one evening Irene Rich, who had been a socialite in San Francisco, appeared at the Grove with a party of the bluest blue bloods in the Social Register. Audible gasps came from the tables under the palms. Necks craned, and next day all Hollywood buzzed with her triumph. Suddenly all the beauties recalled what dear friends they were with Irene Rich. Today, in case you are curious, Society has accepted the movie colony, and the movies have taken socialites into pictures. The barriers are no longer so pronounced.

The stars began to put on dinners at the Grove that were as lavish as a Roman orgy at its orgiest. From rivalry over dance cups came hot rivalry over the banquet boards.

The superb feud between Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson found its most eloquent outlet in their battle as to which one could put on the most dazzling dinner parties at the Grove. Gloria ran the red flag before Pola's nose when she made the marvelous discovery that Pola hated cats. Gloria immediately dumped a carload of them on the Paramount lot in front of Pola's dressing room. Pola hit back by luring all the most prominent of Gloria's friends to her dinner parties at the Grove.

Pola was married at that point to an obscure count. She instructed all interviewers to mention her as "the Countess." This was a big advantage over the untitled beauties. She learned also the advantage of making an entrance after all the guests had arrived and were ready to admire. So Pola would come late. Not to be outdone, Gloria came even later. It got so that the two women would send out scouts to find out when to make an entrance. The final wallop was when Gloria delayed so long in arriving at a party that all the guests—save one—had departed!

IN those days the movies, as well as the Grove, believed that costuming was chiefly a problem in subtraction rather than addition, and Adrian, now paid fabulous prices for his costumes at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, knew his figures.

The girl in the cake of ice, one knock-out Grove feature, was the supreme example of Adrian's art. She wore nothing. When this float was wheeled in, with the girl apparently frozen solid in the ice, the audience gasped. Then came the protest that this stunt was outrageously cruel. Actually the girl was quite warm and cozy.

The secret, jealously guarded, lay in the fact that the center of the cake was hollow, and before the girl entered it was warmed with an electric heater.

When caught in the right mood, Charlie Chaplin would sally forth and put the Grove crowd in stitches.

Also, it was at the Grove that many of Chaplin's hectic romances flourished. The reporters had heard of a flourishing flirtation between Chaplin and Pola Negri, and one night they swooped down, determined to grab pictures of the famous couple.

Chaplin was not publicity minded that evening. A cameraman found his camera snatched from his grasp and dashed to pieces.

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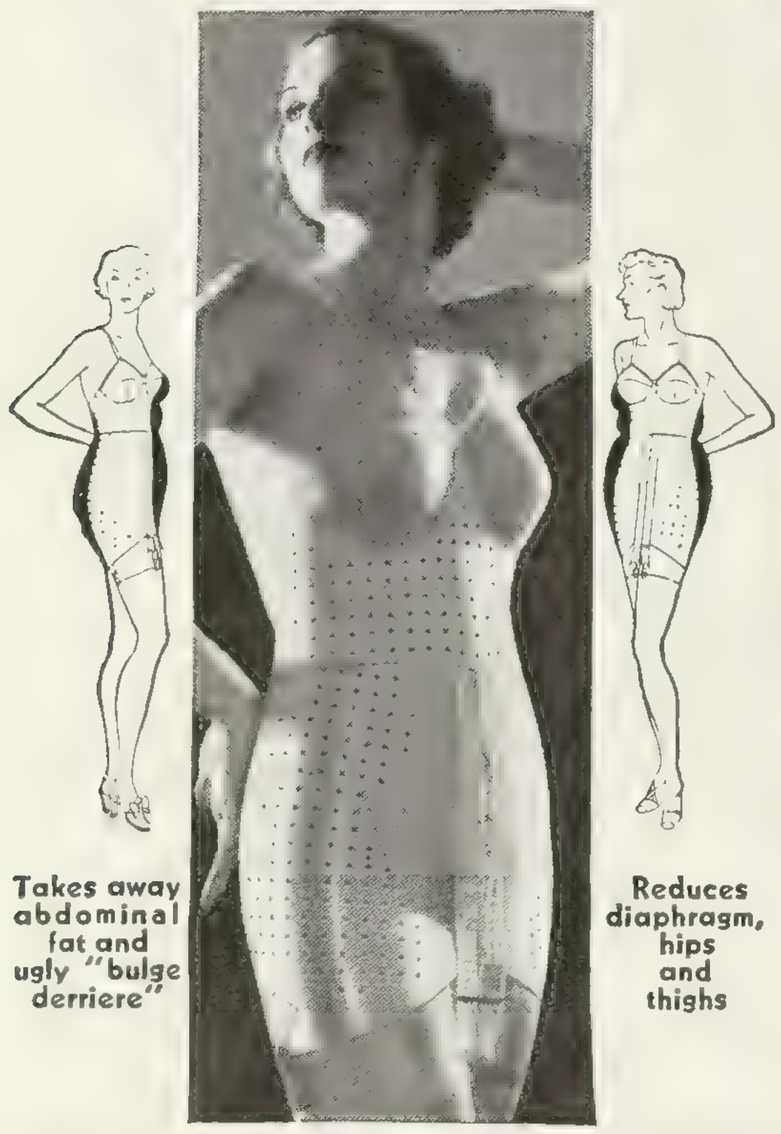

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The Chaplin-Negri romance became, from then on, front-page news, but there was another love story, poignantly tragic, which escaped the reporters. That was the breathless love of Maurice, the dancer, for the blonde, willowy loveliness of Constance Talmadge.

Maurice was brought to the Grove with Lenora Hughes at the height of their popularity. Suffering from the consumption which was later to cost him his life, Maurice cared little for anything but his art. The first night he inspected the Grove he declared that the dance floor had to be covered with black velvet. All the rugs in the vacant rooms had to be taken up, dyed and stitched together before Maurice would dance.

He fell in love with Constance Talmadge at first sight. Whether Connie was genuinely interested or whether it was because she and Buster Collier had quarrelled, nobody knows, but Hollywood insiders, wherever and whenever they met, lifted the proverbial eyebrow over this new romance. The tempestuous soul of the dancer rose to dizzy heights those evenings—and then was dashed to the depths when Connie turned away.

Lenora Hughes deserted Maurice to marry a wealthy Argentine and Maurice trained Barbara Bennett, sister of Joan and Connie, to take her place. He planned to return to Hollywood after a tour of the Continent, but his numbered days ended in Switzerland, and those who knew him say that his last year of life was darkened by the memories of his unrequited love for Constance Talmadge.

THE Grove was a flourishing institution when Abe "Dad" Frank, the manager, hired the Three Rhythm Boys—Harry Barris, Al Rinker and Bing Crosby—as entertainers. He paid them each fifty dollars a week.

At the start no one would have chosen Bing as the most likely to succeed in the trio. Some of the Grove girls called him "poached egg eyes" and thought the others were the better looking members. But that was before they heard Bing sing.

It wasn't long before Bing had a rabid following of fans, and a rabidly worried manager. For sad to relate, most of Bing's salary went for liquid refreshments. Time and again the Grove would send out searching parties for Bing and haul him to the place for his performance.

Once behind a microphone, Bing never had any trouble crooning. The crowd would clamor for "It Must Be True" and Bing's liquid notes would pour forth joyously. Bing's derelictions were a source of grief to Dixie Lee, who was engaged to marry him, and today he credits her with showing him the error of his ways.

One of Bing's pals then, as today, was Jack Oakie. They maintained bachelor quarters together at Malibu Beach, and Jack's visits to the Grove were so frequent as to indicate he thought he was on the pay roll too.

So, one night, Jack was put to work. Bing had been delayed, avoidably delayed, and "Dad" Frank took Bing to task. Their argument, staged behind the orchestra platform,

Myrna Loy's heavenly smile wouldn't discourage any salesman, certainly not this little go-getter who brings Myrna her new LIBERTY while she rests between scenes for "Parnell" which M-G-M will soon release

showed no signs of quieting down long enough for Bing to sing. By this time the crowd was yelling impatiently for the crooner. In desperation, Ben Frank, the son of Abe, and his successor to the business, seized Oakie.

"Get up in front of that mike and say something," begged Ben.

Oakie could hardly wobble, let alone warble, but he got to the platform and the Oakie wit, as usual, proved equal to the occasion. He kidded the crowd along until the sound and fury of Bing's battle, behind the thin partition of the runway, grew to such proportions that Oakie's efforts were drowned out. Oakie gave up, stepped from the platform . . . and fell flat on his face!

But to get back to the earthy, violent argument between Bing and "Dad" Frank that precipitated Oakie's fall on the nose . . . it started a ten-year feud, a feud that's still raging between Bing and the Cocoanut Grove. And what a battle it turned out to be!

How that war between the Grove and Bing Crosby affected his career will be graphically told in the next installment of this story, along with further intimate, brilliant and crazy anecdotes about the loves, hates, and adventures that have flourished in this favorite haunt of the Hollywood stars.
Continued in May Photoplay

Until Death Did Them Part

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

and life moved pleasantly on except for one thing.

Irene was not responding to California air and sunshine. She grew a shade paler, a bit more fragile as the years passed on.

I remember a swanky style show given at Travis Banton's home. Irene was there, beautiful with a pale, wistful loveliness. Suddenly the room was electrified by the presence of Lionel Barrymore strutting in, wearing decrepit golf knickers and a battered cap clutched in his hand. He strode over to his wife's side and gently laid a rough hand on her shoulder.

"I—" he smiled a bit embarrassed—"I just wanted to see if you were enjoying yourself." Something in his eyes as he looked at her made even the least sentimental of Hollywood's sophisticates suddenly look the other way.

Later he sent her to New York specialists. The separation must have been a sacrifice for him, in his own agony of pain that grew as the days passed on, but if it was, he never let on.

Even on his bad days when his pain was at its worst, he'd almost crawl from the set several times a day to phone her from his dressing room.

"Renee," he'd say, "how are you, my dear?"

No mention of his own suffering.

He took a house in Phoenix, Arizona, hoping the change of climate would bring back her health.

"May," he said one day to May Robson after a climb to her dressing room that left him white with agony, "it's about Renee." For the first time, his voice broke.

The two old friends sat with heads bowed for a moment. "I can't get away from this picture yet," Lionel continued, "and I'm

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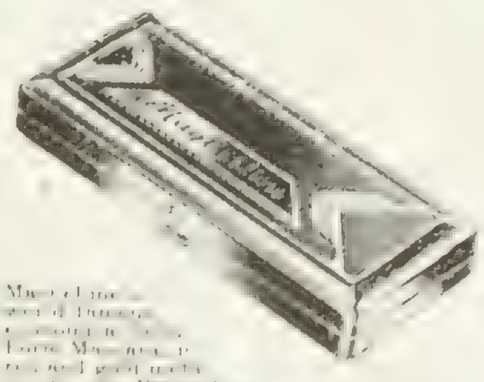

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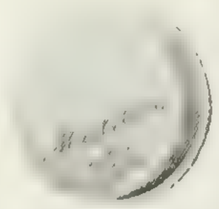

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afraid Renee is lonely for some fun down there in Phoenix. May, I wondered, could you, I mean, would you loan me your projection machine?"

He had it even before he finished speaking. He drove from there to Walt Disney's. Loaded with reels of comedies, he returned and drove through the night to Renee.

That she should have pleasure if only for a day.

Later, all during the making of "The Gorgeous Hussy" and "Captain Courageous," when his sufferings seemed to have reached a climax, he thought of her constantly.

Flowers were ordered and sent to her by the boxes. In all the years they had been married not a day passed without some token of his love brought into materialization.

"Flowers?" someone said to him teasingly one day. "Sending flowers to your wife?"

Lionel stopped and looked at him. "What's unnatural in a man sending his wife flowers?" he demanded.

"It's natural for a man to love his wife, isn't it?"

HIS love was never flaunted for all to see. He kept it well hidden in the secret of his own heart, he thought. And yet, when Irene, with a nurse attending, would venture out on one of her better days to a beauty parlor, Lionel was pretty sure to be found waiting patiently outside to see Renee in her loveliness as she emerged.

One day Mike Cantwell, a prize fight trainer and friend of Lionel's, stamped up the stairs to Lionel's dressing room. He found the actor lying on his couch, his lips clenched tight with pain. He smiled a greeting to his old friend. "Just sit awhile with me, Mike," he said. "I'm resting between scenes."

The two remained silent a long while.

"Mike," Lionel said softly, "I'd be all right if only my wife had good health. I'd be all right then.

"For, Mike, she's a very wonderful person, Renee is."

The doctors tried to tell him that her strength was ebbing. He pooh-poohed them to scorn.

But the stricken something in his eyes as he went about his work revealed his heart believed what his eyes denied.

He had gone to be near her in the heat of an Arizona town when pictures permitted, but the change had failed to work the miracle he hoped for.

But he never gave up.

"I believe," Lionel said one day to a close friend, "in the power of prayer. I believe He hears and He answers. I know He does." It was all he said and yet in part it explained, that confession beautiful, why Lionel Barrymore was able to go on when most any other man would have been compelled to give up It explained, too, I think, his capacity for a love that reached the heights.

"There were times," Bob Montgomery told me, "when I'd hear Lionel in the dressing room next to mine, playing his piano. Just before I would have heard him painfully climb the stairs one at a time. And yet, he had the courage to sit there is his own pain and knowing in his own heart the woman he loved, as few men ever love, was slipping away from him, and he'd play."

The marriage and romantic escapades of John left him filled with misery. It widened the distance between the brothers.

Came Christmas Eve with all its merriment.

The revelry at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

studios was at its height. Christmas parties were in full swing. Everyone celebrated. Alone together, at home, were Lionel and Renee

Jack's Christmas gift for Renee arrived. Lionel took it in to her.

She smiled up at him.

"It was sweet of Jack," she said, "but, darling, I know that there won't be any Christmas for me."

He knelt at her side, and even as she clasped his hand and smiled, the end came.

A WOMAN star, who asked me not to reveal her name, told me of meeting Clark Gable just outside Lionel's dressing room shortly after the news broke.

"I—you see, it was Lionel," Clark explained, "who is responsible for my being here at all. It was Lionel who insisted I leave the play, 'The Last Mile,' for a movie test. I—" he hesitated, "just heard the news and felt that—" he stopped again. "I know he isn't there but I felt closer to him over here, somehow."

The woman star leaned against the door and wept audibly while Clark Gable went off to his own dressing room.

A car drove up to a Beverly Hills church, the day after Renee's death, and Lionel, all alone, crippled with pain, stepped out.

He was attending services on Christmas Day

JOHN BARRYMORE leaped in and filled his brother's spot on a radio program Christmas night and Lionel phoned to thank him. But with John's escapades once more headline news, his unreliability, Lionel felt alone with his grief.

Now he's back at work.

They watch him down at the studio as he quietly goes about the lot, his figure bent too heavily for all of its fifty-eight years.

Work is all he has left now. He dares not let that go.

No wonder Joel McCrea was picked by Sam Goldwyn to play Terangi, the colorful native hero of "Hurricane" by the same authors as "Mutiny on the Bounty." Joel is a remarkably perfect physical specimen—with or without what the well-dressed man wears

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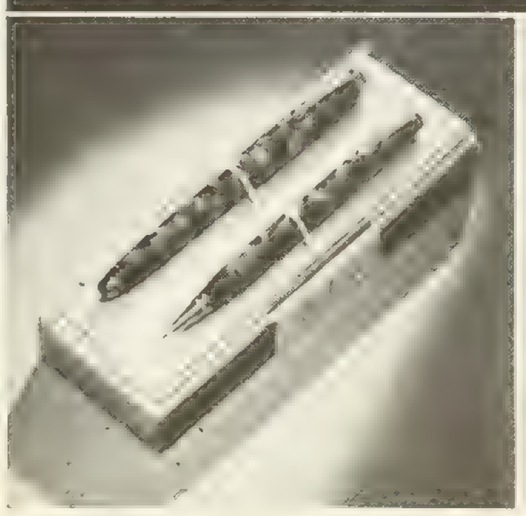

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

SEA DEVILS—RKO-Radio

WITH a mighty heave-ho this slam-bang story of the coast guard patrol is hearty entertainment. Preston Foster and Victor McLaglen are enemy seamen. Foster is in love with McLaglen's daughter, Ida Lupino, with Donald Woods as a rival. McLaglen favors Woods and quarrels constantly with Foster. Storms at sea with brave rescue work are thrilling.

BORDERLAND—Paramount

ANOTHER Hopalong Cassidy story with William Boyd pretending to be a bad man in order to trap a bandit termed *The Fox*. *The Fox* almost turns the tables on Boyd but after an exciting chase, the villain is captured. Jimmy Ellison and George Hayes trail along with Boyd. Nora Lane and Charlene Wyatt are interesting additions. Scenic locations are beautiful.

TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox

THRILLS, suspense and romance enliven this comedy of an heiress, Claire Trevor, who flees her titled husband at the altar, and while hitch-hiking to the coast is picked up by Michael Whalen member of a motor caravan and poses as his wife. Both suspect each other of being jewel robbers and finally the entire caravan lands in jail. Clever situations and dialogue add to the laughs.

A DOCTOR'S DIARY—Paramount

INTRODUCING John Trent as a star, this muddled business attempts cinema commentary on the wrong side of medical ethics. Trent plays the young doctor who, torn between two loves, nevertheless befriends a crippled genius. You will find this newcomer inept and good-looking, the story hackneyed, the direction far from expert. Just don't bother.

CLARENCE—Paramount

SPRIGHTLY comedy results from *Clarence's* entry as general fixer-upper into harassed Eugene Pallette's wrangling family, consisting of Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney, the quarrelling brother and sister, and Spring Byington, their stepmother, and assorted servants. Roscoe Karns as *Clarence* patches up all their love-affairs, which are well-mixed, and leaves them more or less at peace with each other. You'll get plenty of laughs.

JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN—Paramount

INTRODUCING Francine Larrimore as the newest Hollywood star, this is a phoney of a story, full of dialogue and strained as to action. Francine is miscast as a farm girl who, acting like a bowery babe, comes to the big city and meets Edward Arnold, tycoon. He marries her to spite a society girl and the fireworks begin—only to fizzle. No dice

WINGS OF THE MORNING—20th Century-Fox

THIS modern melodrama of racing and love is lazily paced but beautiful in its Technicolor reproduction of the English and Irish countryside. Henry Fonda is a gentleman trainer who falls in love with Anabella, a Gypsy girl. There are involved handicaps to their happiness, dissolved when the girl's swift steed runs the Derby. John McCormack sings magnificently and you'll love the scenery.

WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?—RKO-Radio

GOOFIER than ever this newest of Joe E. Brown's comedies presents the Mouth as an amateur astrologer whose blind trust in the zodiac scales gets him into trouble. A professional sportsman adopts him as a lucky mascot; women fight for his favors, and he fights in the ring screeching predictions. Meanwhile you laugh. It's swell slapstick.

Bette Davis proving again that the female of the species is more deadly than the male (Jack Norton). The sequined siren's first picture since her return to Warners is "Marked Woman" and it looks like a honey

Barbara Stanwyck Tells Why She Won't Marry Robert Taylor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

Barbara was silent again.

"But since you two are such great friends, isn't it possible that you will one day fall in love with each other?"

"Who knows?" Barbara answered, simply. "Many people believe that friendship is a more powerful emotion than love. They argue that when you reach the heights of romantic love, you can only fall back; while, on the other hand, friendship is a goal that is never completely reached. Build on it as you will, strengthen it by years of devotion, you can never accomplish complete friendship. It is always possible of being intensified. And by that argument, friendship gains with the years while love can only lose.

"If this is true, then Bob and I have unconsciously built a firm foundation. Our friendship is real; it grows deeper with each passing day. And while we have no intention of marrying, still I presume such a foundation of friendship might be able to withstand the inevitable loss of the passionate form of love that lasts but a few months after the honeymoon. If you could fall in love with your best friend, I suppose such a marriage would come as close to perfection as marriage can come.

"BUT right now, I have other plans. I am so thrilled with my career and the grand chance I'm to have in *Stella Dallas*. I want to give the part I am to portray a lot of thought. It will take a lot of thought. I have a marvelous ranch now, too. The stables are up and the training track for our racing horses is finished. We've already sold a number of yearlings. And I'm building a cute, Irish farmhouse for my home; the foundation is already in and it will soon be completed.

"Everything seems to be looking up now. In fact, I'm finding it a little difficult to keep from being skeptical that such marvelous happiness can last—but I'll try not to tempt Fate and maybe I'll have it for a long time.

"I haven't wanted to deal in personalities. What I've said about Bob and marriage was meant to be my reaction to *anyone* and marriage.

"The friendship of Bob Taylor is one of my dearest possessions. I wouldn't strain that bond for anything in the world."

Just then the telephone rang. It was the studio telling Barbara that she would have to report for work the next day.

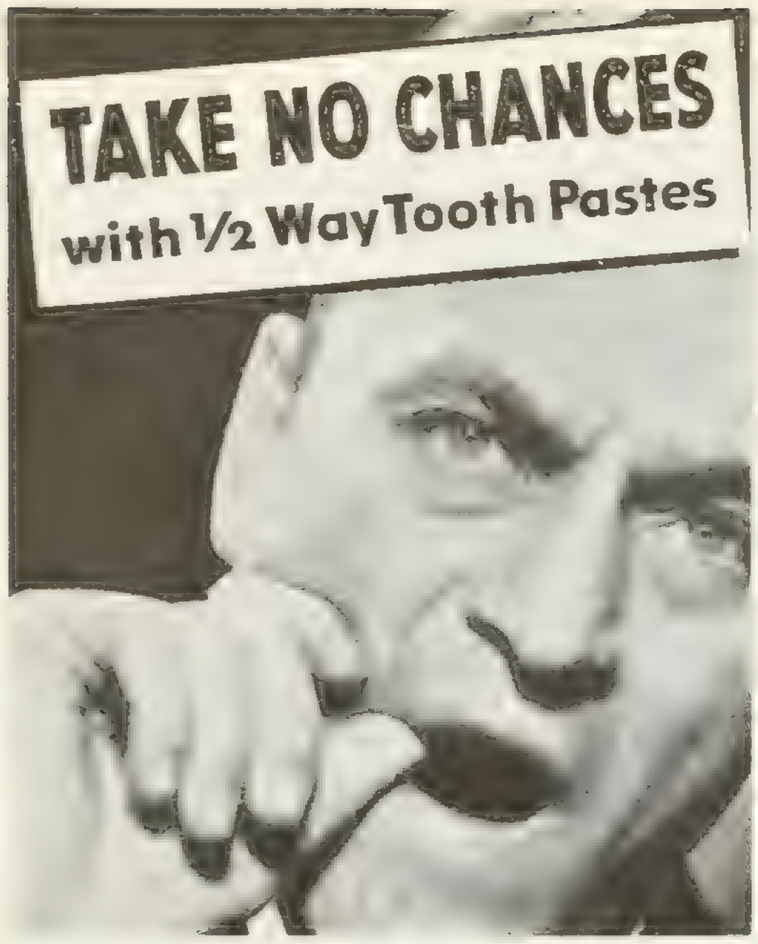
As I arose to go, Barbara held out her hand to wish me good-bye. Her hand was warm with fever, yet her hand clasp was firm and genuine. I asked her final permission to print the statement she had given me. The real Barbara Stanwyck is tied up in the answer:

"As long as I hurt no one with what I have said, I can see no reason for not printing my honest answer to your questions."

As I drove away from her home, I found myself agreeing with those others. If Bob Taylor ever succeeds in gaining Barbara Stanwyck for a wife, he'll be a lucky boy. And if Barbara ever succeeds in living down her distrust of marriage enough to marry Bob, she'll have just about the grandest boy in the world, too. But right now Barbara says:

"Bob and I are not going to be married."

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan Picture "Green Light"



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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

joiced when they were both cast in "Beloved Enemy." And then, as so often happens, they found they were seeing too much of each other. Every day the two were thrown together on the set and every evening the two met, as usual, to talk over the day's work

Love couldn't stand the strain and so, friendly but sadly, they parted.

A MOVIE star's past certainly has a way of creeping up on him every so often. Clark Gable's did recently at any rate.

In the year 1922, when Mrs. Violet Wells Norton, forty-seven-year-old English woman claims Clark was chicken ranching near her home in England, it was discovered by the authorities Gable was doing no such thing. No indeedy.

At that time the great outdoor he-man was busily engaged in the business of SELLING NECKTIES to lumberjacks.

And doing all right at it, too.

LEOPOLD STOWKOWSKI takes his place with Clark Gable and Bob Taylor these days as movie hero extraordinary. It was the great musical director's fan mail, after his appearance in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," that brought him back to Paramount on a three year contract.

His first request was to talk to Harpo Marx who plays the harp so beautifully and to Irving Berlin, composer of popular songs. Stowkowski held out at great length to both men, when they finally arranged the meeting, about various technical points of music.

At the end of an hour Harpo looked at Irving and Irving looked at Harpo. They both looked then at Stowkowski.

"He can't read a note of music," Harpo finally said, pointing at Irving.

"He makes up all his tunes by air, too," Irving said, nodding at Harpo.

For a minute the maestro looked stunned. "It iss too much, zis Hollywood," he said, and running his fingers through his hair strode off.

THE recent cold snap caused many long anxious hours for many of our rancher stars.

But the comedians of the village managed, for once, at least, to be as funny off screen as on, and the tales of Hugh Herbert's and Frank Morgan's efforts to combat frost are killing.

Herbert, who has fallen madly in love with his live stock, heeded all the smudging of his frantic neighbors and immediately rushed out and bought a hundred fancy smudge pots of his own.

But instead of using them under the orange trees, Hugh used them to keep the cold off his chickens and pigs and, as a result, nearly strangled the blackened, sooted animals. The white chickens emerged a cozy ebony and the hogs were blacker than Stepin Fetchit.

Frank Morgan's concern was for his five tropical plants in his Beverly Hills back garden. At the first sign of frost, Frank rushed off and bought each plant its own little individual smudge pot which burned beside it all night.

Next morning the neighbors raised old Ned with Morgan and the actor was worried sick. There seemed to be no hope for his plants. And then, he had an idea.

The next night each plant had its own cozy pup tent and there they stood under their little tents until the frost was over.

MINOR Items: Warners, seeing that James Cagney might stage a comeback after all what with the success of "The Great Guy," immediately declared war. They started rehashing the famous court case and at the same time announced they would put a group of old Cagney films out to flood the market. But Jimmy isn't worried—says he'll beat this (legal) plan yet . . . latest in the business of making "Gone With the Wind" is that Selznick International (which owns the story) and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (which has Clark Gable under contract) may join forces for this production. Metro refuses to loan Clark out, and Selznick realizes it can't cast anyone else as *Rhett Butler* . . . George Bancroft gave a couple of College Boys permission to swim at his private beach and was plenty surprised when they reported they'd uncovered a deposit of titanium (expensive mineral used in paint) on his property . . .

JOHN BOLES came out of the theater, looked up to see if it were raining, drew on his gloves, and motioned for his driver to bring the car up.

An autograph fan yelled suddenly: "There's Boles!"

He stepped into the car as the surge of people, notebooks waving, came down upon him.

He signed for a half dozen. Then "Drive on," he said.

But the car didn't move. It couldn't. There were shouting children (and many adults) surrounding it four deep.

Then a whistle sounded and a policeman came running up.

"Thank heaven," murmured John, "now I can get out of here."

So the cop gave him a ticket for blocking traffic.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX, having waited long enough, called J. Edward Bromberg's house the other afternoon.

His wife answered. "Where's Mr. Bromberg?" the studio asked. "We need him for retakes."

"I don't know."

"What! But—but we need him. The director will be frantic!"

Mrs. Bromberg had mild hysterics. "Hah," she shouted. "And how about me? He went to a preview last night and I haven't seen or heard from him since. I'm going to call the police!"

She hung up, and immediately the phone rang again. "Ensenada calling," the operator whined.

It seems that J. Edward had gone to the preview with Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent; and it also seems that during the picture the couple decided they would drive down to Mexico immediately after the show and get married.

Would Bromberg mind coming along as best man?

Bromberg would—and did, without even calling home or anything.

He finally remembered that he had a family and a job sometime late the following afternoon!

Ah, this crazy Hollywood.

The Adventurous Life of Spencer Tracy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

rented a suite at an expensive, smart hotel, and bought a long sleek motor and hired a chauffeur to drive him ("I'd always been able to drive myself before," Spencer told me ruefully); he bought dinner jackets and studs and top hats and tails and white ties

He ordered a small bar installed in his living room and stocked it to the limit. People, friends of the actress, invited him to parties and he invited them to the hotel—increasingly often—in return.

THE headwaiters of every night club in town let out a glad cry and opened preparatory cash registers at his coming.

"You see, I'd never known anything of this sort," he explained. "My life had been so completely different, so distant from this kind of thing. And to be suddenly the center of a group that was brilliant and rich and worldly was fascinating to me. The women were gay and beautiful always—they wore furs and jewels and Creations in the evening. We dressed for dinner. I'd never done that. We had cocktails in the afternoon, and champagnes with food, and liqueurs afterward, and highballs in the evening.

"And—they laughed so much, these people Everything was funny. There was a superficial sort of gaiety, like a haze, over everything they did. I forgot all the precepts upon which I had built my life, accepted all the attitudes and philosophies that I'd despised for so many years."

If you have read the preceding stories in this life history of Spencer Tracy, you will be able to retrace in your mind the months and years during which he had followed the solid, respectable program of the average American citizen.

He had gone to school, he had enlisted in the war, he had fought Broadway for a place among its successful—and won it; he had found his girl, and married her, and had his children.

If you had asked Spencer at any time during those years if he thought there would be any change in the succeeding pages of his biography, he would have said, "no."

He had no resistance against this lovesickness which caught him finally, you see. Perhaps it would have been better if, during his Broadway experience, he had infected himself with a little of the glamorous pleasure it offered—and considered the experiment as a sort of vaccination. If he had drowned himself in a few magnums of champagne, instead of limiting himself to an occasional glass of beer with Pat O'Brien or some other crony, champagne would have meant less to him when at last he did discover it.

Things might have turned out differently, too, if he had not met, at the very beginning of his search for a wife, a girl who was lovely and honest and loyal and intelligent.

"If" and "perhaps" notwithstanding, for a whole year Spencer showed Hollywood how to have a good time, how to live. The publicity was horrible, but he was past caring.

Don't deceive yourself that he was happy after the first month or two. He was too honest with himself, too inherently introspective not to realize how generally false were the things for which he had traded his home and his family. Eventually the only thing that could make him reconcile the exchange in his own mind, was a full bottle of Scotch

Then, of course, his work began to suffer irreparably.

You can't come onto a sound stage with your head bursting from hangover and play with convincing gestures, the sort of hero America demands in its photoplays

Often, when he felt too miserable, he just didn't go to the studio at all. And once, during a period of retakes, a picture was held up for ten days while frantic officials searched everywhere for him.

He met Louise, one afternoon a few months after he had left her. Unhappily they faced each other.

"You've got the right, you know, to do anything you like to me," Spence told her. "I suppose it won't be long now; I'm not begging for mercy, at least."

SHE put out her hand, hesitantly. "Why don't you come home?" she asked him with a tenderness that wrenched at his heart.

Something within him — the inexorable trauma which held him to the new life—governed his words.

"I can't, Louise."

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Her eyes, disappointed, were still soft. "But you will—sometime. You'll always be welcome, Spence." She paused—"In the meantime, why don't you come out once a week and have dinner with the children? They miss you."

"I'd like to do that," he told her gratefully.

She was clever, Louise; she knew her husband too well to accept his madness as anything but momentary. She loved him too much to give him up without a bitter struggle. And she knew that in the midst of this tragic darkness one thing represented a flicker of comprehensible light to Spencer; his children.

She might have done what almost any other woman would have done in the circumstances—she might have gone to court, or stormed, or fought openly. But Louise's clear mind realized that the only weapon reconcilable with her great love and her greater faith was patience. Hopefully she settled into the routine of her family affairs, and waited.

It happened, of course.

He telephoned early one morning and told the housekeeper that he wouldn't be able to come that evening for his usual dinner with the kids — but his forenoon was free, and if she'd set another plate he'd drive out for breakfast.

In the still warmth of the lovely valley, his miniature ranch looked peaceful and familiar as he turned in the drive half an hour later. A special sickness of spirit enclosed him, built of nostalgia and regret and unhappiness. He was reserved and unsmiling when his daughter and son ran up to greet him.

At breakfast (the table was laid on a terrace beneath umbrellas) he let them do most of the talking. Little John said finally, "Louise and mother are going on a picnic tomorrow."

"That's fine," Spencer said absently, remembering to speak directly to John so the child could read his lips. "You going with them?"

"No. I told mother maybe you'd take me somewhere with you. Maybe we could go out on a boat and fish, I told her."

Spencer shook his head. "I'm sorry, I can't do that. I'll be busy all day tomorrow."

There was a short, hurt silence. "Well," Johnny said, "I wish we could sometime Mother takes us out a lot, of course—but—it isn't the same—." The small brow was wrinkled "Louise is all right. A little girl should be with her mother. But I think — a boy should be with his father, don't you?"

The words struck Spence like a slap in the face. He stood up. "Look," he said unsteadily, "I have to rush back to the city. I—you be good kids—." He went to his car.

Back in his hotel he sat on the edge of the bed and held his head in his hands. Turbulent with the conflict of thought and emotion, he faced himself completely, honestly, then, for the first time in that mad year.

There had been nights, before, when after a late party he had come in and let the unrestrained, tortuous voice of his genuine self break through the wall of indifference in his mind; always he had reached for the Scotch, and always the voice had gone away, sooner or later

Today the whiskey had lost its potency. The simple words: "A boy should be with his father—" hung bright and unerasable before him. In the end he knew that it was over. No matter what happened, he had to go back.

That evening, his face worn, his mouth decisive, he came into the living room of the valley house and stood silently before Louise She searched the tired eyes for an endless instant; then smiled with relief and pity.

"I'll order some coffee," she said, reaching for the bell. Then she laughed, a small, amused chuckle. "I won't have to do anything to your room. It's been ready for a week." . . .

"SHE has never," Spencer told me wonderingly, "mentioned the affair from that day to this. Not even by so much as a suggestion or gesture. When I walked into the house that night a door closed over the year that had just passed. Neither of us will ever open it again."

He crunched out his cigarette. "I want to say this," he went on slowly. "The fact that I'm alive today, that I'm capable of any work or success—I owe to her. She's the most wonderful person I've ever known. In my room today there are little knick-knacks, little presents that were given to me by the other girl during that time. Those things are dusted and handled as carefully as anything else in the house, Louise's personal possessions not excepted. That'll show you."

When he had been home a little while, Louise suggested that Spencer go on the wagon completely. She didn't imply that it would be a hard job, or a task. "I just think it would be better for you all around, don't you?" she said one day.

Spencer knew the enormity of what she was asking. But somehow he felt it would be, in some small measure, a way of repaying her for what she had done.

So he went on the wagon. Each morning after he walked on the set at Metro (his new contract was with M-G-M) clear-eyed and able.

Producers noticed this and remembering his earlier success, his basic talent, began to cast him in bigger rôles. "Fury," that hunk of celluloid dynamite, hit America between the eyes and Spencer Tracy's characterization was one of the factors which made it a success.

Eventually they decided to make "San Francisco" and began hunting for a man to play "Father Tim," the virile priest whose strong arm and great kindliness reconstructed the Barbary Coast before its destruction. Shrewd Director W. S. Van Dyke, knowing Spencer's story, decided he was the only actor on the lot who could create the rôle.

"Listen!" Tracy shouted when Van Dyke came to him, "I'm a Roman Catholic and you know the thing that happened not long ago. I wouldn't have the *crust* to play a priest."

"I'll make you eat those words," said Van Dyke caustically.

And you who saw that magnificent picture know the result. In itself "San Francisco" made of Spencer one of the biggest stars in the industry. It was completely dark in the little studio office when I got up finally and reached for my topcoat.

"So this is the day," I said. "Fifty-two weeks without a drink."

He nodded. "You know I've got a boat that I'm learning to sail," he told me. "Well, yesterday afternoon the water was pretty rough in the channel. I thought for a while with all those currents and the cross-winds that I wasn't going to get the ketch in, after all. It was a terrific struggle but I did it finally. It made me a couple of hours late, and when I got home I told Louise about it.

"She looked at me, smiling, for a minute, and then she said, 'You made it, didn't you?'

"I thought she meant the boat. 'Sure!' I said. 'It wasn't as bad as all that—' And then I knew what she meant."

He looked up at me.

"'Yeah,' I told her, 'we both made it.'"

The End.

Facts of Hollywood Life

WEDDING BELLS

Jean G. DeViviagnac, wealthy French film producer and *Mrs. Virginia Donnelly*, in New York, Jan. 13th.

Film actress *Janice Dawson* to *Bruce Pierce*, both of 20th Century-Fox lot, at Tijuana, Jan. 12th.

Ann Harding and *Werner Janssen*, symphony conductor, in London, January 17th.

Renee Torres, actress to *Erman Pessis*, agent, in Beverly Hills, January 17th.

Howard Dietz, M-G-M Executive to *Mrs. Tanis Guinness Montague* in Juarez, Mexico, January 17th.

Helen Burgess and *Herbert Rutherford*, pianist, were married at Yuma, January 27th. On sixth day of marriage asked for annulment.

Margaret Fitzpatrick, dancer, and *Edward Larkin*, Warner dance director, were married at Las Vegas, January 29th.

LOVE OPTIONS

Henry T. Sharp, cameraman, and *Mrs. Jean E. Thayer* engaged.

Shirley Deane, actress, on *Russell Bowditch*, sound technician.

Parkyakarkus, funnyman, on *Thelma Leeds*, actress.

SPARKING

Miriam Hopkins and *Anatole Litvak*, director

Doris Nolan and *Gregory La Cava*.

Katharine Hepburn and wealthy *Howard Hughes*.

Herbert Marshall and actress *Lee Russell*

Andrea Leeds and *Pat de Cicco*.

Binnie Barnes and *Howard Lang*

Tyrone Power has been taking *Rochelle Hudson* about.

Lucille Ball and *Mack Grey*.

June Gale and *Tommy Lee*.

Joan Fontaine and *Phil Huston*.

MARITAL SIGN-OFF

Judith Allen sues for divorce from *Jack Doyle*, wrestler.

Betty Compson plans early divorce from agent *Irving Weinberg*. They were married December 14, 1933.

Elaine Jacobs Barrymore has started divorce proceedings against *John Barrymore*.

Mary Bourland, screen dancer, was granted divorce from *Leo Bourland, Jr.*

Audrey Miller, actress, was granted decree from *Robert Carlson*.

The marriage of *Dave Gould* to *Frances Paxton* was annulled.

GONE

Fred Kaiser, studio worker, automobile accident, Jan. 13th.

Veteran actor, *John Miltern* in traffic accident.

Frankie Lyons, auto racer, was killed January 23rd, working in racing sequence of a picture.

Marie Prevost, one-time screen favorite, was found dead in her modest apartment, January 25th.

William Ritchey, screen writer, died January 15th.

Explorer *Martin Johnson*, killed in plane crash, January 12th.

LEGAL

Diana Barrington and *Jane Walsh* were given permission to sign acting contracts at RKO Radio.

David Harris was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison for sending extortion letters to *Freddie Bartholomew* and *Jane Withers*

The federal grand jury indicted *Mrs. Violet Wells Norton, Jack L. Smith* and *Frank Kienan* for using the mails to defraud *Clark Gable* in connection with a charge that he was the father of Mrs. Norton's thirteen-year-old daughter.

Josephine Arnold, an extra, has sued a Chicago beauty shop $200,000, claiming that her burnt hair made her lose her screen career.

ODDS AND ENDS

Darryl Zanuck is building a seventeen room beach house at Santa Monica.

Irene Castle McLaughlin is in town to talk about her life story, which is to be filmed.

Walt Disney was judged the most outstanding personality under thirty-five in the United States by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce. He got a medal.

BUNDLES FROM HEAVEN

Claire Dodd announced the birth of a baby son, born three months ago to her in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

A baby boy at the home of *Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Prinz*.

LOVELY Fay Wray ★ SAYS

CHOOSE YOUR MAKEUP BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES

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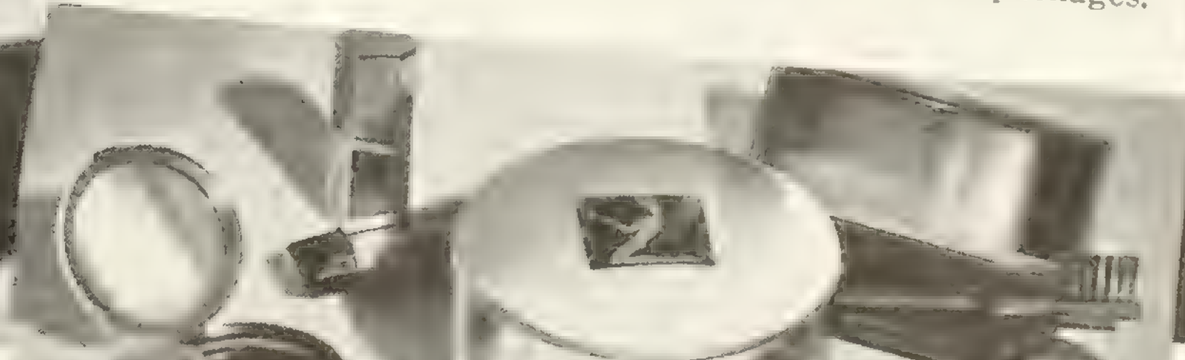

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Walter Winchell Writes the Low-down on Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

"Rothschild" on the screen when the Hitler terror began. "Lloyd's of London" was released when Edward's abdication brought it once again into the limelight, and he lifted Sonja Henie right out of the sport's page at a time when interest in winter sports was at its height.

Like most personal journalists, Zanuck has the talent for running a fever of excitement and spreading that fever to the public. The "Public Enemy," a Zanuck production, which presented the gangster problem as the evil it was and moved municipal and federal authorities into action, was the kind of accomplishment for which Joseph Pulitzer, one of the greatest newspaper publishers, strove.

Since Thalberg's death, Zanuck has assumed the mantle of "Premier Producer."

Myrna Loy in "To Mary—With Love" spoke a beautiful line: "Most people complain because the movies aren't like life—I wish life were more like the movies." . . . We've learned that in the movies you have to fake it. Take our broadcast, for instance . . . in the studio we broadcast seated at a desk. For us, it's fifteen minutes packed with action . . . but to Director Sidney Lanfield, it was too tame. He was disillusioned, he said, for he had expected to see us standing at the mike, waving our hands, grasping papers bearing last minute bulletins, et cetera.

Some years ago, in Dave's Blue Room, a Broadway delicatessen, we heard a three-hundred pound sausage named Mack Gordon sing some songs he had written with a little fellow at the piano, named Harry Revel. Our orchids attracted Hollywood notice and they've been out here ever since, turning out such hitunes as "Feel Like a Feather in the Breeze," "Listen to the German Band," "A Boy and a Girl Were Dancing," "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" "Love Thy Neighbor," "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming," "Take a Number from One to Ten," "Stay as Sweet as You Are" and "When I'm With You."

They've written the songs for "Wake Up and Live" and we're betting right now that "I Love You Much Too Much Muchacha," "It's Swell of You," "Never in a Million Years," "I'm Bubbling Over," "OOh, But I'm Happy," "There's a Lull in My Life," and "Wake Up and Live" will find favor.

You can see for yourself that Walter Winchell really knows his orchids. He is presenting the famous posies to his "friendly enemy," Ben Bernie. These two carry on with their amusing battle in "Wake Up and Live" 20th Century's new picture

WE have testified before that Lee Tracy, who has portrayed newspaper men and ourself on the screen, did it superbly, but we have never forgotten the excellent performance by Lew Ayres in Universal's production called "Okay America!" made several years ago. He was the kind of a newspaper man, we assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that they usually are. Newspaper men are not roughnecks, ill-mannered drunkards, and what you have been deceived into believing. The great many of them are gentlemen . . . good husbands and fathers.

Another thing we learned, and which frightened us because we are in that business, is how gossip and news starts in Hollywood. We depend on most of our news from intimates, not more than two handfuls of them. We know the legends are that we get our news from thousands of people. Please don't fall for that stupid drivel any more. . . .

At any rate, the very first day we worked on the picture, we worked about two minutes, actual shooting time. We didn't even have one line to remember. It was what is known as a piece of business. Bernie was taking a dig at us behind a mike in the night club, and we were supposed to react from the ringside table . . . that is all we had to do.

An hour later at home, a newspaper pal called up and said, "I'm awfully sorry, Walter, to hear what happened today. It is all over

town that you fainted because of the lights."

We told him that it hadn't happened . . . that we couldn't understand it . . . he informed us that he figured it must be true because he had heard it from two other studios and was on the verge of sending it to his paper.

We told him that he must be careful of his sources, but the incident certainly made us realize that even our own sources had to be watched more closely. We couldn't stop thinking about how the legend began, and sure enough, the next day we recalled an incident that happened which probably ignited the spark to that rumor. . . . Before the entire cast, Director Lanfield said, after that one scene, "Walter, this is Dr. So-and-so. He wants to talk to you about something." The extras nearby didn't hear the rest of it, which was muffled. The rest of it was, "This is the doctor for the studio. He just wants to talk to you about cast insurance."

We hope we haven't bored you by staying on too long, and we know we have said this in the newspapers already . . . but we want to get all the circulation possible out of it.

In all our career from the days when we trouped in every state in the Union, we never met such a pleasant group of people as Director Sidney Lanfield, the cast, the cameramen and crew. My sincere thanks to them all . . . and we sincerely hope that we didn't spoil the picture any more than Bernie did.

Even Blue Blood Couldn't Stop Jane Wyatt

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

yourself and if So-and-so were casting, maybe you got a break.

Jane got her break not by being a good little girl like Miss Goldilocks and letting heaven reward her, but by lying like a trouper to get what she could. She admits it now without a blush. For it seems that a So-and-so was casting and Jane managed to get there first.

"Had any experience?" asked So-and-so, taking in Jane's five-feet-four of well-bred wholesomeness, her pertly upturned nose and humorous hazel eyes. (There's no doubt about it, that van Rensselaer blood does tell; yet Jane is definitely the stay-as-sweet-as-you-are type like the engagement ring girls in the ads.

"Oh, of course," she declared. "Lots!" And then she went on to tell So-and-so about all the parts she'd played in everything from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to "The Man on the Flying Trapeze"—and all, she assured him, with the greatest of ease. That being the case, remarked Mr. So-and-so drily, Jane should properly have been a grandmother instead of an ingénue.

Nevertheless she was engaged as understudy to Rose Hobart in "Tradewinds" and subsequently, to Katherine Wilson in "The Vinegar Tree." But, alas for her stage career, she never did get a chance to actually appear in either part. Neither Miss Hobart nor Miss Wilson, Jane mourns, were sufficiently considerate to break a leg.

And when — eventually — somebody did break a leg, Jane didn't understudy him, either. Instead she married him, as you shall see a little later on.

JANE'S first appearance on any stage was at the Berkshire Theater in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Realizing that she needed experience before she could possibly make the grade in New York, she joined this small stock company to get it. Jane was tremendously in earnest about becoming an actress, so she deliberately served her apprenticeship the hard way. Nobody in Stockbridge had ever heard of the van Rensselaers, but everybody in the stock company would have thought them very small potatoes beside the Drews or the Barrymores.

That was exactly what Jane wanted. She threw herself into the grind of two shows a day and a different repertoire every week for more than a year.

"That not only makes an actress of you," she remarked, "it also makes a seamstress, a cook, and a human being of you. You've got to live the life if you want to get along."

When she felt she was ready Jane returned to Broadway and made her debut as the ingénue in "Give Me Yesterday" at the Hopkins Theater.

Followed "The Tadpole" and a part with Charles Laughton in "Fatal Alibi," all of which merely convinced Jane that she needed still more experience before she could reach the goal she had set for herself. Jane, you see, is a very thorough young person. You may have gathered that before now. Therefore more stock in Westport, a season with the New York Repertory Company, and then "Mad Hopes," "Evensong," "Conquest" and "For Services Rendered." And finally the real break she had been working for. She succeeded Margaret Sullavan, who went to Hollywood, in the cast of "Dinner At Eight."

Jane played the leading rôle of that show in both New York and Chicago for six months—and remember it was in those dark days when you had to have a theatrical miracle to pay even the stagehands. When that job was done, she felt she was ready for the films.

It may be news to most people that the simplest thing in the world is to get into pictures, but Jane insists that it really is so. All you have to do is first get on the stage. After that, Jane says, the movies practically kidnap you. At all events, she relates that after her very first part in her very first play in New York she was approached, not merely by one, but by *all* of the motion picture companies.

"Don't misunderstand me, though," she hastens to add. "It wasn't because my performance was anything to attract them, as I fortunately realized at the time. It was simply that film scouts in search of new personalities are like newspapermen in search of scoops, only more so, if you know what I mean. Hollywood is always hungry for fresh faces, so hungry that whenever anyone new shows up anywhere Hollywood is right there, finger pointed at the dotted line."

Jane didn't accept any of those original offers, however. She knew that she wasn't ready and she thanks her stars that she didn't because she knows now that if she had she would have been just another flop. As it is she feels that when she finally did come to Hollywood the first time, even after her successful engagement in "Dinner At Eight," she was practically a flop.

Most girls wouldn't think so because Jane was leading lady then in "Great Expectations," which Universal made in 1934. But her work didn't meet Jane's own expectations of what she should be able to do, so she re-

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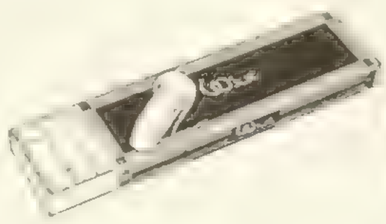

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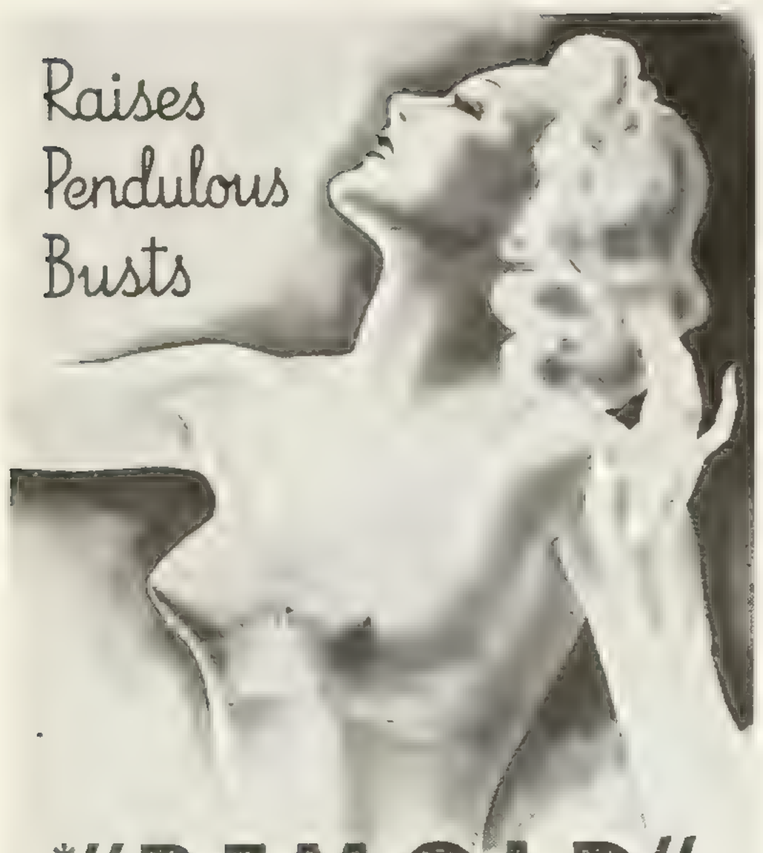

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turned to New York for more stage training.

Fortunately for Jane, no less important people than Helen Hayes, Sylvia Sydney, Ethel Barrymore and a good many others have had the same experience. And the van Rensselaer chins just come farther out when their ears are knocked down like that.

IT was after playing on Broadway with Lillian Gish in "Joyous Season," that Jane came back to Hollywood. She came again to Universal. They rushed her out from New York by air; then, in the good old movie manner, they kept her sitting around for months without anything to do.

Jane is glad now that they did—very glad. For it was while she was just sitting around that she heard Edgar Ward was in a Los Angeles hospital.

Jane and Edgar were old friends. They had known each other as kids, practically grown up together. But Edgar had gone abroad while Jane was at Barnard and they had more or less lost sight of each other. Later, when Edgar had come back from Florence and gone to Southern California, the stage had kept Jane busy in New York.

"You know how it is," Jane said with a far-away look in her eyes while she unconsciously snuggled her cheek down against the sofa pillow. "It's the little things that turn your whole life in one direction or the other. When I heard that Edgar was out here and in a hospital I, of course, dropped around to see him."

What she discovered was that he had been in a hospital for practically two years with a badly fractured thigh. Edgar is a tennis player, an all-around athlete, and he had met with an accident while skiing in the Sierras. The doctors were still debating whether to take off the leg or not.

They debated the question no longer after Jane showed up. She would have none of it. Edgar loves to tell how she herded a whole slew of 'em into an anteroom, after one of their consultations one afternoon, and read 'em the van Rensselaer riot act. He remembers, too, that when she came back to his bedside, after that ultimatum to the medicos, she sat there very quietly for a long, long time, looking at him and picking threads from a corner of his pillow.

"She saved the leg for me without a doubt," he said with a grateful glance from the other end of the sofa. "You know what doctors are. But as soon as they made up their minds that there wasn't to be an amputation, the fracture began to mend."

Today Edgar's leg is as good as it ever was—stronger, he says, than the other. But he had to stay in the hospital for six months more, during which time Jane "dropped around" every day. Pretty soon, at mealtimes, they began bringing in trays for her as well as for Edgar.

You can imagine what happened.

"He didn't get around to proposing, though," Jane pouted, "until his leg was entirely well and he was on his feet again."

However, when Edgar did get around to proposing, Jane forgot all about both stage and films. The pair of them flew to Santa Fé, New Mexico—they were in an awful hurry to get there—and then loafed around honeymooning for six solid weeks. Jane even "forgot" to mention to the studio that she was going, or tell them where she was after she went.

Paradoxically, after having practically forgotten that she was on the lot, the studio was now frantic to find her.

"We chose Santa Fé," said Jane, "because it's about halfway between Hollywood and New York and we didn't know which way we'd go."

But contracts are contracts and, once they had found her, the studio insisted that Jane come back to Hollywood. Jane insisted that she wouldn't. That, of course, was all during the old regime. There were lawsuits and so on in the air when the new regime took over Universal and bribed Jane into returning by giving her the right to do one picture as a free-lance every year so that she wouldn't have to sit around idly.

"Edgar isn't going to break any more legs, you see," Jane explained, "and I thought it was time to be getting on with my career."

JANE and Edgar are still bride and bridegroom, since they haven't yet been married quite a year. They've just moved into a lovely hilltop home, high on the Hollywood skyline where they can overlook the Boulevard and all the pretty lights on one side and the broad San Fernando valley on the other. You might almost say that it's a dream castle atop the clouds—anyhow, it's certainly clouds that Jane and Edgar are walking on.

Love, of course, and "Lost Horizon" helped.

"Lost Horizon" is Jane's first picture in the new phase of her Hollywood career. She thinks she's getting away to a much better start this time. And she got *that* job, too, in the face of all the competition, by putting the reverse English on the same technique she used to get her first job on the stage. Again she was Self Agency, again she chased down a rumor and again she lied like a trouper. The difference now, of course, being that she was a trouper and pretended she wasn't.

That was because she had learned that So-and-so Frank Capra, unless he has definitely cast an established name, likes to make his own discoveries. He has made several so far and they're all big stars now.

So when Jane heard that Capra was casting for "Lost Horizon" she went over to Columbia, stood in line at the talent window, and got herself engaged as atmosphere in another picture. She waited her chance until one day, at lunch time, she was able to burst into Capra's office with her make-up on. She told him she was working on the lot as an extra and that she'd like to have the lead opposite Ronald Colman in his new film.

That got a rise even out of Frank Capra. He looked up, looked her over. The thing is he saw even more behind the van Rensselaer features than the other So-and-so had seen and wasn't fooled as much.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Nobody," said Jane.

"Had any experience?"

"Nothing to speak of, I'm afraid."

"Hum." Capra drummed his desk—this was just to his liking—an unknown to play a lead in a picture like "Lost Horizon." Then he got to his feet. "Let's make a test," he said

She *was* a Capra discovery, too, Jane insists, because she had done nothing on the screen since "Great Expectations" and even her official Universal biography doesn't mention that.

Originally "Lost Horizon" had neither girl nor love interest in the story, but they were written into the script for Jane. Since then, and for her own studio, she has done "Luckiest Girl in the World."

But you can see for yourself that it was neither luck nor pull that made Jane an actress. It was something which, as far back as when Washington crossed the Delaware, the Euphemia van Rensselaer-Waddingtons and the Christopher Billopp Wyatts always had.

Fashion Letter for April

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

make you look fresh and springlike on the day you are tired and disinterested in everything, and we all have such days.

If you want to wear your suit to the movies in the evening, a satin shirt is delightful, and a lamé one will be perfect for a cocktail party. Seems to me a suit is inevitable this year, more so than ever.

You will probably be looking round for your first sheer, in some dark shade, for you know from last year and many last years that you can't get through the summer properly without one. Betty Wyman wears some that will start you thinking, on pages 68 and 69. Look for those which have those flashes of white or pastel relief, for they are generally the most becoming. It is hard to beat the old combination of navy and white and it crops up every season.

Thin woolens are important for this type of frock. Prints have begun their annual riot in large, striking patterns or small ones, like Betty Wyman's. There is a print for everyone, so be sure you find the one which does the most for you. Candy stripes are much talked of, especially in the shirtmaker type of frock.

For early summer days there is a large choice of print dresses worn with monotone woolen coats. Keep the print off the coat for smartness, but use it for the lining if you will, which makes a complete looking costume. Black and white is in for a run in this sort of ensemble and threatens to rival navy and white. A brilliant sash of red, or orange, or emerald may be added to the magpie background if you want to be gay. Sashes are insisting upon attention, and a great deal may be done with them in the way of varying a dark colored frock.

A GOOD general rule for footwear is to have it darker than your costume. Simple patent leather pumps are admirable with prints or with the sheers I have described. If you like you may have colored shoes to wear with your prints, but select the darkest shade in the pattern for your shoes. Navy, gray and beige are all attracting attention for spring footwear, and of course brown. Owing to the enormous range of beiges it may be difficult to find the shade to match the beige costume you are planning. If it is, go safe and keep to brown, or navy, if you like that combination. Sandals, bless them and the comfort they afford, will be with us again this year; soft, open-toed ones in suedes or in heavier, sturdier skins. They get better and better for evening with more care given to support.

As to hosiery—coppery tones predominate. With our new shorter skirts, their warmth and vitality is important and they add life to the fashionable black costume. With blues, grays and beiges the answer is the same. Buy lively, sunny shades. With the beige costume it is better to get a more coppery tone in the hose to avoid monotony.

I sat next to Sylvia Sydney at Howard Greer's showing of spring clothes and she went completely mad over a print frock. I went into action at once and you will see Sylvia, in the frock we chose together, in a coming issue. She tells me that she has had so much massage lately that Strong Swedes practically lie in heaps about her room, exhausted from their work, while she reads a book and only looks up from time to time to say "Which spot are you on now?"

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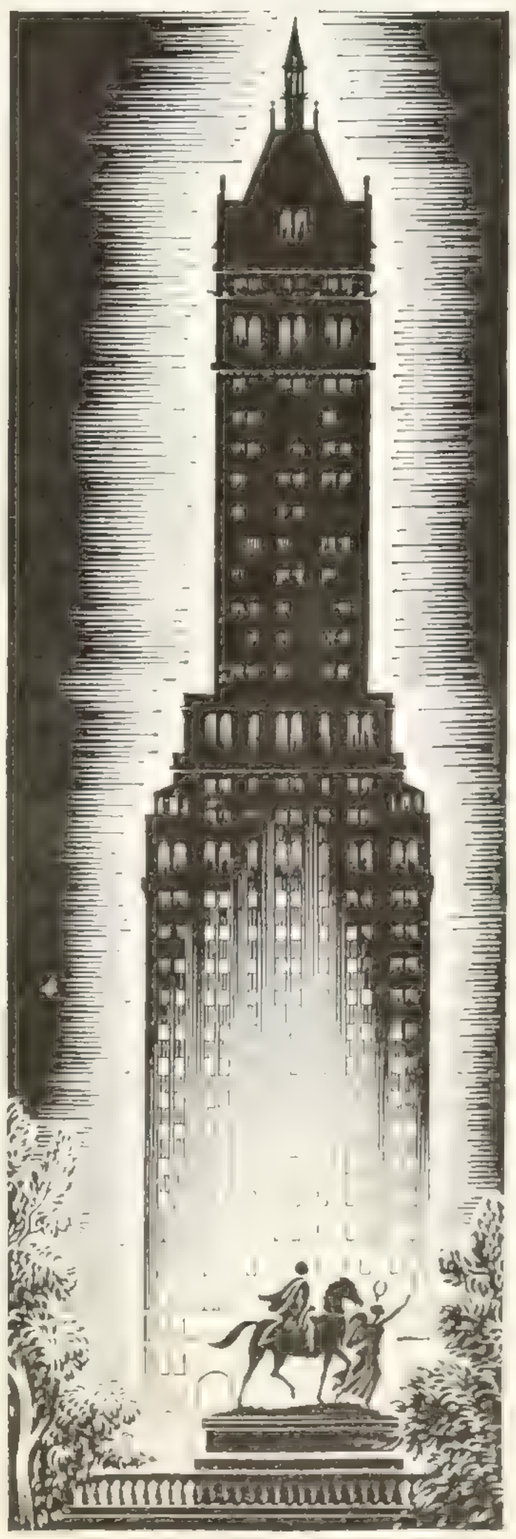

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On the Air in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 |

surprised not only because they intended no disrespect to anyone, but because the skit was so silly in the typical Burns and Allen vein, that they could not see why anyone could take it seriously. For instance, here is the way the finish goes. George says, "I keel myself," and Gracie comes back with "Why George, why do you kill yourself?" "Because I can't stand any more of this lousy dialect," he tells her.

Joe Penner tells this one on himself. He had taken the Missus to one of the Tuesday evening parties at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove. He was having a fine time dancing when a woman pushed her way through the crowd and accosted him with, "Oh, Mr. Penner, I just had to meet you. I saw you dancing and I just had to meet you and see you at close range."

"Yes," Joe beamed. "I'm delighted. May I present my wife, Mrs. Penner?"

"Oh," trilled the woman in a typical Alice Brady screen giggle, "Oh, Mr. Penner, you will forgive me, I know. I just had to see the man who inspires my son to make those awful noises."

Frank Fay's visit to the Hollywood radio front—he appeared as a visiting professor on the Jack Oakie program for Camel—was accomplished quietly enough, thanks to the close guardianship of his manager, Nelson Hess, who refused to let Frank out of his sight for even a minute. Fay is still carrying the torch violently for Barbara Stanwyck, and about all he can talk about whenever he meets an old friend, is of his great heartbreak. Whether he did not know her new address, or whether he has grown up a little bit, we don't know, but he did not go out to Barbara's house as he did on his last visit.

TICKETS to Jack Benny's Sunday afternoon program at NBC are as rare as a poet's day in June. The man who can produce two pieces of pasteboard a few hours before the broadcast is a pretty important gent. Usually they are gone two weeks in advance, which brings up a story.

At noon one Sunday the studio had a request for four seats for Marion Davies for that afternoon's program. Now Miss Davies is a very important star, and if she really wants to attend a Benny broadcast, the boys figure that no effort should be too great to procure seats for her. Hence, the studio was turned upside down and shaken thoroughly, until four of the precious bits of cardboard came to light. Mr. Benny was informed of his distinguished guest-to-be. Elated, he made suitable preparations. I think he even inserted a special gag or two in his show in honor of Miss Davies.

Four choice seats in the center second row were roped off and ushers set at guard. Came the hour of the broadcast. No Miss Davies. Came five minutes after the Benny show went on and no one yet had called for the tickets. Finally, eight minutes after the hour, a party of four complete strangers arrived, claimed the seats in Miss Davies' name, and were ushered solemnly into the choice roped-off section. You should have seen Jack Benny's face fall when he glimpsed them.

Nobody ever did find out who they were or what it was all about. It later developed that Miss Davies was in New York.

Here is the lowdown on Eddie Cantor's appearance on the Al Jolson program, and Jolson's appearance on Eddie's, when the two are supposedly enemies of years' standing in theater and radio.

At the nation-wide Columbia chain program on which Al and Eddie both appeared, they met in the wings and cooked up an impromptu radio sketch. As you remember, Cantor sang Jolson's song "Mammy," and Jolson sang Cantor's song "Margie." They ad-libbed the whole thing, had an awful lot of fun, but in their enthusiasm, forgot to mention the names of their sponsors. The sponsors were mad. They complained long and bitterly. To sooth them, Cantor appeared on Jolson's program the next week, and Al did likewise for Cantor, each shouting the name of his sponsor four times.

Two kids who tried their luck on the Haven MacQuarrie "Do You Want To Be An Actor" show, have landed contracts. One is John Shea, law student at the University of Southern California, who will start in June, after graduation, at Warner Brothers. The second is Sharon Lewis, twenty-year-old dancer-actress who was given a job immediately after Jack Warner saw her screen test.

How to Get The Girl to Say "Yes"

Franchot Tone, the clever plotter type, used persistence. Chester Morris, of the dominant male variety, was impulsive. Joe E. Brown, the backward boy, did his proposing by proxy. It's not for bachelors—this amusing treatise on love—but everyone else will want to knight the author for getting these seventeen happy Hollywood husbands to talk. In May PHOTOPLAY. On the newsstands April 9th.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

Frances Farmer is sensational in a double rôle Put this on your "must see" list. (*Jan.*)

COME CLOSER, FOLKS—Columbia.—James Dunn as a racketeer salesman talks his way out of jail into a job in a department store where Marion Marsh is manager. Romance and honest ambition clash when his pals turn up. You'll laugh. (*Feb.*)

CONFLICT—Universal.—Jack London's story about a prize fighting lumberjack who turns from shady associations when love comes along in the person of Jean Rogers. Lots of action but little else John Wayne is the pugilist. Send the youngsters. (*Feb.*)

COUNTRY GENTLEMAN—Republic.—A clever little comedy depending on the laugh team of Olsen and Johnson, a pair of high-powered promoters who sell worthless stock, but opportunely save their necks after some funny gags. Nice supporting cast. (*Jan.*)

CRACK UP—20th Century-Fox.—This exciting air drama concerns spy Peter Lorre's efforts to secure plane blueprints from adventuring pilot Brian Donlevy, who walks away with acting honors. Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood and Thomas Beck are good support. (*Feb.*)

CRIMINAL LAWYER—Lee Tracy is the crooked lawyer who becomes district attorney, turns over a new leaf, and with the help of Margot Grahame, his secretary, brings the law to menacing Eduardo Ciannelli. Good story, clever lines and plenty of action. (*Feb.*)

EASY TO TAKE—Paramount.—You might find some enjoyment in this mediocre comedy about a radio artist who inherits the guardianship of a spoiled brat. John Howard, Marsha Hunt and Richard Carle are satisfactory, but Alfalfa Switzer's singing is the high spot. (*Jan.*)

ELLIS ISLAND—Invincible.—Donald Cook and Peggy Shannon provide perfunctory love interest in a melodrama involving the efforts of crooks to escape through New York's portals with a million dollar holdup loot. Hi-jacking complicates matters. Lots of comedy. (*Feb.*)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND—London Films-United Artists.—Queen Elizabeth, Phillip II of Spain, The Spanish Armada and young love all figure in this slow-paced English drama about a patriotic boy who risks his life as a spy. Flora Robeson and Laurence Olivier are fine. (*Mar.*)

FLYING HOSTESS—Universal.—You'll enjoy this exciting picture dedicated to the "angels of the airways." Judith Barrett is the graduate nurse who takes to the clouds, saves her ship. Bill Gargan, Andy Devine, William Hall and Astrid Allwyn are nice support. (*Jan.*)

FUGITIVE IN THE SKY—Warners-First National.—Never a dull moment in this hokum story of murder in a transcontinental plane taken over by a Public Enemy. Howard Phillips, Warren Hull and John Litel turn in good performances. Jean Muir is charming. (*Jan.*)

★ **GARDEN OF ALLAH** — Selznick - International-United Artists.—The well-known story of two people's attempts to reconcile religion and love. Incredibly beautiful in color and technique and recommended for that reason. Charles Boyer, as the monk, is superb; Marlene Dietrich more masklike than ever. (*Jan.*)

★ **GENERAL SPANKY**—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—The "Gang's" first full-length picture. Spanky, Buckwheat, and Alfalfa Switzer divide honors as members of a kid army during the Civil War. Phillips Holmes and Rosina Lawrence add a romantic note. Lots of laughs. (*Jan.*)

GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN—Warners.—An exciting and vigorous story of rival lumber camps enhanced by Technicolor. George Brent plays the reformed playboy who saves the day for Beverly Roberts when Robert Barrat villainously jams up the woodwork. (*Feb.*)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937**—Warners.—A highly entertaining combination of catchy tunes, good gags, and girls. Dick Powell is good as the singing insurance salesman who befriends chorus girl Joan Blondell, finds himself in the show business. Glenda Farrell and Victor Moore's comedy is outstanding. (*Feb.*)

★ **GO WEST, YOUNG MAN**—Paramount.—Mae West has toned down her robust technique and you'll like her as a dumb movie star stranded in a country boardinghouse. There is a strong supporting cast including Randolph Scott, Warren William, Alice Brady, Isabel Jewell and Elizabeth Patterson. (*Jan.*)

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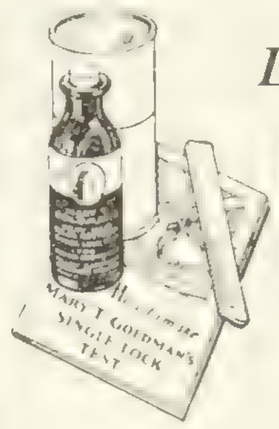

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GREAT GUY—Grand National.—A subdued James Cagney returns to the screen in a lifeless story of a government official who runs afoul of crooked politicians. Mae Clarke as his doubting sweetie is pleasing. Very average fare with no briskness, and suspense. (*Feb.*)

★ **GREEN LIGHT**—Warners.—Lloyd C. Douglas' dramatic novel concerning a youug surgeon's sacrifice of his reputation to save his teacher brings new honors to Errol Flynn. Anita Louise is his lovely sweetheart. Margaret Lindsay, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Abel and the whole cast are excellent. (*Mar.*)

HAPPY GO LUCKY—Republic.—A dreary little mystery spy story with a Shanghai background. Phil Regan's singing is tuneful as he warbles code messages to beautiful Evelyn Venable. Jed Prouty, who manufactures airplanes, is helpful. Grade B. (*Feb.*)

HIDEWAY GIRL—Paramount.—A fast comedy mystery with several original twists and Martha Raye at her howling best. Shirley Ross is the object of Robert Cumming's dubious interest against a background of dallying and drinking on yachts. (*Jan.*)

HOUSE OF SECRETS—Chesterfield.—Leslie Fenton inherits an English estate, is driven out by mysterious gangsters. Muriel Evans is a satisfactory heart interest. Sidney Blackmer, Noel Madison, Claude King and Morgan Wallace are convincing. Just fair. (*Mar.*)

JOIN THE MARINES—Republic.—A fast little comedy about Marines in the South Seas with many surprise story twists. June Travis is the soldier-hating girl; Paul Kelly is the man who changes her mind. Warren Hymer goes over big. (*Mar.*)

LARCENY ON THE AIR—Republic.—This confusing story of the fight by a young doctor (Robert Livingston) against harmful medicines is moral in tone, weak in entertainment. Grace Bradley is the heroine, Granville Bates, Williard Robertson, Smiley Burdette support. (*Mar.*)

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox.—No laughing matter are editor Jane Darwell's troubles when she sets out to free her niece's boy friend of a murder charge. Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden and Russell Hicks are in the cast. Unsophisticated and nice for the family. (*Mar.*)

LIVING DANGEROUSLY—GB.—Better acted than plotted, this concerns the murder of an unknown in the apartment of a fashionable doctor (Otto Kruger). The action goes into reverse, shows the not very convincing reasons for the shooting. Nice cast. (*Feb.*)

★ **LLOYDS OF LONDON**—20th Century-Fox.—Magnificently cast, produced and directed, this epic drama of the British insurance house is welded to a beautiful love story involving Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power. The whole cast including Freddie Bartholomew, Sir Guy Standing, Virginia Field is splendid. Top honors go to Power who is sensational. Don't miss this. (*Feb.*)

LOVE LETTERS OF A STAR—Universal. — A mild mystery tale of a rich dame who commits suicide when blackmailers fail to return letters written to Ralph Forbes. Detective C. Henry Gordon brings the crooks to heel. Polly Rowles, Walter Coy, Hobart Cavanaugh and others rise above mediocre material. (*Jan.*)

★ **MAID OF SALEM**—Paramount.—A dark tale of witchcraft and Puritan bigotry in Massachusetts superbly directed and produced. The drama is woven around Claudette Colbert and cavalier Fred MacMurray, both of whom have never done finer work. Bonita Granville (Remember "These Three"?) is perfect. Don't miss this. (*Mar.*)

MAN OF AFFAIRS—GB.—An innocuous little tale of diplomacy in high places, with suave George Arliss in the dual rôle of a ne'er do well Englishman and his titled brother. George prevents a war with the Orient, plays matchmaker for Romilly Lunge and Rene Ray. Very simple fare indeed. (*Mar.*)

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS—Paramount.—A clean, homespun little tale of a nature columnist who gets mixed up with killer politicians, is saved by Boy Scouts. Charles Ruggles and Alice Brady provide the humor. (*Feb.*)

MORE THAN A SECRETARY—Columbia. -A frisky young story poking fun at health faddists George Brent is the editor of a hygienic magazine. Jean Arthur is his amanuensis who injects new ideas into the magazine and herself into Brent's heart. Ruth Donnelly and Lionel Stander are very funny. (*Feb.*)

MYSTERIOUS CROSSING—Universal.—The same old murder mystery with the cheeky reporter solving the crime by himself, but Andy Devine's presence brightens things up. James Dunn, Jean Rogers and John Eldridge fit their rôles nicely. (*Mar.*)

OFF TO THE RACES—20th Century-Fox—The best Jones epic so far with practically the same cast as usual. Slim Summerville owns the trotting horse which precipitates new squabbles and excitement. It's fun. (*Mar.*)

★ **ONE IN A MILLION**—20th Century-Fox.—A new star arises! Sonja Henie, ice-skating champion, is surrounded by a lush and splendiferous musical story and a swell cast including Adolphe Menjou, Arline Judge, The Ritz Brothers and Don Ameche. Sonje has plenty of charm, snap and skill. Be sure and go. (*Mar.*)

PENROD AND SAM—Warners.—Little Billy Mauch shows the younger generation's opinion of crime. Craig Reynolds is the menace; Spring Byington is amusing as the Mother. A little too honor bright, but the kiddies will bite their nails at the matinee. (*Mar.*)

PIGSKIN PARADE—20th Century-Fox.—The perennial college setup, gay with youth and good humor. A local cantaloupe heaver, Stuart Erwin becomes the hero halfback. Jack Haley is the coach; Patsy Kelly his kibitzing wife. The Yacht Club Boys are around too. It's a Touchdown. (*Jan.*)

★ **QUALITY STREET** — RKO-Radio. — Sir James Barrie's classic brought to life by perfect cast headed by Katharine Hepburn in the dual rôle of a spinster and her giddy niece. Franchot Tone is the dashing doctor lover. Fay Bainter, Eric Blore and Cora Witherspoon are excellent. It's splendid. (*Mar.*)

RACING LADY—RKO-Radio.—A weak story with a few exciting race shots to pep it up has Smith Ballew buying a horse, hiring Ann Dvorak, its former owner, as trainer. The nag is stolen, but you can guess the rest. (*Feb.*)

★ **RAINBOW ON THE RIVER**—Sol Lesser-RKO-Radio.—Bobby Breen reaching the heart with silvery song in a sentimental story of a Civil War orphan. Louise Beavers excellent as his colored mammy. May Robson, Alan Mowbray, Charles Butterworth and Benita Hume are superb support. (*Feb.*)

★ **REUNION**—20th Century-Fox.—The Dionne Quintuplets cavort gleefully through their second picture. Jean Hersholt, in his original doctor rôle, has a reunion of all his patients, irons out many adult problems. Dorothy Peterson, Slim Summerville, John Qualen appear again too. You'll want to see this. (*Jan.*)

SHE'S DANGEROUS—Universal.—Tala Birell is the girl detective whose chase for Cesar Romero involves her in the murder of her chief. Walter Pidgeon is the faithful doctor-lover, Walter Brennan and Warren Hymer are the comedy. Very so-so. (*Mar.*)

SINNER TAKE ALL—M-G-M.—Three murders in three days fail to add necessary excitement to this dull story. Margaret Lindsay is around, trusting in lawyer Bruce Cabot's efforts to save her from more of the same. Brittle acting, poor dialogue. Stay away. (*Feb.*)

SMART BLONDE—Warners.—Glenda Farrell as a smart reporter and Barton MacLane as a detective are a sleuthing combination, with romance on the side, who solve two murders—the outcome of a night club operator's desire to retire. Entertaining. (*Feb.*)

★ **SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling little comedy with Ann Sothern a very dressy Cinderella and Prince Charming a freshly scrubbed Gene Raymond. He's a playboy; she's a photographer's model. Helen Broderick is swell. (*Jan.*)

★ **STOLEN HOLIDAY**—Warners.—Kay Francis, as a swank couturiere, lives up to her reputation as the screen's best-dressed woman, gets involved through friendship with Claude Rains in a big time swindle though her heart calls for Ian Hunter. Women will love it. (*Feb.*)

★ **STOWAWAY**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple captures new honors for herself in this tale of an orphan reared in China who plays cupid on shipboard for wealthy Robert Young and Alice Faye. Shirley sings, dances and speaks Chinese with adorable gusto. (*Mar.*)

STRANGERS ON A HONEYMOON—GB.—Based on Edgar Wallace's "The Northing Tramp" this harum scarum semi-mystery involves an unknown hobo's (Hugh Sinclair) efforts to prove his blue-blooded right to millions. Constance Cummings promises to help him spend it. Beatrice Lehmann Noah Beery and a fine cast. Fair. (*Feb.*)

★ **TARZAN ESCAPES** — M-G-M. — Another thrilling episode in the life of the Ape-man and his *Jane.* Cousins Benita Hume and William Henry are captured by savages, rescued by Tarzan and his elephants. Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the leading rôles are splendid. (*Jan.*)

★ **THAT GIRL FROM PARIS**—RKO-Radio.—Lily Pons sings and acts divinely through escapades which take her as a stowaway to America, unwillingly aided by four members of an orchestra, Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Frank Jenks, Mischa Auer. Everyone has music and lots of fun. So will you. (*Feb.*)

★ **THE GOOD EARTH**—M-G-M.—A distinguished and beautifully authentic production of Pearl Buck's novel. The story of the poor Chinese farmer's rise to wealth is magnificently acted by Paul Muni and sensitive Luise Rainer. Tilly Losch provocative as the second wife. See this by all means. (*Mar.*)

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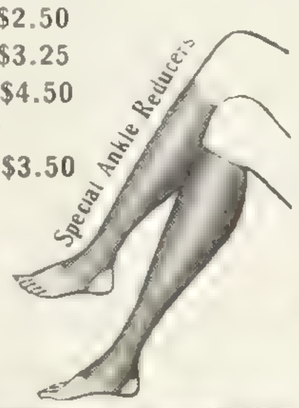

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THE GREAT O'MALLEY Warners.—Pat O'Brien is the hard-boiled Manhattan cop who finds himself sentimentally touched by Sybil Jason, daughter of a man he sent to prison. Frieda Inescort, Ann Sheridan, Humphrey Bogart and a fine cast. Better go. *(Feb.)*

★ **THE HOLY TERROR** — 20th Century-Fox —Here is merry entertainment with Jane Withers as the meddlesome harum scarum of a naval air base. Anthony Martin and Leah Ray sing tunefully; Joe Lewis and Joan Davis clown briskly The best Wither's film in a blue moon. *(Mar.)*

THE JUNGLE PRINCESS—Paramount. Lots of swell animal shots keep your interest alive in this improbable story. Newcomer Dorothy Lamour alluring as a native girl who saves the life of big game hunter, Ray Milland. Good cast. *(Jan.)*

THE MIGHTY TREVE—Universal.—This trite and overdialogued story has Tuffy, a magnificently trained collie, going through his paces Of course he is accused of sheep stealing. Sam Hinds, Noah Beery and Barbara Reed round out the cast. For animal lovers and children. *(Mar.)*

★ **THE PLAINSMAN**—Paramount.—C. B. DeMille's forceful and thrilling historical drama of the wild and wooly West with not a cow in the car load. Gary Cooper at his finest as *Wild Bill Hickok*. Jean Arthur superb as *Calamity Jane;* James Ellison a handsome *Coly* and John Miljan an ideal *Custer*. A galloping picture! *(Feb.)*

★ **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**—RKO-Radio.—John Ford's directorial portrait of strife-torn Ireland done with restraint and intelligence. Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck are the highly emotional Dubliners torn between patoriotism and love. Barry Fitzgerald takes honors. The photography is outstanding. *(Mar.)*

THE WOMAN ALONE—GB.—A morbid and not particularly exciting story of a secret terrorist gang in London with Oscar Homolka, Sylvia Sidney, John Loder and Desmond Testor all of whom give sincere performances. *(Mar.)*

★ **THREE SMART GIRLS**—Universal.—A delightfully clever and intelligent story marking thirteen year old Deanna Durbin's screen debut as a singer. It involves the efforts of three sisters to win daddy Charles Winninger from gold digger Binnie Barnes. A knockout! *(Feb.)*

UNDER COVER OF NIGHT—M-G-M.—A dark but not very deep thriller with college professors going in for wholesale slaughter. Detective Edmund Lowe traps the gory murderer, saves his sweetheart, Florence Rice. The cast is adequate. *(Mar.)*

WANTED: JANE TURNER—RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy's comeback in a melodrama of the postal service offers you murders and some amusing comedy Tracy gallops heartily after bandits, but lacks his usual polish. Gloria Stuart is appealing. *(Jan.)*

WAY OUT WEST—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Laure and Hardy rollick their way west with a mining deed, deliver it to the wrong person, and spend the rest of the picture avenging their error with slapstick antics that will make you howl. A riot *(Feb.)*

WE'RE ON THE JURY—RKO-Radio.—When Helen Broderick and Victor Moore become members of a jury you can expect anything to happen. It does. They find the real criminal before Judge Robert McWade and Phil Huston are reduced to a pulp. You'll howl. *(Mar.)*

WHITE HUNTER—20th Century-Fox.—A painfully thin story of a wronged man's desire to revenge himself when his one time nemesis turns up on safari in Africa. Warner Baxter, June Lang, Gail Patrick and Wilfred Lawson are the principals. Pretty weak *(Feb.)*

★ **WINTERSET** — RKO-Radio. — Maxwell Anderson's tragic, bitter, prize play is artistically produced, superbly cast. It concerns a young man's battle against the hidden treachery and gangsterdom which sent his father to death. Burgess Meredith (in his original Broadway rôle), Margo, and Eduardo Ciannelli are splendid. *(Jan.)*

WITH LOVE AND KISSES—Melody Pictures.—An unpretentious comedy played ingratiatingly by Pinky Tomlin. When he gets the run around by crooks who steal his songs, Toby Wing and Arthur Houseman help him out. Trite, but Pinky's singing is inimitable. *(Feb.)*

WITHOUT WARNING—20th Century-Fox.—Norman Foster's initial attempt at directing is only fair. It involves a murder in Death Valley where J. Edward Bromberg and a party of tenderfoot tourists are vacationing. Betty Furness is sweet as the love element. *(Mar.)*

WOMAN WISE—20th Century-Fox.—An unexceptional story of a sports editor who fights a promoters racket. Michael Whalen miscast as the editor. Rochelle Hudson tries hard as his girl Friday. You'll notice Alan Dinehart. Dull. *(Mar.)*

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Casts of Current Pictures

"A DOCTOR'S DIARY"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by Samuel Ornitz and Joseph Anthony. Screen play by David Boehm. Directed by Charles Vidor. The Cast: *Dr. Clem Driscoll*, George Bancroft; *Ruth Hanlon*, Helen Burgess; *Dr. Dan Norris*, John Trent; *Catherine Stanwood*, Ruth Coleman; *Dr. Stanwood*, Charles D. Waldron; *Michael Fielding*, Ra Hould; *Mrs. Fielding*, Molly Lamont; *Dr. Ludlow*, Sidney Blackmer; *Louie*, Frank Puglia.

"BORDERLAND"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the story by Clarence E. Mulford. Screen play by Harrison Jacobs. Directed by Nate Watt. The Cast: *Hopalong Cassidy*, William Boyd; *Johnny Nelson*, Jimmy Ellison; *Windy*, George Hayes; *Loco*, Stephen Morris; *Molly Rand*, Charlene Wyatt; *Grace Rand*, Nora Lane; *Colonel Gonzales*, Trevor Bardette; *Dandy Morgan*, Al Bridge; *Tom Parker*, George Chesboro.

"BREEZING HOME"—UNIVERSAL.—From an original by Philip Dunne and Finley Peter Dunne, Jr. Screen play by Charles Grayson. Directed by Milton Carruth. The Cast: *Steve*, William Gargan; *Gloria*, Wendy Barrie; *Henrietta*, Binnie Barnes; *Clint Evans*, Raymond Walburn; *Joe Montgomery*, Alan Baxter; *Pete*, Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Mrs. Evans*, Alma Kruger; *Speed*, Willie Best.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND ESCAPES"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by H. C. McNeile and Gerard Fairlie. Screen play by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by James Hogan. The Cast: *Capt. Hugh "Bulldog" Drummond*, Ray Milland; *Inspector Nielson*, Sir Guy Standing; *Phyllis Clavering*, Heather Angel; *Algy Langworth*, Reginald Denny; *Merridew*, Porter Hall; *Natalie*, Fay Holden; *Tenny*, E. E. Clive; *Stanton*, Walter Kingsford; *Stiles*, Patrick Kelly; *Constable Higgins*, Charles McNaughton; *Alf*, Clyde Cook; *Bailey*, Frank Elliott; *Gower*, David Clyde; *Nurse*, Doris Lloyd.

"CLARENCE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the book and stage play by Booth Tarkington. Screen play by Seena Owen and Grant Garrett. Directed by George Archainbaud. The Cast: *Clarence Smith*, Roscoe Karns; *Violet*, Charlotte Wynters; *Mr. Wheeler*, Eugene Pallette; *Cora*, Eleanore Whitney; *Bobbie*, Johnny Downs; *Mrs. Wheeler*, Spring Byington; *Della*, Inez Courtney; *Dinwiddie*, Richard Powell.

"DANGEROUS NUMBER"—M-G-M.—From a story by Leona Dalrymple. Screen play by Carey Wilson. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The Cast: *Hank*, Robert Young; *Elinor*, Ann Sothern; *Cousin William*, Reginald Owen; *Gypsey*, Cora Witherspoon; *Dillman*, Dean Jagger; *Vera*, Marla Shelton; *Minehardi*, Barnett Parker; *Hotel Manager*, Charles Trowbridge.

"DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES"—WARNERS.—From an original story by E. J. Flanagan. Screen play by George Bricker. Directed by B. Reeves Eason. The Cast: *Gunner Malone*, Barton MacLane; *Rush Conway*, Wayne Morris; *Danny Lockridge*, Joseph Crehan; *Stan Wilson*, Maxie Rosenbloom; *Radio Announcer*, David Carlyle; *Mike Dougherty*, Robert Homans; *Mary*, June Travis; *Kenneth Rockwell*, James Robbins; *Bobby Doyle*, Dickie Jones; *Joey Meade*, Frank Otto; *Redmann*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Radio Announcer*, Wen Niles.

"DON'T TELL THE WIFE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by George Holland. Screen play by Nat Perrin. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The Cast: *Steve Dorset*, Lynne Overman; *Nancy Dorset*, Una Merkel; *Malcolm Winthrop*, Guy Kibbee; *Major Manning*, Thurston Hall; *Larry Tucker*, William Demarest; *Cupid*, Big Boy Williams; *Ann Howell*, Lucille Ball; *Mike Callahan*, Harry Tyler; *Inspector Malloy*, Frank M. Thomas; *Warden*, George Irving; *Martin*, Harry Jans; *Maid*, Hattie McDaniels; *Customer's Man*, Alan Curtis.

"HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE"—G. B.—Based on a play by Francois de Croisset. Screen play by Marjorie Gaffney. Directed by Sonnie Hale. The Cast: *Jeanne*, Jessie Matthews; *Marcel*, Louis Borrell; *Pierre*, Robert Fleming; *Matty*, Romney Brent; *Norma*, Whitney Bourne; *Max*, Paul Leyssac; *Martin*, Eliot Makeham; *Norma's Manager*, Fred Duprez.

"JOHN MEADE'S WOMAN"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a story by John Bright and Robert Tasker. Directed by Richard Wallace. The Cast: *John Meade*, Edward Arnold; *Teddy Conner*, Francine Larrimore; *Caroline Haig*, Gail Patrick; *Tim Matthews*, George Bancroft; *Mike*, John Trent; *Rodney*, Sidney Blackmer; *Mellon*, Jonathan Hale; *Mrs. Mellon*, Aileen Pringle.

"MAMA STEPS OUT" M-G-M.—From the play by John Kirkpatrick. Screen play by Anita Loos. Directed by George B. Seitz. The Cast: *Leonard Cuppy*, Guy Kibbee; *Ada Cuppy*, Alice Brady; *Leila Cuppy*, Betty Furness; *"Chuck" Thompson*, Stanley Morner; *Mr. Sims*, Gene Lockhart; *Ferdie Fisher*, Edward Norris; *Dmitri*, Gregory Gaye; *Coco*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Nadine*, Heather Thatcher; *Dubedois*, Mitchell Lewis; *Mme. Dubedois*, Anna Demetrio; *Priest*, Frank Puglia; *Jeanne*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt.

"MAN OF THE PEOPLE"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Frank Dolan. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The Cast: *Jack Moreno*, Joseph Calleia; *Abbey*, Florence Rice; *Grady*, Thomas Mitchell; *Joe the Glut*, Ted Healy; *Mrs. Reid*, Catharine Doucet; *Stringer*, Paul Stanton; *Carter Spetner*, Jonathan Hale; *Murphy*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Marie Rossetti*, Jane Barnes; *"Pop" Rossetti*, William Ricciardi; *"Dopey" Benny*, Noel Madison; *Mrs. Rossetti*, Soledad Jiminez; *Edward Spetner*, Edward Nugent; *Baldwin*, Donald Briggs.

"NOBODY'S BABY"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by Harold Law, Hal Yates and Pat C. Flick. Directed by Gus Meins. The Cast: *Kitty*, Patsy Kelly; *Lena*, Lyda Roberti; *Detective Littleworth*, Lynne Overman; *Scoops Hanford*, Robert Armstrong; *Yvonne*, Rosina Lawrence; *Cortez*, Don Alvarado; *Bus Conductor*, Tom Dugan; *Maurice*, Orrin Burke; *Miss McKenzie*, Dora Clemant; *Mrs. Hamilton*, Laura Treadwell; *Head Nurse*, Tola Nesmith; *Mrs. Mason*, Florence Roberts; *Master of Ceremonies*, Si Wills; *Radio Executive*, Herbert Rawlinson.

"ON THE AVENUE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Gene Markey and William Conselman. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The Cast: *Gary Blake*, Dick Powell; *Mimi Caraway*, Madeleine Carroll; *Mona Merrick*, Alice Faye; *Ritz Brothers*, Themselves; *Commodore Caraway*, George Barbier; *Frederick Sims*, Alan Mowbray; *Aunt Fritz*, Cora Witherspoon; *Jake Dibble*, Walter Catlett; *Eddie Eads*, Douglas Fowley; *Herman*, Stepin Fetchit; *Miss Katz*, Joan Davis; *Joe Cherry*, Paul Gerrits; *Herr Hanfstangel*, Sig Rumann; *Joe Papaloupas*, Billy Gilbert; *Mr. Trivet*, Douglas Wood; *Harry Morris*, Paul Irving; *Luigi*, Ricardo Mandia; *Stage Manager*, John Sheehan; *Cabby*, E. E. Clive; *Kelly*, Harry Stubbs; *Potts*, Edward Cooper.

"OUTCAST" — MAJOR-PARAMOUNT. — From a story by Frank R. Adams. Screen play by Doris Malloy and Dore Schary. Directed by Robert Florey. The Cast: *Dr. Philip Wendel Jones*, Warren William; *Margaret Stevens*, Karen Morley; *Lawyer Abbott*, Lewis Stone; *Mooney*, Richard Carle; *Freddie*, Jackie Moran; *Olaf*, Christian Rub; *Hattie Simmerson*, Esther Dale; *Dr. Anthony Stevens*, Murray Kinnell; *Judge*, Jonathan Hale; *Detective Benson*, Thomas Jackson; *Miss Tuite*, Virginia Sale; *Dr. Mathews*, Howard C. Hickman; *Ticket Agent*, Harry Tyler; *Pawnbroker*, Clarence Wilson; *Grant*, Harry Woods; *Sheriff Zeke*, Guy Usher; *Miss Scudder*, Ruth Robinson; *Mr. Simmerson*, John Wray; *Nurse*, Estelle Etterre.

"PARK AVENUE LOGGER"—RKO-RADIO.—From a story by Bruce Hamilton. Screen play by Dan Jarrett and Ewing Scott. Directed by David Howard. The Cast: *Grant Curran*, George O'Brien; *Peggy O'Shea*, Beatrice Roberts; *Ben Morton*, Willard Robertson; *Paul Sanger*, Ward Bond; *Nick*, Bert Hanlon; *Margy*, Gertrude Short; *Mike Curran*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Matt O'Shea*, George Rosener; *Police Sergeant*, Robert E. O'Connor.

"READY, WILLING AND ABLE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Sig Herzig, Warren Duff and Jerry Wald. Directed by Ray Enright. The Cast: *Jane*, Ruby Keeler; *J. Van Courtland*, Allen Jenkins; *Clara Heineman*, Louise Fazenda; *Jane Clarke*, Winifred Shaw; *Yip Nolan*, Teddy Hart; *Moving Men*, Shaw and Lee; *Dot*, Jane Wyman; *Brockman*, Charles Halton; *Mrs. Buffington*, Lillian Kemble Cooper; *Barry Granville*, Ross Alexander; *Pinky Blair*, Lee Dixon; *Angie*, Carol Hughes; *Truman Hardy*, Hugh O'Connell; *Edward McNeil*, Addison Richards; *Sir Samuel Buffington*, E. E. Clive; *Mrs. Beadle*, May Boley; *Angelo*, Adrian Rosley; *Waiter*, Barnett Parker.

"SEA DEVILS"—RKO-RADIO.—From an original story by Lieut. Frank Wead. Screen play by John Twist and Lieut. Frank Wead. Directed by Ben Stoloff. The Cast: *"Medals" Malone*, Victor McLaglen; *Mike O'Shay*, Preston Foster; *Steve Webb*, Donald Woods; *Doris Malone*, Ida Lupino; *Sadie Bennett*, Helen Flint; *Captain*, Pierre Watkin; *Doorman*, Stan Blystone; *Executive Officer*, Alan Curtis; *Cop*, Billy Gilbert; *Seamen*, William Corson, Frank Mayo, Harry Cording, Ralph Dunn, Harry Strang and Al Kline.

"SWING HIGH, SWING LOW"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a play by George M. Watters and Arthur Hopkins. Screen play by Oscar Hammerstein II and Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The Cast: *Maggie King*, Carole Lombard; *Skid Johnson*, Fred MacMurray; *Harry*, Charles Butterworth; *Ella*, Jean Dixon; *Anita Alvarez*, Dorothy Lamour; *Murphy*, Cecil Cunningham; *Harvey Dexter*, Harvey Stephens; *Georgie*, Charles Arnt; *Henri*, Franklyn Pangborn.

"TIME OUT FOR ROMANCE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From an original story by Eleanore Griffith and William Rankin. Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The Cast: *Barbara Blanchard*, Claire Trevor;

Bob Reynolds, Michael Whalen; *Midge Dooley*, Joan Davis; *Ted Dooley*, Chick Chandler; *Roy Webster*, Douglas Fowley; *Orville Healy*, Bennie Bartlett; *Ambrose Healy*, William Griffith; *Willoughby Sproggs*, William Demarest; *Cora Sproggs*, Lelah Tyler; *James Blanchard*, Andrew Tombes; *Vera Blanchard*, Georgia Caine; *Count Michael Montaine*, Vernon Steele; *Mabel*, Inez Courtney; *Simpson*, George Chandler; *Policeman*, Fred Kelsey.

"TOP OF THE TOWN"—UNIVERSAL.—From an original story by Lou Brock. Screen play by Brown Holmes and Charles Grayson. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The Cast: *Ted Lane*, George Murphy; *Hubert*, Hugh Herbert; *J. J. Stone*, Gregory Ratoff; *Dorine*, Ella Logan; *Gilda Norman*, Gertrude Niesen; *Maestro Pompeo Bacciagalluppi*, Henry Armetta; *Hamlet*, Mischa Auer; *Diana Borden*, Doris Nolan; *Henry Borden*, Samuel S. Hinds; *William Borden*, Claude Gillingwater; *Edwin Borden*, Richard Carle; *Augustus Borden*, Ernest Cossart; *Roger*, Ray Mayer; *Beulah*, Joyce Compton; *Peggy Ryan*, Peggy Ryan; *Beaton*, Jack Smart; *Borden Executive*, Gerald Oliver Smith; The Three Sailors.

"TWO WISE MAIDS"—REPUBLIC.—From an original story by Endre Bohem. Screen play by Sam Ornitz. Directed by Phil Rosen. The Cast: *Agatha Stanton*, Alison Skipworth; *Prudence Matthews*, Polly Moran; *Ellen*, Hope Manning; *Bruce*, Donald Cook; *Elliot (Wet Mouth)*, Jackie Searl; *Ethel Harriman*, Lila Lee; *Guili*, Luis Alberni; *Champ*, Maxie Rosenbloom; *Jerry*, Marcia Mae Jones; *Zackorackus*, Harry Burns; *Twitchell*, Clarence Wilson; *MacIntyre*, Selmer Jackson; *Wentworth*, John Hamilton; *Mrs. Braxton*, Theresa Conover; *Pierpont*, Raymond Brown; *Sergeant Abbot*, James C. Morton; *Butch*, Stanley Blystone; *Harmonica Player*, Bob McClung.

"WHEN'S YOUR BIRTHDAY?"—RKO-RADIO.—From an original by Fred Ballard. Screen play by Harry Clork. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The Cast: *Dustin Willoughby*, Joe E. Brown; *Jerry Grant*, Marion Marsh; *Larry Burke*, Fred Keating; *Mr. Basscombe*, Edgar Kennedy; *Mrs. Basscombe*, Maude Eburne; *Diane Basscombe*, Suzanne Karen; *Mossy*, Margaret Hamilton; *Regan*, Minor Watson; *Lefty*, Frank Jenks; *Steve*, Don Rowan; *Judge O'Day*, Granville Bates; *Headwaiter*, Charles Judels; *Absent Professor*, George Givot; *Zodiac*, Corky.

"WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—Original and screen play by Robert Riskin. Directed by Harry Lachman and Robert Riskin. The Cast: *Louise Fuller*, Grace Moore; *Jimmy Hudson*, Cary Grant; *Marianne Woods*, Aline MacMahon; *Walter Mitchell*, Henry Stephenson; *Jane Summers*, Catherine Doucet; *Hank Miller*, Thomas Mitchell; *Luis Perugini*, Luis Alberni; *Mrs. Hamilton*, Emma Dunn; *Mr. Hamilton*, George Pearce; *Gerald Meeker*, Gerald Oliver Smith; *Carlos*, Frank Puglia; *Butler*, Barnett Parker.

"WINGS OF THE MORNING"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From stories by Donn Byrne. Screen play by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Harold Schuster. The Cast: *Marie*, Annabella; *Lord Clontarf*, Leslie Banks; *Mairik*, D. J. Williams; *Valentine*, Philip Sydney Frost; *Kerry*, Henry Fonda; *Sir Valentine*, Stewart Rome; *Marie*, Irene Vanbrugh; *Paddy*, Harry Tate; *Jenepher*, Helen Haye; *Don Diego*, Teddy Underdown; *Jimmy*, Mark Daly; *Angelo*, Sam Livesey; *Racing Commentators*, E. V. H. Emmett and Capt. R. C. Lyle.

"YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE"—WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Original screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Fritz Lang. The Cast: *Joan Graham*, Sylvia Sidney; *Eddie Taylor*, Henry Fonda; *Stephen Whitney*, Barton MacLane; *Bonnie Graham*, Jean Dixon; *Father Dolan*, William Gargan; *Muggsy*, Warren Hymer; *Ethan*, Chic Sale; *Hester*, Margaret Hamilton; *Rogers*, Guinn Williams; *Dr. Hill*, Jerome Cowan; *Warden*, John Wray; *District Attorney*, Jonathan Hale; *Guard*, Ward Bond; *Policeman*, Wade Botelier; *Kozderonas*, Henry Taylor; *Girl Stenographer*, Jean Stoddard; *Messenger*, Ben Hall.

The flood relief benefit show at the Trocadero was a huge success; the audience was as generous with their contributions as the performers with their talents. Ginger Rogers raffled a doll and a kiss to the highest bidder, and no one else but Harold Lloyd came right up on the stage to collect—so did the flood sufferers to the tune of $475.00. Ginger is worth it. Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Bill Robinson, Dixie Dunbar, Judy Garland, Sophie Tucker and others put on a show reminiscent of the hey days of vaudeville. The Red Cross got a check for over $5,000

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Why I'm Going Back to the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

real and lasting value. It is most important, too, for you to know yourself.

"You have to live with yourself, with your thoughts. If you don't know yourself, you know no one else.

MISS SWANSON has been married four times; to Wallace Beery, to Herbert Somborn, to the Marquis de la Falaise and to Michael Farmer. Divorce ended all the marriages. So Miss Swanson's comments on marriage have the merit, at least, of coming from one who has tasted all the heights and depths of the so-called noble institution of matrimony.

"Marriage should round out your life," she says. "Frequently it doesn't It hasn't for me.

"I don't know what the future has in store for me. I hope that some time I can find the right happiness in marriage. But all that will have to take care of itself."

As you know, Miss Swanson has three children. Gloria, child of her marriage to Herbert Somborn, is now sixteen. Joseph, who was adopted, is fourteen. Michelle, child of Miss Swanson's marriage to Michael Farmer, will be five in April.

"I often think of myself as twins," Miss Swanson told me. "I look at Gloria in a detached fashion. I like her best as a woman with children, not as an actress. It warms you to be around children. I was robbed of my daughter Gloria's babyhood because I was so busy pursuing my own public life. I won't be robbed of Michelle's childhood, I can tell you."

Jean Harlow and Bob Taylor leaving for Washington, D. C., to attend the President's Birthday Ball. In Baltimore, Bob had to run a gamut of kissing women to reach the speaker's platform and lost his necktie to a souvenir hunter on the way out. Both lunched at the White House and Jeanie was kissed in public by the Senator from North Carolina, so it was all very exciting

I asked Miss Swanson if she wanted her children to follow in her footsteps, to act.

"Who am I to say?" responded the actress. "My children will have to decide for themselves. Parents make a mistake in trying to guide their children to a fixed goal, a goal they have chosen for them.

"In fact, this generation is pretty terrible, I think, in its relations with its children. We forget we are living in our children's generation. It isn't *our* generation.

"I shall make no emotional decisions for my children. True, I hope they will bring their problems home for us to discuss. But I shall force them to make their decisions. Otherwise they will be weak, indecisive at twenty, with no process of thinking, no backbone. Make them exercise their minds and wills as much as you make them exercise their muscles is my code.

"Our 1937 form of education is wrong. We put the cart before the horse. We should teach children about themselves first, about the world afterwards. Now they grow knowing so little about their own bodies, about themselves. This ignorance isn't healthy.

"My boy knows more about an airplane and how it is built than about his body. He knows the right petrol for a plane, nothing about himself. My boy knows all about Switzerland but he isn't acquainted with his liver. I try to talk to him 'You are going to have that body a long time,' I say. 'If it isn't happy you won't be happy.'"

IT is interesting to note that, where most actresses of the late thirties turn to character and comedy rôles, Miss Swanson will go back to the screen in modern, intelligent emotionalism. No eccentric rôles for this woman who takes time in her stride.

"I am tired of the old glamorous bla-bla," she went on. "Maybe I had glamour. Maybe I have some left. But I want to act. Let glamour take care of itself.

"I want to do comedy now and then, too I don't want to be typed.

"The best rôle I ever did? I guess it was in "The Humming Bird." *Sadie Thompson* was another grand part. You know. I haven't made a picture in two and a half years. The last was "Music in the Air" for Fox. Indeed, I've made but five pictures since "The Trespasser" in 1929, but my career numbers forty-nine picture all told.

"Everybody thinks Cecil DeMille discovered me in Mack Sennett comedies Actually, I worked in nine pictures, mostly directed by Jack Conway, at Triangle before I went under the DeMille guidance. Conway is now at Metro. It would be strange if he should direct me now—nearly twenty years later."

I asked Miss Swanson what she most hoped to get out of life.

"Happiness, I suppose," she answered. "It's hard to define, too. You know the Christmas greeting card idea—health and prosperity, peace of mind. Sometimes, I guess happiness is just waking up feeling well, all right with the world. But happiness is the end of the rainbow you never reach. You acquire one thing in life, as you lose another. It's never complete. We envy the rich, who have stomach ulcers. The rich envy us for our health.

"You always worry about those you love, your friends, yourself. The only thing is to try to get some sort of happiness within yourself. That sounds like Pollyanna, or a new religion, or something. I merely mean you can't get away from yourself, and sometimes we let the outside things blind us to the happiness close by."

Miss Swanson paused for a second.

"The only real things in life are children, work and the peace of mind you can create within yourself. Nothing else counts."

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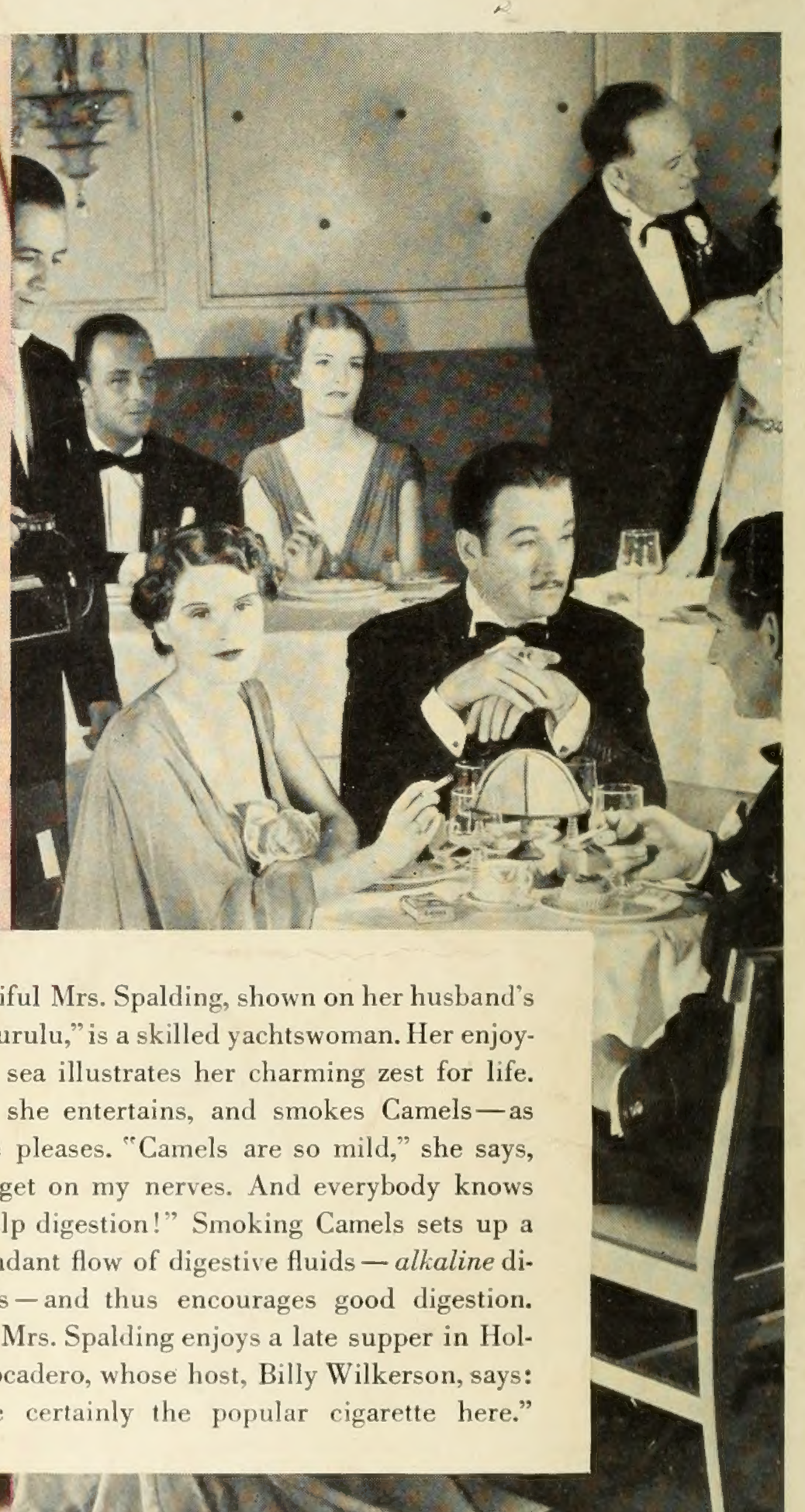
Santa Barbara for tennis and horseback
New York for important "opening nights"
Winter jaunts to Mexico, the West Indies, or Europe
Annual visit to her husband's estate in Kauai, Hawaii



THE beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband's sloop "Hurulu," is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Camels are so mild," she says, "they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!" Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood's Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: "Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here."

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